

The Song in the American Soul

by Jerry Ratch

They are riding through the wild onion of life
One layer at a time
Turning the world inside out
Looking for the unusual patterns
Inside the gaping muscle of space
With its heart-pounding unnatural heat

You can hear them
Leaping through their own flames
To the hot feathery points of the stars
Always in heat
Like emotional pigeons

Flowers of the world should react
Sympathy should untangle its web
And get free
It's the spirit disappearing into clouds of laughter
These are their only bad habits
This is why I love them

