

# 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

