

## **Kansas Zeitgeist**

There are big winds in Kansas  
Blowing carnage over the land.

Yellow wheat stalks stained in red.

Piles of bones rest in the black earth  
Feeding the grain.

So next time you make muffins, think of  
Human baking soda cracked in grain.

Death becomes life  
In western ... Kansas.

Tomb, Tomb on the range.

Reincarnated Aztecs prowl the furrows  
And haunt the toaster ovens  
Drinking the blood and eating the hearts of their enemies.

And the wind is nameless.