

# Puppet X, 2

*by* Jerry Ratch

It's important to sound  
Human, I know

To get fragile  
Near your  
Mother

I myself  
Get glimpses  
Now & then

Once,  
Eating chicken, staring  
At the inside  
Of a muscle

Once  
During a bad thunderstorm  
While running down the stairs  
With a stick  
To beat off the  
Survivors

And again  
When I had such a fever  
That I was off  
In a dangerous century

I began to suspect  
The reason the trains kept  
Growing in the basement

Without terror  
Or beliefs

The telephone rang  
And then the dog  
Sang...

I saw how we had been  
All arranged

. . .

Now we're narrow  
And unreal

I am not required  
To speak

One day I discovered I couldn't wake up again  
And I've gotten used to it

