

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

