

Puppet ABC - 2

by Jerry Ratch

I clearly see the squirrels of
negativity all around me,
ladies & gentlemen.
I sensed they were there

filling in the blank spaces
as I read down the page,
prior to arriving at
the meaning of everything.

The greenness of figs
before they ripen
means nothing at all
to them,

even if they feel a swelling
in their little bellies,
while they lie in the open sunlight
stretched out on a limb,

wondering about this sudden
sinking feeling,
because they could not or would not
wait for the ripening of the fall,

when the inquisitive crows
would arrive to sweep the streets clean,
before the meaning of everything
became clear.

