

# 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.

