

Puppet X, 16

by Jerry Ratch

When we lie down
under the wind

the trees swaying
looking out over the fields

soft cobweb of a brain

exposed to hail
exposed to snow

trying to back away
from it

unable

knowing the earth
(the face it will take)

our names
fluttering loose
and sleep spreading over the planet --

-- the wind that
makes a candle
flicker and the
flame go to hell --

the full moon will rise
on this gust
and swerve over the

horizon

trees will know
the names of women

the ones we knew

there will be hilarity
among machine guns

daggers become ribbon

bullets
the worm we love

... bridge river trees ...

when we are in our grave

The saucer will rattle
and the teacup dance

