

# 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

