

# Puppet X, 2

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## **Puppet X: 2**

It's important to sound  
human, I know

To get fragile  
near your  
mother

I myself  
get glimpses  
now and 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

