

Puppet X, 3

by Jerry Ratch

I look good
Together

Got these penny wings
I could actually fly with

It all becomes so clear

Sound goes down
Sanity returns in an instant
The night is bigger...

I'd rather stay near the ground
I'm not a practicing angel

. . .

I see more
Than you

A piece of hair to you
Is a snake to me,
And snakes are mean worms
To a giant, like a tree

Think how much less
A giraffe can see
With her face among the leaves

Or an airplane, a very high,

Serious airplane

A jet is out of the question

And a rocket
Is like a flea...

I'd rather push a pebble around

