

# 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

