

# Puppet X, 4

*by* Jerry Ratch

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**4**  
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I'm not a practicing angel,  
ladies and gentlemen

Got these penny wings  
out of boredom

I need to know  
that black and grey place  
inside an angel  
where you bow your head,

when a puppet  
forgets himself,

when a man learns  
how small deer laugh

— that we live  
singing about lettuce —  
blue lettuce on Thursday...

(when they turn over a card  
and hand you a rule)

*"a bunny may weep*

*a bunny may sleep*

*and a big bunny  
may pray  
once in awhile..."*

For I must spend time with them

And we will have our hours  
ready

