

Puppet X, 5

by Jerry Ratch

A man learns too late
How small deer laugh
It's true

When a man goes mad
Ropes come down from the clouds

He cannot be sure of anything
Anything

The way's uncharmed
He thinks someone else's strange thoughts
And it all seems a simple trick
Like someone standing all night
On the back doorstep

— The Sea of White Time

— The wet sky
(Which, said the pheasant
Does exist)

“Sleep will tell you
A pretty green story “
O heart
If you return...

Or you're stuck in the traffic
And giant butterflies
Light on the fenders
And stagger inside
Your windows

(And kiss the ones that live
In that medieval way)

The hopelessly married
In their cars
The nondescript of
Every description
The old and apologetic

— They're all dead, mind you

Their names departing
From them and their children alike

“And the butterflies don't
Find too much delight
In all the cold
Familiar faces”

The necessity of rules
And jewels
And matters of the chest...

They would have lived simply,
Given birth,
And fallen back into the earth —
If it had not been for the horror
Of the passage...

And at the same time
The carrots are
Kicking them in the ass
Saying
“Have a good

Time,
Kids”

