

# Puppet X, 8

*by* Jerry Ratch

## **Puppet X, 8**

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After too much  
I had forgotten how to fly.  
There was a small owl with me  
on the old dirt road by the wind.  
It was a very dark gray,  
like an ash.  
Its beak moved, it opened and shut,  
opened and closed,  
but I had also forgotten the language  
of owls.  
I could see that its wings  
were too short  
and it too could not fly,  
but it had never  
forgotten how.  
And it saw  
that I no longer understood.  
Two times I tried simply  
leaning into the wind,  
and both times I flopped on the ground.  
And the small owl waddled over to me  
and it peered into my face  
and its beak moved  
and moved,  
but it did not speak.

