

Puppet X, 8

by Jerry Ratch

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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.

