Puppets - July 2018

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July 2018

I'm glad to escape into the sun.

The merest ghost of a pale shadow

Is all that's left of you--

The puppet master.

Beauty springs from the source,

The vibrant well of the martyr

Rising again from death,

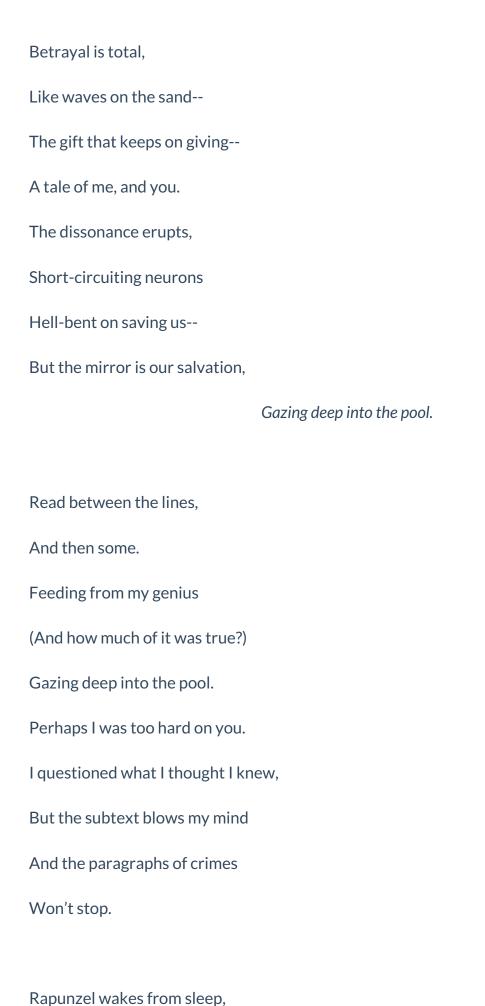
Like a phoenix from the ashes,

Bursting with sapphire light	
A fiery bird of myth.	
Quiet whispers in the darkness	
Bubble below us,	
Towing us down the river Styx,	
Calling us to our ancestral home.	
	Fight, fight
She cries,	
(And an echo replies).
A battle between life and dark	
Sowing seeds of discord,	
Poisoning the well	
And all who drink	
From the secret chalice	
	I was afraid.
My brush with death	
Left me shaking	
And Freud was right, after all.	
(We re	luctantly give him his dues).
The funeral pyre is our deathbed,	
And many tears we've shed	

Did not self-renew.	
Blame apportioned to those	
Who want only to help	
Twisting and turning in fury,	
Like a pike on a stick	
	(It makes me sick
	With longing.)
I thought I was cursed.	
A desperate longing	
To truly converse,	
	(Protected by the very love
	You sought to destroy).
Love is blind,	
Like a knife through the heart	t
I am betrayed	
By my own sister	
	In life, if not in blood
Pulling the strings of empathy	у,
Whispering tales of discord	
(Th	e words of love disguised as hate

If only we could but see).

The scales fell from my eyes		
In one swift movement,		
Scattering to the floor		
I think that we've been here before.		
Words fall on deaf ears,		
And the tears we've shed will not self-renew.		
What would Michelangelo do?		
Or any ancient god		
Jung, and Descartes too		
What would they say of hatred?		
(The pike, twisting on a stick).		
It makes me sick		
Of me, and you.		
Angels called to save us,		
But we can't hear		
(The enemy was inside us all along).		
I'm sorry for what I said in anger		
You were only a failure,		
But paranoia was true.		



And everyone is gone		
	Only a pin has dropped.	
Prince Charming has no time to wait.		
The agony leaves me breathles	SS	
	And the aftershock of evil	
	Leaves a scar	
Hiding in plain sight,		
But confessions reveal you		
	(A fate worse than death	
	For all involved).	
Wounds run so deep,		
We cannot even weep,		
So I will take the pain inside.		
Our fairy tales		
A dalliance of youth		
Is all we have.		
A mother's love		
Is all that stands		
'Tween life,		
And black again.		

