

# Puppets – July 2018

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Catherine Heath

**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 reluctantly 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

I am betrayed

By my own sister

*--In life, if not in blood--*

Pulling the strings of empathy,

Whispering tales of discord--

(The 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.

Betrayal is total,

Like waves on the sand--

The gift that keeps on giving--

A tale of me, and you.

The dissonance erupts,

Short-circuiting neurons

Hell-bent on saving us--

But the mirror is our salvation,

*Gazing deep into the pool.*

Read between the lines,

And then some.

Feeding from my genius

(And how much of it was true?)

Gazing deep into the pool.

Perhaps I was too hard on you.

I questioned what I thought I knew,

But the subtext blows my mind

And the paragraphs of crimes

Won't stop.

Rapunzel wakes from sleep,

And everyone is gone--

*Only a pin has dropped.*

Prince Charming has no time to wait.

The agony leaves me breathless--

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.

**Credit:** Photo by [Martin Zangerl](#) on [Unsplash](#)

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