

The First Letter from Puppet to Clown
(One night after Lunar Eclipse)

dear Clown,

When I first saw you
in the Night Box, I felt my
body enter the
mischievous stance.
I saw your hands move, and they
made the air swim.
I had forgotten
how, like magnets,
your skin
can draw the air in.

You spoke --
I heard you say
that performance
can lead to the real,
if you learn how to
play your part;
and that your
favourite love story is
ROMEO & JULIET.
What are you in
the play. Did you know,
I have been both.

I must apologize
for any
orthographical errors
in this letter
I am standing
on the space bar
of the maker's
typewriter
I jump
from key to key
writing
this letter.
Writing is hard, though
speaking is easier,
because of the breath required,
and I
am all
run out
of that.

Signed,
Puppet