THUNDERMOUTH
a hand puppet

My hand fits inside the open gray house of his body.

My thumb and fingers poke bashfully through the rag hollow.

That is my pointer in the tunnel that leads to the lopsided mass of his plaster head,

his face, the pencil and water marks rubbed at the corner,

unrepaired cowlick, clouded and wandering blue-white of his eyes—

Here is the shapeless messenger
at the immense door

I will open quietly.