

**Upon My, the Chief Courtier's, Calling To The Bedchamber of My Lord And Ladyship,
And Spying My Lord's Hand Gripping The Neck of A "Spirit, Some Foul Demon, Back
You Beast to the Hell That Bore You," I Realize I Must Somehow Explain To My Lord
What A Puppet Is**

My Lord, I wish to take the open part
of my ladyship's spirit and upend
it, revealing, I hope, it's unreal properties,
its seams and stuffing. You see,
my Lord, when it says *Fool of a man*, it is not
some demon growing from my ladyship's arm,
but one such that arises, like a fountain
if you will, from my ladyship's most honest
heart. Whatever judgments you shall make pertaining
to the matter of her fidelity to you—which, if
I may remark, could be referred to as such a *hyper-fidelity*—
to your power and your reputation as a ruler, a most
respected Lord, may I suggest they wait
until I have said my peace, for I believe it
will calm you, giving you clarity of mind.
As you can see here, a subtle line
of thread runs along what, in a child
or demon would be a spine, yet here only acts
in attaching a left-panel of felt and a similar
right-panel. As I will now reveal, severing
such an apparatus is of no consequence
to the body save that it would be temporarily
dismantled, and yet, attending to your squeamishness
to the sanguine, I will turn my back
to you, obscuring these hands' operations
of which I would like to assure you once again will
be brief as well as swift, preternaturally bloodless...

If I could just...

...give me a second here.

[a palpable hush is felt emanating from the attendant crowd]

[it is revealed to the audience that what was thought was a puppet was really just a lung, slowly
palpitating blood onto the legs and breast of the chief courtier]

My Lord, if it would be in poor taste, I must then
forgo, yet feel compelled to tell you from my deepest
heart of hearts, I have been mistaken.

[hush hush... hush hush...]

My Lord, it would seem that the object
I now hold in my hand is neither puppet
nor demon, but a slowly palpitating lung.

[hush...]

My Lord, it has blood, and in measures
large and small, metes it out onto my breast
and legs.

[hush hush... hush hush... hush hush...]

They were not eyes I thought were on its face.

My Lord, though it whispers to me.