

My Lord, I wish to take the open part
of my ladyship's _____ puppet 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, out of my ladyship's most honest
heart. Whatever judgements you shall make pertaining
to the matter of her fidelity to you, your power
and your own reputation as a most respectful
Lord, may I suggest they wait. 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 (wc)
right-panel. As I will now reveal, severing
such an (word like "inconsequential" but also "human")
— apparatus is of no consequence
to the body save that it would be temporarily dismantled.

attending
to your squeamishness to blood (the sanguine)