

The Ventriloquist Toasts Her Teddies

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Here's to my set-up like so many before me—
To the vice grip of acne maps & stammering

From the snap crackle pop in bowls that talked back
From every classroom that was bloodthirsty & cagey

From impotent teeter totters & empty swings
From fabulation & my teddies in moonlight

To mail order & marionette strings
To patient mirrors & *gottles of geer*

To pillows of pot smoke putting stage fright to bed
To classic parlor tricks with Brechtian sidetracks

To my cackling at jokes vaulting in out of nowhere
To the wood that decides what I say/when I say it

To the *I do all the carrying and you get all the laughs*
To sanity that leaks subterranean while Freud's in my lap.