



*Another Motional Poem by
By Zachàr Laskewicz*

The
Puppet
Ecstatically
Moves
Automatically
With a motion
Both manic
And
Terribly static...

It springs
And the further
Its springs
The harder
Its jerks
On its strings
Which
Keep
Straining
And
Straining...

Yet
Paradoxically
Not unorthodoxically
In appearing
For thriving
It's only
Surviving
But
Why
Does
It
Keep dancing
And
Dancing?

More
Insistently
Impractical
It's
Highly
Untactical
In its
Panic
Both
Manic
And
Chronic...

The wilder
Its dances
The higher
It jumps
And the higher
Its jumps
The further

With
Its energy
Draining
As the strings
Start
Their restraining
Its panic
Is
Just
More manically
Gaining
And Gaining...

LIMPLY

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The panic
Still more
Chronic
It's
Now
So histrionic
The puppet's
Just
Started
Refraining
From
Dancing...

Thus
In decreasing
Increasing
Its ocean of motion
It's
No longer
Sustaining
Its dancing
In fact
From moving
Its
Started
Completely
Substaining...

So
In this ceasing
There's just
No more straining
Nor jerking
Nor springing
Nor jumping
Not even
Appearing
For thriving
And
When
It's not dancing
It's
Hardly
A puppet,
Is it?
Though
It's dead
Still
It just
Keeps on
Dieing...

You
See
In
My
Mad
Manic
Dancing
I
Was
Only
Trying
To maintain
All that lying
About our
Tort
Strangled
String
Tying...

But
So highly
Tangle tied
Deep down
Inside
I
Am
Hanging
Simply
Limply
Strung up
So high up
I'm tied up
And
With no chance in
Increasing
My dancing
In fact
In its ceasing
I'm incessantly
Crying
And
Crying...

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And thus
Through
The cries
And the lies
Through
The gasped
Painful
Sighs
After
So many tries
I
Am
Like
The puppet
Who has died,
Is still dead
Yet
Still
Keeps on
Dieing...

*Sint-Niklaas
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