

A New Kind of Madness

by Bill Yarrow

in my youth I was enamored of the moon
—that is to say, lunacy

I applauded the bizarre in nature
I appropriated the gratuitous from dreams
I drank brashness and frenzy from books

what mad things I did!
(throwing a bucket of water on the naked couple in the bed)

what mad things I said!
(telling you your heart was filled with flies)

what mad things I wrote!
(unlisted bliss is insistence intersticed)

then Thomas went mad and threw himself under a bus
then Liat kissed the boys and hanged herself
then Miko couldn't stop laughing and died

so I became careful

I monitored my sadness
I governed my excitement
I trimmed all my excess
I ramped up my sensible brain

and now I am old and reminiscent
and like Funes I remember it all

Thanksgiving in New Orleans
Easter in Delphi

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New Year's Eve in Prague

Halloween in Somerville

President's Day in Bangalore

Labor Day in Perth

but in my visionary senescence

I am haunted by a new kind of madness

a dementia of time

memory [[[unmoored·from·chronology]]]

ME·MO·RY [[[stripped·of·its·ardor]]]

M E M O R Y

[[[reduced·to·obtuseness]]]

