

# All About the Tumor

*by* Bill Yarrow

Stupidity is not a mask; it is the face  
and it is the face that betrays us  
always. That is the lesson of mirrors.

I was apoplectic about corruption.  
I appealed to outside magic, ideas  
bright and dark. Sonya solaced me.

Flirting with eternity, strangling  
the larynx of the sky, I stood on  
edges and matriculated fervency.

I read in the phonemes of the trees  
"Happiness is the habit of right reason  
practicing vice." My course was set.

I fell in with felons, derogatory  
men who lived on the verge of  
mercy. They sequenced my DNA

for it was all about the tumor, you see.  
For the health of the state, it had to be  
ripped away. We used mindfulness.

I recuperated in Sonya's arms. Some days  
we think back and remember Abelard:  
"It's a wonderful life—until it's not."

