

# Departure. Arrival. Return.

*by* Bill Yarrow

I.

I am leaving my body: to science,  
for a while, for another woman.  
I am leaving on a jet plane.

I am leaving in the morning. I am  
leaving for parts unknown. I am  
leaving but the fighter still remains.

I am taking off on my own, in my  
own way, leaving the door unlocked  
leaving the dog in the car.

I am leaving for Las Vegas.  
I am leaving Las Vegas. I am  
leaving for pastures new.

II.

I have arrived. Wow! Look at  
this place! The clouds are  
leaning on the sky like winos  
against the Thalia. The birds  
dot the bare trees like ringworm  
on a cow. The sun is resting  
on the hill like the final drop  
of Thomas Hardy's blood.

III.

I have come back and my bones  
are delighted to see me. I encircle  
the bakery. I embrace my barber.  
I endorse my bank. I am so  
happy to walk these wizened  
streets, to sup from the civic  
trough, to race my horse again  
around the calcified church.  
Put down your bazooka, Marianne.  
Like rusting sumac to the staghorn  
aphid, I've come serenely home.

