

# Four Noble Lies

*by* Bill Yarrow

When Carlotta left me I cried  
into my soup. I shriveled into  
harsh mathematics. A decade  
later I was living on Iowa Street  
with Karen. She had goldfish and  
good taste. I loved her for her fleshy  
neck. We drank sinewy Dos Equis  
and played Mahjong. In March  
I developed that cruel facial tic.  
That precipitated the divorce.  
At the thought of losing her  
my heart contracted into a span.  
But I knew one day I'd replace her  
with a brutally neutered cat.

