

# He Spreadeth Sharp Pointed Things upon the Mire

*by* Bill Yarrow

My uncle looks into the bleached eye of his cat and asks

"What happened to my ear?"

The meerkat's eye replies:

"You had cancer. Remember?"

They had to cut off your ear to save you."

My uncle looks into the smudged window of his oven and asks

"What happened to Maude?"

The sundered oven replies:

"She had cancer. Remember?"

They had to cut her out of your body to save you."

My uncle looks into the blistered photo montage and asks

"Where's Colin? He'll be late for the swim meet."

The designer frame replies:

"He had cancer. Remember?"

They had to cut him out of your hopes to save you."

My uncle looks into his aluminum shaving mirror and says

"Why did they want to save me? I didn't want to be saved."

The dented mirror replies:

"Who clothed the horse's neck with thunder?"

Who can discover the garment of his face?"