

Kafka, Smashed

by Bill Yarrow

history IS the glazing!
heredity IS the frame!
I AM the glass!

(and time, TIME is the chisel)

today TIME took me out of the frame...
today TIME scraped away the roughened putty...

I was lifted
(but gingerly!)

r
i
into the a

without my frame I was **B**
 E
 S
 I
 D
 E
 myself!

why was I SCRAped?
why TAKen out?
am I BROken?
have I lost some ACTual glass?

perhaps I am only being transported not for replacement but for
repair

perhaps I am only being transported not for replacement but for

perhaps I am only being transported not for replacement but
perhaps I am only being transported not for replacement
perhaps I am only being transported not for
perhaps I am only being transported not
perhaps I am only being transported
perhaps I am only being
perhaps I am only
perhaps I am
perhaps I
perhaps

