Raw Salt

by Bill Yarrow

I poured bleach on the bloody moon and turned it scalding white. Then I wrote my autobiography on it in ash. When the bill came due, I joined the cowboys who navigate by fear. They locked me in a cabin inhabited by moles. I escaped through the mirror and landed in a lake. I baked for weeks in seaweed and lost a lot of flesh. Hitties picked the barnacles off me and packed me in raw salt. I healed in time to see the airmen welcomed home. A tall barker was hawking condo lots. It was Gatlinburg in mid July.