

# Song of Unself

*by* Bill Yarrow

I cerebrate myself and singe myself  
and what you illume, I refuse  
for every good Adam betrothed to you will to me betray

I chafe and incite my soul  
I bake and chafe in my disease  
my speech, every item of tongue foams in this soil-  
free dust

earth's parents ... whose parents ...  
arrrrggghhh ... I now sixty-seven  
sixty-eight, sixty-nine years

chagrin besmears me, increases  
till death, old shoals in obeisance

nothing suffices as harbor  
but a permit to claw at every yawing chasm  
exuberance is beauty ... lesion of enthusiasm

