

Take You Me for a Sponge, My Lord?

by Bill Yarrow

says Rosencrantz to the Prince. Idiot!
Mistaking Hamlet's figurative language
for literal. Who does that besides Kafka,
Arreola, and Steven Wright?

Take you him for a rake, my lord?
Yes, he's a rake, surely, scooping up
the sweet leaves of womanhood
and setting them all on fire.

Take you him for a snake, my lord?
Yes, he's a snake, surely, slithering
across the public eye, poisoning
with malice the rabble-hearted many.

Take you him for a weasel, my lord?
Yes, he's a weasel, surely, sneaking
into city burrows and suburban nests,
lying while smiling, for recompense.

Take you him for a pigeon, my lord?
Yes, he's a pigeon, surely, cooing
sweetly for favor, moaning for promotion,
singing open the secret pains we cherish.

