

A Journey of Seven Thousand Miles

by Bill Yarrow

I had studied the prohibitions carefully.
We had been warned not to eat any raw
fruit, but when I saw the bowl of freckled
apples that morning at breakfast, something
numinous came over me. Greedily, I grabbed
an apple and cut it into fourths. The taste of
what is denied us is always sweet, and so are
the careless acts that spell our doom. Love
must have seemed so as it steamed out of
the primitive soul. In the land of amorous
gods who balance on bubbles of swift bliss
it is the elephant who most knows about restraint.

