

# 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.

