

# Annulling the Future

*by* Bill Yarrow

If you can't consummate tomorrow  
you may as well just annul the future.  
That bride is a sticky risk anyway.  
Look at her—ruffles in all the wrong  
places. Her perfume stinks of wrinkle  
cream. She uses bleach to keep her  
complexion stiff. She's infested with  
multiple lovers from the past. She's  
not the future you remember. Her  
bones are porous from overexertion.  
Her glands are full of pride. You see  
that push-up look in her eyes? How  
beautiful she looks in the indigo shade.  
She is a maid of weaponized affection.

