

# Back Story

*by* Bill Yarrow

I wanted you in the worst way  
but that's not how I got you. No,

you just waltzed, trippingly, into my life.  
I measured you and the band played on.

All our guests shouted, "Ya-ala, Yaw, Yaw!!"  
as George Washington Ferris awaited the appearance of Gustave  
Eiffel.

"Well," my mother asserted, "It's all for the best"  
but I remonstrated: "Not according to Lao Tse!"

The sun was making a botch of the garden.  
"We'll need a mess of rags," said Palace Ned.

You were feeling très bouffant, amortized.  
Yo, Fred! Yo, Ethel! Hey, Lucy! Hey, Desi!

Poems never end the way you want them  
to. Why is that? What makes so many so meh?

