

# Bats in the Catacomb

*by* Bill Yarrow

It begins innocently, in the third person,  
but ends defeated, in the first. The sun,  
improbably, begins to thunder. The hills,  
impossibly, begin to rain. Black dew  
appears on the lintels of the paupers'  
doors. Garter snakes form an alphabet  
decipherable only by birds. From the wind,  
we learn there's a knotted form of everything.  
Across the world, nothing is aligned. Not  
ecstasy. Not loneliness. Not jobs. Dreams  
of being a millionaire are replaced by dreams  
of being a billionaire. That is to say, breakfast  
is no longer being served. Talk is so cheapened  
the primeval language of desire stays shapeless.

