

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.

