

Black Ice on the Bridge

by Bill Yarrow

Acts have no meaning, but they do have
trajectory: the string quartet waxes
the mustaches of its accusers.

Innocence has no meaning, but it does have
motive: when the lamprey pond overflows
the pole beans will require stanchions.

Appetite has no meaning, but it does have
velocity: the last handful of anthracite coal
is smelted in view of the opium museum.

Marriage has no meaning, but it does have
pedigree: the box turtle in the intersection
tries, as the twilight worsens, to back up.

Mystery has no meaning, but it does have
gristle: fog spreads across the mustard grass
with no regard for the black ice on the bridge.

