

# Bone Density

*by* Bill Yarrow

The Fauves are visiting. Come to redesign  
the patio, they have upstaged the heart.  
They have brought with them their own music  
and solemn gondoliers. Madame Fauve,  
with a twisted braid, is dancing. So is  
the decadence in the wall. I applaud  
the thoroughness of the measurers, but  
cannot sanction their pervasiveness.  
The Fauves must leave. Stat. I have an  
appointment with deadness at 3 PM.  
They say they understand, but I sense they don't.  
I have offended the sorcery of art. Ah, Art!  
Ah, Liquidity! On the bulkhead of the horizon,  
clouds collect, indifferently, like restaurant fish.

