

# Burying the Hatchet

*by* Bill Yarrow

I wanted the pain to go away,  
so I let them stick me. No luck.  
I still feel rotten, and now my head,  
deliciously empty for decades, is  
clogged with thoughts of dying.  
I'm doomed. I'm a goner. Forget it.  
I'm riding the rails of deterioration,  
I know it. Soon I will be boneless  
and alone. But I am not alone.  
Not yet. In the other room,  
my mother is wrestling a mongoose.  
Between rounds, she sits on a  
radio instead of a chair. I can't  
quite hear what is playing, so  
I say, "Turn it up. Turn it up."  
A fireman holding an ice pick  
adjusts the volume. The Chemical  
Brothers appear on the Jumbotron.  
Australia secedes from the U.N.

