

# Call to Arms

*by* Bill Yarrow

As the commodities market is closed  
for repair and as young girls in filigree  
slips will one day clutter its brackish aisles  
I call upon all cashiers in dungarees who bag  
skeins of possibility to contact their flaccid  
pastors who alert to maladroitness  
will bedevil the stingy hinges to revision.

As the accommodation lobby is locked  
for holiday and as fey valedictorians with filigree  
degrees will one day flourish in its aisles  
I call upon the multifarious baristas who  
defend the flag children in rags to denounce  
the nefarious precinct captains for they are  
mismatched overly gregarious and will not serve.

As the consolation mall is marked for demolition  
and as blue-collar bankers with filigree fears will one day  
reconfigure its darkened aisles I call upon those whose  
sinister principles tax the weakness of their conscience  
to divest themselves of the rhetoric that bloats their coats  
with Sagittarian wind and with rare debauchery marry  
themselves to anyone spiritually innocent of crime.

As the turbidity district is targeted for annexation  
and as the army of misanthropes with filigree  
whips will one day co-opt its mosaic aisles  
I call upon all those deracinated by dreaming big  
and all those assassinated by dreaming small to burn  
their fish-oil capsules to shred their certificates of privilege  
and to reach inside alarm and pluck temerity out.

