

Collect Enough Fragments, You've Got Yourself a Poem

by Bill Yarrow

I.

The sun's corona. Empty boxes
near the firehouse.

Red birth.
A bird's lost wing.

II.

The bitterness of littleness.
Apples in a pile.
Early love.
A spider, swinging.

III.

A father's harshness.
Twelve bills unpaid.
Leaves in a crevice.
A dream unwrapped.

IV.

The future.
Its dizziness.
Christmas cookies.
A dollhouse all alone.

