

# 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.

