

Departure. Arrival. Return.

by Bill Yarrow

I.

I am leaving my body: to science,
for a while, for another woman.
I am leaving on a jet plane.

I am leaving in the morning. I am
leaving for parts unknown. I am
leaving but the fighter still remains.

I am taking off on my own, in my
own way, leaving the door unlocked
leaving the dog in the car.

I am leaving for Las Vegas.
I am leaving Las Vegas. I am
leaving for pastures new.

II.

I have arrived. Wow! Look at
this place! The clouds are
leaning on the sky like winos
against the Thalia. The birds
dot the bare trees like ringworm
on a cow. The sun is resting
on the hill like the final drop
of Thomas Hardy's blood.

III.

I have come back and my bones
are delighted to see me. I encircle
the bakery. I embrace my barber.
I endorse my bank. I am so
happy to walk these wizened
streets, to sup from the civic
trough, to race my horse again
around the calcified church.
Put down your bazooka, Marianne.
Like rusting sumac to the staghorn
aphid, I've come serenely home.

