

# Drinking an Orange Julius While Listening to Pink Floyd

*by* Bill Yarrow

I was strapped for cache  
so I called my friend Paolo  
who wears Ecuadorian gray  
and prefers Celine to Celan  
and asked him how to juggle  
all the crap life was throwing  
my way, and he said, "Boyo,  
take your chessboard to Andorra  
and mate someone" but, having  
already done that, he was of no help  
at all, so I grabbed one of my shelf  
improvement books and read: "I  
saw the best minds of my generation  
enter law school" and realized that  
all the works I thought I knew had  
been defaced by assassins. I asked  
the Wife of Bathroom for a hit of  
Releeve. She handed me the anodyne  
and went off to make chicken  
a la Siegfried. I drifted into dream:  
A man in a turquoise slicker sat on  
a skittish horse wearing an iron hat.  
He was pointing at a group of children  
in the housewares section of Wal-Mart  
playing catch with the throw rugs. A  
tsunami was rolling through the aisles.  
The man bellowed, "Watch out!" but he

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couldn't force their attention. The waters  
poured over all the products of mankind.  
Death came as a scythe of relief.

