

Everything the Traffic Will Allow

by Bill Yarrow

I.

there's more to life than poontang
but not when you're sixteen and
your hands are full of heavy breasts

at the six o'clock when the sky
and sea turn green, memory
in a pencil skirt walks in

midnight daiquiris, the lingerie
dawn, fishing for kisses: the bugles
call and sound like hounds

II.

baguettes in your pockets, a broomstick
in your jeans, you think of films
with canine themes
the vile politics of charity, the bloody
wonder of the sun, the earworm
still crawling the corridors of your skull

if you're in bed, get out
if you're sitting, stand up
if you're standing, walk around

dogs on leashes patrol the lawn
an eight-year old rubs the belly
of a beached blowfish to make it swell

III.

stop staring at vacancy
accept the surrender value of your bonds
stop raising: go ahead and call

when get up from your stasis
investigate the trash: you may
find a rare Tonto thermos

think, and then think better
consolidate your outstanding warrants
adjudicate your selfishness

if you apply the paste of cohesion to the perforations
in your life, all that is written in the Golden Book
of Dust shall come to pass

IV.

when's the competition?
rather, when's *not* the competition?
every dry peeled apple eventually turns brown

feel, and then feel better
buy something homemade
forsake the autumn mist

if you're sitting, stand up
if you're standing, walk around
if you're walking around, walk toward something

