

Executing the Trade

by Bill Yarrow

Prospero's in his cell and I'm in mine.
He drowns his books, I'm drowning in mine.
He exercises his power—I'm powerless to exercise.
The indigenous world is just not for us.

The oil dog barks at a wall of dried primer.
A stuck baffle in the duct. *Escucha, joven:*
do not accept the dry inevitability of
detachment or the slick utility of lust.

Ven! Amigos! You are all invited to the rescue.
Prospero smiles at the bulwarks, foreign
and domestic. He sees enchanted beings
benignly dance. I see a black lighthouse

at the end of a chocolate pier. *You want to be
an architect. Un arquitecto!* The future cautions:
Pssst! Be mindful of the bride who does not cry.

