

# Fate

*by* Bill Yarrow

comes as a handshake, a pat  
on the back, fingers through  
your hair, a nibble at your neck,  
a kiss on the lips, a tongue  
down your throat, a hand  
in your pants. In other words,  
an offer you choose not to refuse.  
Well... decline the proffered hand,  
turn from the puckered kiss,  
refuse the fondle. It's a noir life?  
That's what you've been taught?  
Doesn't have to be. Listen: you  
don't need to return every single  
serve that comes across your net.

