

Flaubert Eats Breakfast with His Mom

by Bill Yarrow

they were sitting
waiting for more toast
up at him and said
has dried up your heart
louise did that
class you're just upset
come my darling
and water the desert
surprise us yet
you're incorrigible
give me your arm
look the sun is bleeding
soft guardians of virtue—
God is out walking
white bees hover

at the breakfast table
when she looked
your mania for sentences
that's not true mother
and gout and the middle
my fruit bowl is empty
let's take a walk in the garden
of my heart the future may
gustave my sun my star
yes mother I am but
the eggs will have to wait
on the flowers the clouds—
they will protect us
his dog as over us
like angels of clotted milk

