

Found Poem

by Bill Yarrow

On an exceptionally hot evening
early in June, a young man
came out of the garret
in which he lived in S. Place
and walked slowly, as if in hesitation,
towards K. Bridge.
The waters rose
on the earth
one hundred and fifty days.
I concluded that I might take,
as a general rule, the principle that all the things
which we very clearly and distinctly conceive
are true.

