

Four Noble Lies

by Bill Yarrow

When Carlotta left me I cried
into my soup. I shriveled into
harsh mathematics. A decade
later I was living on Iowa Street
with Karen. She had goldfish and
good taste. I loved her for her fleshy
neck. We drank sinewy Dos Equis
and played Mahjong. In March
I developed that cruel facial tic.
That precipitated the divorce.
At the thought of losing her
my heart contracted into a span.
But I knew one day I'd replace her
with a brutally neutered cat.

