

# George

*by* Bill Yarrow

Skinny guy with glasses sent to Vietnam, came back with an understanding of heroin, an acquaintance with whorishness, a clarified wife, and a helmet on his soul. His family alive but indifferent, he makes his way back to the ocean, back to the popcorn, back to the pinball machines, wants to see the boss who had treated him well. "Hey, Bob! It's me, George!" Kindness is magnetic, but the past is a loose adhesive and rarely is employment a glue. "How nice to see you, George!" He hangs around for about an hour, then slinks back to the deserted battlefield he has had tattooed on his future.

