

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.

