

Hey, Pistolero

by Bill Yarrow

I'm complex. You're complex. We're all complex.
Who gives a shit? Man's fallen and he can't get up.

I consulted Jacques the Atheist for advice: he told
me to beat it. "But I lack the proper stigma!" I cried.

Once a month, I volunteer at the dressage parlor.
On Tuesdays, I play pinochle with the son of the Holy Ghost.

Every material loss is a gain for the State.
Today is the world's birthday: gag gifts only.

Pilate rewashes his left hand, i.e. confidence abandoning
optimism, or One More Chance at Capsizing Fate.

I was having lunch with Anna the Ma who said, "This year
we're hoping Thanksgiving will be more Purgatory than Hell."

The trees are wounded. The water warms
to their approach. Summer is a cumin seed.

I tiptoed into the heart's parlor and moved the switch to off.
Can you hear it? That's your insouciance speaking.

The bats have returned to East Saint Louis.
Otherwise, it's all just wax.

