

I Am Not a Corpse

by Bill Yarrow

A corpse cannot cry. A man who cannot
cry is a corpse. I am not a corpse, alas.
If I were, I'd be in a suit. If I were, I'd be
the main event, the center of attention.
All the vultures would be my friends.
All the grubs would love me.
I'd be in touch with dirt, the slime divine,
the slutty mud, the lovely muck.
Or something a little more incendiary,
a mite more vital, robust, fume inducing.
Back to my thesis: a corpse cannot cry.
The tear ducts are bankrupt in death.
There's a haughtiness that sets in, that
sees in raw emotion its sour avatar.

