

Kicking Out the Enjambes

by Bill Yarrow

I can be iambic when I want to
be. Another day, another dolor...
The forgotten man has been: forsaken.
The forsaken man has been: forgotten.
For heaven's forsake [n]. Looky, looky,
everything's très mystique. Usury for
you? Misery for me. Agita for
breakfast? Telos for dinner. What price, tag?
Wake me when the narcoleptics arrive.

