

# 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.

