

Make Not Thy Head a Grave

by Bill Yarrow

a famous teetotaler
hincty fingertips
a certain aim

he inclines to resent
ignorance of another's meaning

the emergence of the Beatles and the Vietnam War
sad human electricity
no buzz of any wheel

fastened to the saddle
exceedingly drunk

chopping her row
at the bottom of the mind

the thing is...
slaves of their own vaunts
bawl it out

Well, that's all right, but this is Tuesday
the most fatiguing of occupations

the wingspan...
the ugly center...

—*Ah, for a neck!*
— “*Goodness!*”

Sandrico, lonely as Prometheus on a rock,
condescended upon the water at Falconer's

