

My Books

by Bill Yarrow

My books wound you. They wound me too. They are those undullable knives they sell on TV, shards of glass you can pick up only with gloves to which are glued shards of glass. They are a rain of pins, a bed short sheeted and stuffed with nettles, a nylon backpack of burrs. All the pinches Prospero inflicted on soft Caliban. All the false promises he made to resilient Ariel. In the middle of the night, I hear them groan. They are torturing each other. They use their spines as swords. What do they want? What does torture ever want? Screaming information. Quick, toss your books. The milk has turned.

