

No Hay Bandaid

by Bill Yarrow

Alone in the arms of amorpheus

I battle banal demons
who sit like grease
inside my blood

Pain is the saddle which rides me
Pain is the cowboy's gun
More morphing, please!
 There's an unnecessary heaviness in heaven
 There's an insufficient delinquency in hell

The Taoists teach that
a painted tree is as grievous
as false dawn

 but fierce Buddha is a fireman
 and Vishnu cools the anxious
plus there's Jesus: he cooks the books

As the stained-glass soul emerges from a covered bridge
it is chased by a yowling mutt
 toward a nest of sleeping wasps

We have to mend the fences
whether they're broken or not

