

# 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

