Not Enough Sin To Go Around

by Bill Yarrow

for Ray

Inevitability: it's what's for dinner. Step lively through the arrogance of landscape, step decisively across the minefield of joy. Tread independently the airport road. Treat your neurons

with respect. Do I have a second? It takes only one grain of sand to sabotage the aperture, to desolate a lens. Place your glasses in a vial of acid. The frames dissolve apace.

When information fails, there is always information theory.

When the future falters, there is always the redacted past.

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