

Not Wanting to Write

by Bill Yarrow

I don't want to write about suicide
or surgery, fantasy or accidents,
inheritance or reduction in force. I don't
want to write about the body indulged,
desires denied, tortures invented, pleasures
innate. The instinct to wickedness. The pull
toward God. I don't want to write about need
or drinking or apathy. I don't want to make up
specific details of universal experience or recall
the smells of childhood. I don't want to ransack
my imagination for booty or autopsy society's corpse.
I don't want to crawl into corners, investigate attics,
or poke in holes. I'm done with ambition,
with all the strings and pulleys of art.
I just want to lie down

in ~~the sunrise~~ of your heart
in ~~the garden~~ of your heart
in ~~the orchard~~ of your heart
in ~~the river~~ of your heart
in ~~the forest~~ of your heart
in ~~the harbor~~ of your heart
in ~~the village~~ of your heart
in ~~the chapel~~ of your heart
in _____ your heart
in _____ your heart

