

# 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

