

# Pain

*by* Bill Yarrow

I hold it in my hands as I might a tomato,  
roll it across my palms, look for pale  
imperfections, toss it in the air.  
Its mute newness amuses me.  
Without warning, it gathers to a greatness  
and rescinds the amnesty of breathing.  
It rockets across the corpse we are not yet,  
indicting the criminal skin. I become  
a pachinko parlor, the ozone layer,  
a desert fire. Everything I understand  
is in danger. Even the mathematics  
of eternity is in jeopardy. What's left  
of salvation is covered in gelatin.  
There's a buttered emptiness awaiting us.

