

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.

