

Parabola Tango

by Bill Yarrow

Once in a fit of pique
she poured vinegar
on the anniversary roses
which withered in his seeing. In
retribution, he became incontinent.
That made her, she who misunder-
stood love, love him more, and him,
he who misunderstood marriage,
respect her less. Is there a recipe for
lasting happiness? Look, perhaps, to
applesauce. The apples of attraction.
The sugar of indulgence. The water of
conduction. Everything improves over
time. Everything. Everything in the world.
Except the orphaned garden.
Except the consolidated body.
Except last week's fruit.

