

# Playing for Keeps

*by* Bill Yarrow

I woke like an animal  
breeding thoughts like flies,  
my arms loaves of bread,  
my eyes cups of milk.  
"Set the sawdust, I'm  
hungry for locusts."  
They never appeared.  
I ran grumbling  
for shrubbery. Gone!  
The colors have no money left.  
The world was a leaf  
at the cockpit of dust.  
I screamed and it shattered.  
Water poured through me.  
I ran, a crazed rabbit.  
Shots rang out from the bunker  
ocean. I was laid low  
by the shrapnel of design.

