

Precipice of Questions

by Bill Yarrow

He stood with the bride of quietness
on the precipice of questions
and whistled the music of the spheres.

His bride wore cropped pants
and a paisley top. She was the summer
of 1979 and the winter of his discontent.

He talked to her of navigation, excavation,
irrigation, *nolo contendere*. She heard him
with impunity and a sawtooth grin.

Above their heads, birds watched planes
stumble through maneuvers. A war was on.
He enlisted her fierce indifference.

What can be manufactured in the time
jettisoned by the flashing of the past?

