

Raw Salt

by Bill Yarrow

I poured bleach on the bloody moon
and turned it scalding white. Then I
wrote my autobiography on it in ash.
When the bill came due, I joined the
cowboys who navigate by fear. They
locked me in a cabin inhabited by
moles. I escaped through the mirror
and landed in a lake. I baked for weeks
in seaweed and lost a lot of flesh.
Hittites picked the barnacles off me
and packed me in raw salt. I healed
in time to see the airmen welcomed home.
A tall barker was hawking condo lots.
It was Gatlinburg in mid July.

