Salt Thought

by Bill Yarrow

The custard of eternity is scooped into
the quantum cone of knowledge and drips
out the bottom one lifetime at a time.

Sunburned man stands on the boardwalk
of emotion watching the tourists of the future
eye the bruised merchandise of the past.

Meanwhile, the bronze present undoes
the blouse of the impossible imagining
ice floes and Tiki lights and sushi bars.

Is there *no* escape from raw thinking?
Is there *no* respite from rash imagining?

Like a discarded tub of fries on the fringe
of the pristine beach, the lax head lies prey
to the cawing clawing seagulls of salt thought.

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