

Searching for the Word

by Bill Yarrow

Searching for the word which might bring
back better words, I writhe in condign pain
witnessing the cacophony in which she
twists. Once I jogged the pearly perimeter
of Eden, swam laps in the Lake
of Siamese hearts, and hiked the icy top
of Mount Amor. Today the pinkness
of vision is blackened by the debility
of having persisted. I separate my thoughts
into two camps and rush between them carrying
forbidden messages which I burn so as not
to incriminate the pale sender or the ruddy
receiver. There's no daylight in the life to
come when the darkness is not medicinal.

