

# Self Inventory

*by* Bill Yarrow

Sleep like a bear grabs you and won't let go.  
Hunger is an ever-opening wound,  
brashness a rash whose sudden appearance  
is mysterious and unnerving. Like  
a long film dissolve, your dreams linger in  
wild, new schemes. Your intelligence feels like  
a weapon that's been fired in battle  
but never been cleaned. Now regret, like a  
bus backfire at 3 AM, has startled  
you out of your chair. Generosity,  
like a foreign city you always meant  
to visit, stares at you with pleading eyes.  
You're ashamed of selfishness, that blanket  
whose softness and warmth you cannot give up.  
Tolerance: dollars in someone else's  
wallet. Arrogance: cake in the mouth of  
a man too old to still be eating cake.  
Life, like a kite string, is slipping out of  
your hands. Wait! Is *any* of this true? No.  
Poems are not made of nothing but the truth.

