

Song of Unself

by Bill Yarrow

I cerebrate myself and singe myself
and what you illume, I refuse
for every good Adam betrothed to you will to me betray

I chafe and incite my soul
I bake and chafe in my disease
my speech, every item of tongue foams in this soil-
free dust

earth's parents ... whose parents ...
arrrrggghhh ... I now sixty-seven
sixty-eight, sixty-nine years

chagrin besmears me, increases
till death, old shoals in obeisance

nothing suffices as harbor
but a permit to claw at every yawing chasm
exuberance is beauty ... lesion of enthusiasm

