

# Take You Me for a Sponge, My Lord?

*by* Bill Yarrow

says Rosencrantz to the Prince. Idiot!  
Mistaking Hamlet's figurative language  
for literal. Who does that besides Kafka,  
Arreola, and Steven Wright?

Take you him for a rake, my lord?  
Yes, he's a rake, surely, scooping up  
the sweet leaves of womanhood  
and setting them all on fire.

Take you him for a snake, my lord?  
Yes, he's a snake, surely, slithering  
across the public eye, poisoning  
with malice the rabble-hearted many.

Take you him for a weasel, my lord?  
Yes, he's a weasel, surely, sneaking  
into city burrows and suburban nests,  
lying while smiling, for recompense.

Take you him for a pigeon, my lord?  
Yes, he's a pigeon, surely, cooing  
sweetly for favor, moaning for promotion,  
singing open the secret pains we cherish.

