

The Blocked Toxin

by Bill Yarrow

You try everything: a sushi poultice,
leather encapsulators, wearing gloves
on your feet. Nothing works. You seek out the
shaman who works part time in the massage
parlor. He directs you to his bookie
who knows a practitioner of caudal
alignment. Jesus! Enough already!
Try lying down and sucking on a hard
candy. Search for images of Bruegel
the Elder. Listen to chickadees. Join
LinkedIn. Stare at the exposed joists in the
reconditioned church. Yawn. Hum "Wipe Out."
It doesn't matter. Whatever you do,
it's just an enjambment of your stanza.

