

# The Body in the Other Room

*by* Bill Yarrow

I couldn't parse the grammar of her body  
nor decode the secret softness of her neck.  
I didn't learn the tango of her shining  
nor even once track the trespass of her tongue.  
No one could rob her being of its bullion  
or untie the satin lashes of her charm.  
I lay with her on a tarnished beach at noon.  
Above us, blind seagulls interrogated  
aqueous clouds. I whispered a sinuous ...

I could go on but I'm tired, tired of  
describing what doesn't exist, what never  
existed, except in words, words, whorish words  
of a certain alignment, a certain  
innocuous provocative vicinity.

