

The Death of Sherwood Anderson

by Bill Yarrow

He was on a cruise ship eating hors d'oeuvres when he swallowed the green toothpick which punctured his intestine causing the peritonitis which corrupted his blood and catapulted him into an alien grave. Or was it bald sadness? Unhappiness upended by misery? Desolation made grey by despair? Whatever the cause, he died, like the Bible in Mauritania, like a mouse in a vial of ammonia, like a retired coal miner on vacation in the Alps, like novelty in a nursing home, like streptococcus in outer space, like panache in sundered life.

