

The Lost Boys

by Bill Yarrow

They live in Colorado and Washington state,
Alabama and the Carolinas. They squeak
by on sad inheritances and pristine discards.
Every day hurts, just a little, but not enough,
so dreams billow in and smother ideas.
Meanwhile, the body does its daily dance
alone. It's a neutral life, frighteningly fun.
One fills one's lungs with schadenfreude.
Two finds the missile hidden in the boot.
Tomorrow will be incandescent, but
if it isn't, who will remember to regret?
Day bleeds into day and eventually clots
into a life. Remember what Eminem
taught: let your longing be your GPS.

