

# The Mirror Tires of Looking at Itself

*by* Bill Yarrow

We are all essays, some poorly written,  
some sparkling prose. The best of us  
has a thesis, a goal which organizes  
our lives. We prove our claims  
as we go. Transitions are our friends.  
We move toward conclusion, but others  
will have the final word. In heaven, we get  
edited. We are read by those we leave behind.

Sure, to a teacher, life is a term paper  
but what would life be to a druggist?  
Surely, he'd have other ideas. What about  
a dry cleaner? A barista? The safety inspector?  
Resort concierge? Auto mechanic? Hedge-fund  
manager? Discrimination attorney? The golf pro?  
Have you asked the butcher's daughter?  
Have you approached the neighborhood fellatrice?

