

The Point

by Bill Yarrow

(for A, B, and C)

I stood on the Point and rooted for the truth.
Everywhere were starfish angels, each one in my way.
The sun, like a drunken bum, stumbled across the sky.

*If you're not any more interesting sloshed
than you are sober
then what's the point?*

My model was late for her sitting. "You're like a library
book—overdue!" I said,
"Then I'll take off all my clothes like I did for you last time," she said,
"and then I'll be re-nude."

*If you're not any more interesting frizzled
than you are frozen
then what's the point?*

"What's nubile with you, my dear?" I asked.
"That's highly salacious, you know" she said.
"Wasn't he the King of Ethiopia?" I queried.

*If you're not any more interesting moist
than you are torrid
then what's the point?*

"You're a piece of hot pie," I said,
"crusty with the sweet and creamy center."
"But they'll be no massacre of the General Custard this time," said
she.

*If you're not any more interesting polluted
than you are pristine
then what's the point?*

I stood on The Point and looked out at the sea
and imagined I saw a pod of yellow whales, but that
was just the sun pissing twilight into the distant foam.

