

# 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.

