

The Proud Accounting

by Bill Yarrow

You were the first to be found
head down in the sewage
of what we do for a living
but time will purify that.
Your wife is losing weight
in the hope that grief will
make her body attractive,
and it will. She is radiantly
unhappy without you, but
worst off is your daughter,
wrapped in the newspaper
that announced your death.
She walks alone in black high heels
down the corridor of sterile engagement.

