

The Rest Nowhere

by Bill Yarrow

A screaming comes across the brain
interrupted by a webbed memory:
a man in brown with a rolling gait,
stubbornly strong, a dull ghost
(until spoken to), dusty and disgusting,
squinting towards wisdom. He holds his
candles upside down and ambulates
toward the great chains of his being.
Stethoscope, please! (Silence.) No pulse
on the body's horizon. I know too much
about delusion to be deceived. Love's funny
that way. When all else fails, look to the
consolations of misanthropy. Up ahead, there's
a signpost; down below, the rich ricochet of loss.

