

The Sky is Simply White

by Bill Yarrow

I am accosted by Jean Cocteau
who counsels me:

read Marinetti
finish the Brandenburg poem
understand The Gas Heart
memorize the Fifteen Propositions of God

take seriously the question what
have I got to lose

the goat in my throat
companionless runs wild
I try to hesitate
but I traverse the walls

this among others:

*we think in eternity
but move slowly through time*

this among others:

not A not B
not this not that
each is each other
all is all other
I am the several subdivisions
of my fellow man
living in

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Dubuque
Framingham
Sonoma

I accept cowardice but only in the light of heroism. I accept the fantastic. I accept the prophetic. I accept the lunatic. Never fantasy. Never lunacy. Nyet to the prophets. My mind rocks back and forth upon itself. One day, the metal will split.

he sleeps

as sentry to his skin: the sun, the water, sand, the wind.

his tongues (2 friends, one grim, one trim)
roll out sticky,
but neat as a pin.

in his dreams
a butterfly
enters the hole
in the fat boy's eye.

He shudders.

The rope dancer accompanies herself with her shadows.

Balzac: sometimes it seems to me
as if my brain were on fire
and I were fated to die
on the ruins of my mind.

no Brandenburg concertos

no whispers no wind
all's ushered out
then it begins

a descent of rain
a white wind gusts
the place abounds
in Icarus

Baudelaire's aspiration: "absolute rest and continuous night"

let wisdom
rot in prison—

turn) (my cowardice speaks out of

if only I could ease (in the petty world
of Kings)
the placid tyranny
of natural things

and when the man went back again

the moon had doffed
its diadem.

In the dimness of the cafe, the manager is arranging

*the tables and chairs, the ashtrays, the siphons of
soda water. It is six in the morning.*

The falcon is on his wrist.

The weather is on his wing.

The sky is simply white.

The rain begins

Cocteau screams

(The rain is no terrible epitaph)

