

The Sober Boat

by Bill Yarrow

I am my beloved's Advil
and she is my Aleve
and when we are tender
that's just codeine

a bouquet of bombs rains down
upon our cathedrals
but, look, they are pristine
as on the day our egos had them built

on a hopeless boat
in a sea of sameness
the belief that change will come
sustains us

