

The Whole Debt

by Bill Yarrow

just as I was launching my life, extending the web of my friendships, adding magicians, librarians, architects, horticulturalists, house lawyers, horse lawyers, CIOs, videographers, EFL instructors, instructional designers...

just when the langoustines had me by the throat, when the side exits were all blocked, when the nacreous clouds began to move in, when the power grid was stretched to breaking, when the atrial gas main was poised for rupture, when the Mad River was rising, when the medallions of my palms had started to itch...

just when the air was loud with the sound of invisible mockery, when the world, paralyzed by littleness, was becoming dull, when all the birds headed for the bourbon hidden in the corn, when cheers of ill will resounded from the abandoned sawmill, when craven acolytes were craving ions...

just when the sky was dark with birds, the ground black with snakes, the river choked with otters, the mesa teeming with beetles, the mountains pocked with bees...

my stepparents slammed the door of the oven of the soufflé of death and the feisty yeast of conjured life began to rise.

