

# Vacuum City

*by* Bill Yarrow

Imagine not emptiness but plentitude denuded,  
an apple made entirely of skin, an orange made  
inherently of rind. These from the scabrous canvas  
of fulgent wastrels and transcendental madmen.  
This is the exegesis nomenclature mentioned in  
*The Hound of Heaven*. What chaos comes from  
insufficiency? What else can calcify dreams?  
A man walks on a balsa board laid across a  
trenchant ditch. He is held upright by wires  
attached to the skyhooks of your childhood. He is  
whistling Mussorgsky and regretting his decision to  
pursue his education indefinitely. As he reaches the  
other side, he sees three birds in three separate trees.  
The nest of his heart is replenished with confusion.

