

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.

