

Whiplash Marriage

by Bill Yarrow

A wrench flies through the air and cracks your windshield. It's the unexpected that makes life so smashing. Like walking along a lake and seeing apes come out of the water. Like talking to a physician about the half-life of hope. Like waking up to the sound of pleading. There are many ways to begin to die but one is not surprise. We all have an ageing uncle who offers in his handshake the strength he still pretends. He was married to a petty woman of endemic energy. They sired your most obnoxious cousins. I wish I had a mirror implanted in my brain so that I could see my life less directly than I do. I had a dream the daylight needed repainting. I called my uncle in Kentucky. He said he'd take care of it, but then he died when his car T-boned a dove.

