

Why Go Outside?

by Bill Yarrow

Why go outside when you can play the piano
to disaffected engagés in rooms with mirrors
the color of linoleum? Why go outside when you
can commune directly with the lucent dead?
Why go outside when oysters can be had inside
in cans and Moliere can be had in leather? Why
go outside when striped marmosets will dance
Morse code on your bedroom dresser at dawn?
Why go outside where it is benighted and
melanomic? Why go outside where the gutters
are fraudulent and clogged with popularity?
Why go outside where you could catch Asperger's?
Why go outside where left-handedness is discouraged
and righteousness has been redefined as acumen?

