

Bone Density

by Bill Yarrow

The Fauves are visiting. Come to redesign
the patio, they have upstaged the heart.
They have brought with them their own music
and solemn gondoliers. Madame Fauve,
with a twisted braid, is dancing. So is
the decadence in the wall. I applaud
the thoroughness of the measurers, but
cannot sanction their pervasiveness.
The Fauves must leave. Stat. I have an
appointment with deadness at 3 PM.
They say they understand, but I sense they don't.
I have offended the sorcery of art. Ah, Art!
Ah, Liquidity! On the bulkhead of the horizon,
clouds collect, indifferently, like restaurant fish.

