

Drinking an Orange Julius While Listening to Pink Floyd

by Bill Yarrow

I was strapped for cache
so I called my friend Paolo
who wears Ecuadorian gray
and prefers Celine to Celan
and asked him how to juggle
all the crap life was throwing
my way, and he said, "Boyo,
take your chessboard to Andorra
and mate someone" but, having
already done that, he was of no help
at all, so I grabbed one of my shelf
improvement books and read: "I
saw the best minds of my generation
enter law school" and realized that
all the works I thought I knew had
been defaced by assassins. I asked
the Wife of Bathroom for a hit of
Releeve. She handed me the anodyne
and went off to make chicken
a la Siegfried. I drifted into dream:
A man in a turquoise slicker sat on
a skittish horse wearing an iron hat.
He was pointing at a group of children
in the housewares section of Wal-Mart
playing catch with the throw rugs. A
tsunami was rolling through the aisles.
The man bellowed, "Watch out!" but he

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couldn't force their attention. The waters
poured over all the products of mankind.
Death came as a scythe of relief.

