

# Everything the Traffic Will Allow

*by* Bill Yarrow

I.

there's more to life than poontang  
but not when you're sixteen and  
your hands are full of heavy breasts

at the six o'clock when the sky  
and sea turn green, memory  
in a pencil skirt walks in

midnight daiquiris, the lingerie  
dawn, fishing for kisses: the bugles  
call and sound like hounds

II.

baguettes in your pockets, a broomstick  
in your jeans, you think of films  
with canine themes  
the vile politics of charity, the bloody  
wonder of the sun, the earworm  
still crawling the corridors of your skull

if you're in bed, get out  
if you're sitting, stand up  
if you're standing, walk around

dogs on leashes patrol the lawn  
an eight-year old rubs the belly  
of a beached blowfish to make it swell

III.

stop staring at vacancy  
accept the surrender value of your bonds  
stop raising: go ahead and call

when get up from your stasis  
investigate the trash: you may  
find a rare Tonto thermos

think, and then think better  
consolidate your outstanding warrants  
adjudicate your selfishness

if you apply the paste of cohesion to the perforations  
in your life, all that is written in the Golden Book  
of Dust shall come to pass

IV.

when's the competition?  
rather, when's *not* the competition?  
every dry peeled apple eventually turns brown

feel, and then feel better  
buy something homemade  
forsake the autumn mist

if you're sitting, stand up  
if you're standing, walk around  
if you're walking around, walk toward something

