

The Mirror Tires of Looking at Itself

by Bill Yarrow

We are all essays, some poorly written,
some sparkling prose. The best of us
has a thesis, a goal which organizes
our lives. We prove our claims
as we go. Transitions are our friends.
We move toward conclusion, but others
will have the final word. In heaven, we get
edited. We are read by those we leave behind.

Sure, to a teacher, life is a term paper
but what would life be to a druggist?
Surely, he'd have other ideas. What about
a dry cleaner? A barista? The safety inspector?
Resort concierge? Auto mechanic? Hedge-fund
manager? Discrimination attorney? The golf pro?
Have you asked the butcher's daughter?
Have you approached the neighborhood fellatrice?

