

# The Rising Tide

*by* Bill Yarrow

The new world is filled with old people  
with good posture and a disdain for odd  
postures. I'm just a rental dog myself  
looking for the guardian of starlight  
peeing on the expiring parking meters  
and barking up all the wrong trees.

A decade ago, I was new myself. They  
put me in the factory next to six-fingered  
Marie and gave me tea biscuits and sugar  
water at four-hour intervals. My hands  
crumpled from the iron work and only  
a jug-handle yoga pose could unbend me.

And so will it be with my soulless effigy  
as proleptic ratiocination seeps into itself  
and disappears, as the polished ego dips  
directly into dullness, as Ivan Karamazov  
deliquesces, as Imlac loses his footing, as  
Lear begins to stink, as Pangloss rises again.

