

Hope's Amanuensis

by Bill Yarrow

I was hope's amanuensis
but I was low on carburetor
oxygen and my fraud protection
had just expired. If asked how
I was feeling, I would have said,
"Triangular," but the truth was
I felt an osculatory unhappiness
circumnavigate my soul. I was no
stranger to such feelings. Indeed,
they had inhabited me longer than
my flab uncle's been working out,
but there are worse things in the world
than unhappiness: capillary wealth.
contagious cleansing, wound jewelry.

