

# Liz@Phil

*by* Bill Yarrow

Liz didn't steal his heart  
she embezzled it

one of a number of larcenies  
Phil endured and forgave

ever since he met her  
when he was nineteen

and she was twenty-two  
but in a bikini top

and pink pedal pushers  
she looked sixteen

so he walked taller than he was and she  
pretended the hair on his lip was manly

love was an acid that etched  
their hope into a metal present

but before ten years had passed  
their loneliness had hardened

into indifferent sticky rapture  
and permanent part-time jobs

abortions, bad bosses, half-hearted  
infidelities, bankruptcy...

time felt like a kitten  
wrapped in a rattlesnake

but implacable happiness  
was also on its way

