

# Raw Salt

*by* Bill Yarrow

I poured bleach on the bloody moon  
and turned it scalding white. Then I  
wrote my autobiography on it in ash.  
When the bill came due, I joined the  
cowboys who navigate by fear. They  
locked me in a cabin inhabited by  
moles. I escaped through the mirror  
and landed in a lake. I baked for weeks  
in seaweed and lost a lot of flesh.  
Hittites picked the barnacles off me  
and packed me in raw salt. I healed  
in time to see the airmen welcomed home.  
A tall barker was hawking condo lots.  
It was Gatlinburg in mid July.

