

# Searching for the Word

*by* Bill Yarrow

Searching for the word which might bring  
back better words, I writhe in condign pain  
witnessing the cacophony in which she  
twists. Once I jogged the pearly perimeter  
of Eden, swam laps in the Lake  
of Siamese hearts, and hiked the icy top  
of Mount Amor. Today the pinkness  
of vision is blackened by the debility  
of having persisted. I separate my thoughts  
into two camps and rush between them carrying  
forbidden messages which I burn so as not  
to incriminate the pale sender or the ruddy  
receiver. There's no daylight in the life to  
come when the darkness is not medicinal.

