

# The Blocked Toxin

*by* Bill Yarrow

You try everything: a sushi poultice,  
leather encapsulators, wearing gloves  
on your feet. Nothing works. You seek out the  
shaman who works part time in the massage  
parlor. He directs you to his bookie  
who knows a practitioner of caudal  
alignment. Jesus! Enough already!  
Try lying down and sucking on a hard  
candy. Search for images of Bruegel  
the Elder. Listen to chickadees. Join  
LinkedIn. Stare at the exposed joists in the  
reconditioned church. Yawn. Hum "Wipe Out."  
It doesn't matter. Whatever you do,  
it's just an enjambment of your stanza.

