

The Body in the Other Room

by Bill Yarrow

I couldn't parse the grammar of her body
nor decode the secret softness of her neck.
I didn't learn the tango of her shining
nor even once track the trespass of her tongue.
No one could rob her being of its bullion
or untie the satin lashes of her charm.
I lay with her on a tarnished beach at noon.
Above us, blind seagulls interrogated
aqueous clouds. I whispered a sinuous ...

I could go on but I'm tired, tired of
describing what doesn't exist, what never
existed, except in words, words, whorish words
of a certain alignment, a certain
innocuous provocative vicinity.

