

The Meaning of Life

by Bill Yarrow

“One must not confuse the meaning of life with the joy of living,” she said. *Have I been confusing the two? Is that why I am so unhappy? I wondered.* We were sitting in a café in Tulsa and our waitress was dressed in burlap. My huevos rancheros were getting cold. I stared at my plate though I had lost my appetite long ago. She kept talking to me, something about Thomas Merton's death, fireplaces, and my own good. Her voice reminded me of my childhood; it had the sound of breaking. I like Tulsa. It is ghostly enough to soothe loneliness. “Are you listening to me?” she asked softly. *No, not really.* “Well, thanks for being so honest,” she smiled. It was a devastatingly sweet smile, a smile to die for, a smile to make the devil weep. I concluded that the meaning of life must be testosterone.

