

# The Yellow Brick Rule

I found him in the underworld. The metaphor was just leaving. My white boyfriend and I took two seats across the water, for the river was full with questing bodies. We had one syllable too many, it was lovely, and I thought about saying something. I was on my way to confront a magician, but my white boyfriend rose first, like a bone loaf, and levitated to the train track. In death, he had been relieved of his liver, but I relived his hair, a sign that the metaphor had come back to me. The metaphor went to drop a hankie from the highest wall ever, pricking clouds that kiss the sky's clouded face. The wall arched its back and touched the earth again: the second-highest wall. The metaphor grew a spine and took me in its arms. My white boyfriend went to the mattress at the end of the earth, and I tried to unsee his lever flapping from the wall.