

THE LOGIC OF YOO

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So he set to work in the dark, buttered bread
& booted his Mac, the client's requirements
spelled out on clean paper & he circled
what he would have to prove, the number of citations,
their style, the tone, the approximate argument,
what \$1000 would buy: coffee & cigarettes
(he only smoked when he worked), his month's
rent & other bills, celebratory martini at the Ram's Head
when it was done & if he was charming, maybe
a girl there he could bring back & read French to
before she fell asleep. Then another paper after that,
maybe medical this time, something pulmonary, breathing
coming easier to him now despite the smokes,
something in his chest loosening, finding each paper
juiced the soul, let the tether out further, enlarged the scope
of what it owned & what it could do.