Yawn

No one owns a yawn. Sometimes it seems to be passed along so you may think wrongly it is mine, here, I give it to you. The same is true of leading a person up to a waterfall then unblindfolding her. You do not own the waterfall to give and now neither does she. To see a snake yawn explains how he can swallow such larger-than-he prey like a magician making his head disappear. Due to the mandibular bone constricting the external auditory meatus thereby tautening the tympanic membrane as a result of increased pressure, yawning may inhibit hearing. What huh? It is 11:30 in the evening, night really, under us like the passage of underground conveyances: yawns. None of them are green with red rings, none of them are blue with green wings. To look at an audience and see yawns: horrible, even if you’re singing lullabies. In college I thought Theodore Dreiser was trying to kill me but a yawner is never fatal, there is no record of a person turning from the tiresome novel to the rain-tapped window, yawning and living no more. At least as attributable to the yawn.

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