

# Chapel of a Latter Day Agoraphobic

*by* Gary Hardaway

I no longer want to be  
in the thrum and thrust of things.  
I want to be left alone

with my crisp white box wine  
and the news of our sadness and decline.  
The thrum and the thrust

have beaten conviviality out of me.  
Leave me alone to parse the sad news  
and write of my own bruises.

