

Despite the Spring

by Gary Hardaway

and the blue abundance
of sky and bluebonnets photographed
and shared along the interwebs

and that vibrant pitch of green
the young Shumard leaves
throw to any eyes that catch it

and the sway of heavy yellow daffodils
and bird chirps and mad dash of squirrels
across streets pursuing mates

and the thick crust of dew-infused
pollen across windshields
and the cheerful snuffles and sneezes

he remains resolute in his misanthropy
inspired by recurrent disappointment.
The scarred heart pumps its viscous blood.

