

# Four Poems

*by Gary Hardaway*

*from The Miscreant 9, April, 2016*

## **Not Dover Beach**

If we should disappear,  
the planet will be fine.  
The sun and its thrall  
will be just fine.

The galaxy and universe  
will most certainly be fine.  
For whom or what would our  
disappearance register as loss?

For no one and no thing.  
Our disappearance would register  
as the movement of a sand grain  
on a windy beach full of sand.

## **Octopus**

My hatred spreads in multiple directions,  
wishing to crush enemies in multiple directions,  
in a spread like the arms of an octopus,  
a baby octopus, whose tentacles  
reach a tiny spot of ocean  
and leave the stretching spread of evil  
untouched and uncrushed.

## **History and Consequence**

There is no history. There are only  
stories you accept as true enough

to be believed. The Garden, perhaps.  
The five years more war

and thousands of dead without  
Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

That the war between the states  
was a matter of states' rights.

Fuck the states. They are run  
by assholes and corporate interests

anyway. There is no history- only  
consequences that will kill us all.

## **Becoming Stardust Again**

The knees,  
weak; the  
hearing,  
weak; the  
earnings,  
meager.  
I sit,  
apart.  
I should  
fold my  
self back  
into the

ground of  
my be-  
getting  
and await  
the sun's red swell  
of annihilation.

