

Introduction and Apology Written Against the End of Time

by Gary Hardaway

I write these poems for myself.
They are the only ones I like much lately.

They speak to me and my conditions.
No one need explain whatever references there are.

They articulate my fear and greater fear.
They articulate my rage and greater rage.

They articulate my failings as a human being.
They articulate my greater rage at human beings

here for such a short time and at the precipice already
close to ending the tick tock time they made

here where rare combinations of events
and rarer combinations of physical circumstances

have collided in the blossom of a yeast
leavening the crisp soft warm baguette

the young and shapely baker brings.
I should like to write a nice baguette instead.