## On First Hearing Himself Read His Poem Aloud

by Gary Hardaway

The words are better than this man's reading of them, surely.

In his inexpert mouth they drone mechanically along without the lilt or cadence of an Irishman or Englishman or German.

The words are surely better than this and deserve better, spoken aloud.

Surely these fine words, so crisp in black on white, deserve a crisper voice than this to send them through the air

toward anonymous ear drums which deserve a deeper resonance

than this defeated and terrified voice which does not serve such fine, crisp, resonant words so starkly beautiful, black on white,

and written with obvious high regard for words.