

# Plans and The World

*by Gary Hardaway*

*27, 28, 29 and 30 for Napomo 16*

## **Big Wind and Empty Nest**

She stared at the stain of egg yolk  
and the scatter of pale blue eggshell  
on the pool deck under the Yaupon.

“Fucking wind,” he said,  
“Twisted the leaves and branches  
enough to pitch it out. See? There's the nest.”

His first words besides “Yes”, “No”  
and “Sure” in three months. She looked  
at the empty nest, nodded and sighed.

## **Moving On**

You are terrified. You light  
the autopilot light and trust

the small machineries of self  
to land things safely, if not

satisfactorily. The risks  
are only personal, after all;

your disengagement is complete  
to the point that only you will

suffer calamity. No collateral  
damage among the tribe. No

consequence beyond your  
own inconsequential

inconveniences and  
small humiliations.

There is method  
in your alienation.

Whatever falls, falls on you, alone.  
Whatever fails, fails you, alone.

## **Revolution**

*for Upper Managers Considering Returns on Investment*

When your babies are snatched,  
butchered, roasted and grilled,  
boiled, braised, pickled, salted

and consumed, what defense  
will you offer  
for your narrowness of vision,

your inability to see  
that the underlings you  
pushed around and belittled,

ever so politely, would turn,  
as the world warmed  
and the crops failed,

into the apex predators,  
full of cunning and abandon,  
capable of eating your dreams?

### **The Plans of the World**

Make yourself small assignments  
you can complete in your diminishing

capacities. Coffee. Shower. Dressing  
yourself. The drive. Breakfast from

the sometimes-unreliable vending machine.  
The small skill workday. The drive.

The something for dinner and dishes.  
Dusting and the vacuum, Saturdays.

The laundry, Sundays. Repeat, repeat, repeat.  
Maintain as best you can while you can.

Between, write as if there's fight  
still in you. You've learned to kid yourself.

The world laid claim to you at the moment  
of your birth. That was long ago.

The world has its plans and soon  
will exercise the last it has for you.

