

Pot-shots- an Octet for the New Year

by Gary Hardaway

On Rugged Individualism

We are but data points
insignificant alone
important only
in a murmuration
of buying trends.

Linguistic Fun

Affluence. Effluence.
I love the pinpoint proximities
of English. The spirit

of an Anglo-Saxon fist
to the face of the Romans
and Normans bubbles through.

The Elitist Speaks

I don't speak body language.
It's a dumbfuck alphabet anyway.
The dead have no body language

but speak more clearly in print
in alphabets that live longer
than the still warm and blooded

assholes demanding attention
in the customer service lines
the day after Christmas.

Fuck your body language
anyway, inarticulate syllables
farted by suspect protoplasm.

OIC

Officer in Charge
or Opioid Induced Constipation-
your choice.

Trump for President?

He's not substantial enough
to be a bag of shit. He is
a bag of farts- a tenuous
and foul gas
that fills a small balloon
drifting as it will
with the vagaries of wind.

Tom Brady

Maybe all quarterbacks are shitwads.
Brady was once among my favorites.

Now, I hope he ends his life
a quadriplegic bit of asparagus.

Trump for president?
You fucking arrogant simpleton.

Die, a sad little fucked-up stick figure,
you neo-fascist asshole.

Maybe Bridget Moynahan would agree.
Maybe not. Someone ought to ask her.

Raptors

The hawks and owls divide the day and make
their wary predators' peace of dark and light.

The world divides itself among
less honorable raptors- bank and bank,

manufacturer and manufacturer,
nation and equally ruthless nation.

We stitch a shifting but familiar quilt
of seemly, desperate alliances.

Happy 2016

There is profit to be made
by breaking the bodies of the young.

The NCAA knows this. The NFL
and NBA know this. The pimp

corralling runaways and illegal aliens
knows this. By breaking

bodies of the young, Northrop,
Boeing, and Raytheon maintain

their skyboxes and stock values
budget year after budget year.

The rich don't need to eat
their young. They eat yours.

