

Quatrains Written on Stolen Time

by Gary Hardaway

Physics

When the force you exert yanking out
a tissue exceeds the tug of gravity
on the mass remaining in the box,
you know it's time for another box.

Self Portrait with Beverages

Without the Folgers, there is no light of day.
Without the cheap box of Franzia white,
there is no dark of night. I am
my chemicals. I am what I drink.

New Car Smell

It is the fragrance of decay
as paint, polymers and dyes
outgas molecules of themselves
to tickle the happy buyer's nose.

While Bookshops and Libraries Last

Depressives fill the shelves.
Like oysters and catfish, they consume
the muck of living experience

and convert it into succulence.

