

Self Portrait Without Colors

by Gary Hardaway

I have become my small routines
and temperate enthusiasms.
The days of my work week
are indistinguishable.
Saturdays are the bank, the liquor store,

and groceries; Sundays are gasoline
and cigarettes, Half Price Books,
and sportscasts. I am the ritual
banalities of days numbered,
numberless, and numb.

