

# The Fine Madness

*by Gary Hardaway*

The intimations come from some  
inheritance in the brain  
that makes one susceptible  
to poems and small addictions.

A phrase, a sentence, a stanza,  
sounds among the sums and lists  
and starts a scratched cascade  
of syllables and other approximations--

of the goddess voice, or something  
Jungian, or just some small,  
Skinnerian hiccup. Whether  
magical, mythical or conditional,

it is insistent, capturing the ear  
and eye no one else can see or serve.  
Sums and lists can be retraced-  
necessities mother them-

but sparked, synaptic tones  
burn once, and not again.

