

Three in a Major Key

by Gary Hardaway

A Gentle Rain

has fallen half the day.
It's mid - August in North Texas
and such weather isn't common.
I embrace and welcome it.

One can watch the grass green
in response. One can watch the world green
in response. The moment grows
beyond its natural boundaries,
green and glistening.

Setting the First Stone Aside

Your parents were as fucked
by their parents as you were by yours.
Cut them some slack. Grant them

the forgiveness you want.
It won't hurt you and might help them.
Forgiveness brings no harm,

only a small chance for everyone
to stop fingering the scars
that only fade but never heal.

Our Children Outgrow our Meager Resources for Teresa Chapman

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/gary-hardaway/three-in-a-major-key>»*
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This room is far too small to pin up
all you are. We would need a convention center
to capture, on the walls, all you are.

In that sense, we can't afford you. You exceed
all our budgets and grow larger, still.
It is a sadness and a joy. We want

to capture you and release you at the same time.
It is a conundrum we can't afford
nor can afford to set aside.

