Trio Anomie

by Gary Hardaway

Sunny Sunday Morning in May

The younger woman with the cute Corgi out for a mid-morning walk knows but pretends not to notice I am twenty feet from her here, leaning on my patio wall. Not

a "Hi", a wave, or even a nod. We deny one another, here, as long as it's plausible. We are all the Other it's easier to ignore than to greet.

Some Other People of Walmart

We eschew the corporate fuckery of self-checkout and choose a vestige of human interaction that is the 20 items or less line.

We clutch our flavorless produce and small domestic appliances sold for less than Kroger and Target and endure the Pidgin English

of a recent legal immigrant in exchange for actual eyes and speech and another's hands dropping our stuff into the next waiting bag of the plastic bag carousel. We can at least argue with a human face if the tally exceeds our parsimonious expectations.

Saturday Afternoon

When you drink alone, you drink a lot more and feel a lot less of the small euphoria alcohol is famous for.

The rain comes down and washes the dust and oily residue into gutters to contaminate the streams. The horror of consciousness never ends.