Twenty-two

by Gary Hardaway

The year begins well here with much needed rain and tee-shirt temperatures.

In Twenty-one, words abandoned me. Silence reigned. No poems visited

my dome of bone. My network of streets shrank yet further.

Precarity and loss prevailed. Estrangement intensified as we kept count of those

dead and gravely ill. Covid conquered us in ways we'd never seen.

Twenty-two begins in hope and dread, in vaccine and Omicron. We cannot

know what awaits. We can but guess and keep a small faith in what

Providence may bring. Let me strive to find a language again and to reclaim the thoroughfares that once were mine.

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