Year End Closeout: Buy One, Get Seven Free.

by Gary Hardaway

Lunar Cycle

A waxing moon
with first a bright
sliver of silver
after the black
and then a slice,
and then a half,
and soon enough
a whole moon pie of light
and then the waning,
the withering, back
to the dark of the new.

The Burden of Scribes

If we were painters it would be fine to paint and paint again the same haystack, altering the light or time of day, perhaps the angle of site, or season.

But-- no. We write. And nothing is more obviously a bore or madness (in words) than the same experience repeated with a subtle change of vision.

Penis Envy

http://miscreantmagazine.com/

December and Damp

It's not that cold but the cold that is penetrates layered cloth and soft skin to chill the blood in its capillaries and the morning's best intentions.

Coffee can't quite beat back the wish to simply lie still and wait for spring.

Do not pray for me

http://miscreantmagazine.com/

Peshawar

http://miscreantmagazine.com/

Telecom Christmas

The server farms are busy this Christmas Day-a snow of offers falls from the Cloud: burial insurance, private jets for rent, sexy Colombians, sexy Russians, sexy Asians, Nigerian princes with hordes of cash in my name just waiting for my proof of identity and account numbers. All is calm and all is bright and all is buzzing, just for me, this warm and windy Christmas Day.

Cigarette Beside the Pool, Christmas Day

A windy Christmas and warm it is even by our Texas Christmas standard. A few high white clouds decorate the infinitive seeming blue of sky bright with sun. A murder of crows caw their territory from spindly upper branches of the naked mulberry tree northeast across the alley. A sad Sargasso sea of dung brown oak leaves undulates with gusts of wind across the unreal aquamarine of chlorinated swimming water. No laps today despite the sun and warmth. And soon, a festival to host when savory and sweet are cooked and ready for the smiles and clinks of glasses.