

# A Small Life in Slices

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **Morning Shave**

It's Sunday- no need to shave-  
but shave, I do. A little act

of discipline in the discipline  
of routine. The ego and superego

score a tag team win  
against the strong but lazy id.

## **Gourmands**

The cats are dogged in their assertion  
that it's time to eat the daily ration  
of rich soft food. They love  
the pate'-like spread,  
their meat in tins.

Were it tuna,  
they would  
sniff and  
let it  
lie.

## **Ruin**

The small, expiring, fluorescent lamp  
on the tiny patio across the way  
spasms light as if it were  
a tiny pulsar which has lost its once

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perfect rhythm. The neighbor must be away  
or oblivious to this tiny ruin  
scratching at my vexed and simple eyes.

### **Small Beauty**

I don't know why I like the way  
the morning sunlight plays

along the surfaces of the ordinary  
building across the commons from mine.

The eye finds its small delights  
among abundant optical

phenomena the eye can see.  
Today it is enough.

### **October and Texas**

After weeks in the nineties,  
an honest autumn chill  
dresses tough guys in windbreakers  
and tougher guys in shorts  
and short sleeves. Identity  
is fluid. The cool air  
always takes us by surprise.

### **Lunar Sequence**

Sunlight effaces the moon  
as morning ages into noon.

The moon remains, of course,

an ever-reliable ball of rock  
and debris, powdery and coarse.

The sun effaces but never

erases the moon. It's all in  
the lighting, a trick of the eye.  
So long as we live, the moon won't die.

