

# About Poems

*by Gary Hardaway*

Why I like so many is a mystery.  
They often leave me dulled  
and wanting back my time.

Then I'm back in Santarem  
where rivers blue and brown converge  
in dazzling dialectic

and I hear the mermaids singing  
and a weeping by the waters of Leman  
in the silence between two waves of the sea

then hear the horse  
give harness bells a shake  
and feel the drifting downy flake,

as I behold nothing  
that is not there  
and the nothing that is

and stub out my cigarette  
in the saucer-souvenir  
in an English rented room

and solve the mystery  
in places I have been  
never having been.

