

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.

