

# Anger Management

*by* Gary Hardaway

## **Rah, Rah**

How many extinctions can we claim?  
Is someone keeping score?  
Somebody needs to keep the score  
because we're bad  
and gonna kill some more.

## **Obituary**

The self-styled "Painter of Light"  
succumbed to natural causes.  
Nature has its remedies.  
Vermeer will nod his gratitude  
and Caravaggio exult  
as markets for Kinkades  
dry up faster than his corpse.

## **In Memoriam: Ronald Reagan**

There was always a vacancy.  
Alzheimer's made it official  
and killed you, the sock-puppet  
president with wicked hands  
up its ass to move the lips  
and wave the arms in movements stiff  
as those D'onofrio would use  
in Men in Black to depict a corpse  
stuffed with alien. Your faces  
suit the mawkish paintings copied

---

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/gary-hardaway/anger-management--2>»

Copyright © 2012 Gary Hardaway. All rights reserved.

and hung in tacky houses, sea  
to shining sea, alongside blue-eyed  
Jesus. It's good you're dead but such  
a pity Hinckley Jr. had bad aim.

### **On Watching the 2012 Republican Convention**

Contemporary Republicans  
would be good for one thing-  
food for the guillotines.

### **From a Distance**

The lights of human occupation  
look less like jewels  
in the crown of creation  
than they do infection  
spreading in a terminal disease.

### **At the Very Private School of Management**

Recession is good for business.  
It throws 90% of the work force  
into fear of worklessness  
and they beg for more to do  
at the same wage and less  
as time goes by. The idled,  
seeking work, are interchangeable parts  
in the vast device of our control.  
Let the public sector train them  
in the skills we'll need to lessen  
needs for skill. Their loss is our gain

so long as we tip the fear away from us  
but in our favor. We make the jobs  
and take the jobs away  
to manage rates of change  
as we know best.

### **Post-Human Archaeology**

We don't deserve the planet we contaminate.  
We don't even deserve an atoll  
scheduled for annihilation  
by an H-bomb test  
in 1955.  
I'd pray for an asteroid  
the size of Rhode Island  
but then the wildebeests  
would be no more  
and the dolphins would boil  
and the Siamese would have no bowl  
of meow mix and the dogs no kibble or bits  
and the cows who die for us would merely die.  
Fuck us. We deserve contagion more virulent  
than bubonic plague but for which there is no cure  
which selects the human genome specifically  
and leaves us tasty corpses for the carrion birds  
we deride and despise. We deserve  
no better fate than to disappear  
leaving ruins mysterious  
and evocative.

