

Animus and Vitriol

by Gary Hardaway

A World's End

The goon squads assemble
to crack the skulls of dissent
along the urban coasts.

Vengeful men and stupid women
organize rescindment of the past
85 years of civil and social progress-

not one man, but the enablement
of many intent on doing harm
to opponents they style as enemies.

Transmutation Sonnet

At some point, we will have to shoot them
through the eyes and skull and heart,
these reactionary thugs the electoral college
has allowed into the hallowed chambers of the state.
Yes, violence will be required.

Point blank violence with stupid instruments
we oppose at most intersections of time
and circumstance. Circumstance requires

abandonment of ordinary principles
in the service of larger principles.
Civilization can't await a peaceful resolution.
Action now, before the moment of opportunity

escapes and history rewrites itself
in the hands of monsters best dead and dismembered.

Coal Miners' Children

Dumbfuck West Virginia-
you are irrelevant to the men
who own this country.
Whether coal or oil or gas,
you have no future.

None of the fossil fuel elites
care anything about you.
They will move their money to
wherever it grows, fungus-like,
the most. You are fucked.

What I Expect

More anxiety. More sadness. More anger.
More fear. I live at the ugly edge
between ability and debility.

The powers that be would cut
the meager income I worked for
and contributed to for years

in order to resolve their true constituents
desire for more at the expense of those
they style “entitled”. Entitled to what?

The ridicule of Republicans bought
by the more entitled, the capable,
watching their returns on investment?

The masters of finance and business
administration target me and my cohorts.
We have no power but our vote

and our votes are challenged by
legislation paid for by our enemies.
We cling to the soul crushing,

menial jobs we have to supplement
the income we earned when we were
young enough and valued enough to matter.

Times Square Offerings

Raise the corpse of the orange one high,
by the heels, to the top of where the ball
falls on New Year's Eve and let the bits
and pieces tumble, as it rots, as mementos
for the scrambling figures on the street
to be auctioned at market value by Sotheby's.

A Liberal's Confession

The truth is, I want to crack some skulls.
My disrespectful opposition
chides me for my lapse
in liberal tolerance. Fuck my opposition.
I'd happily crack their skulls

along with Trump's and those
of every Republican office holder
in America, state or Federal.
I have no empathy for American
conservatives. I want them dead.

