

Day Off Work

by Gary Hardaway

Among Monuments

At just about my age,
Yeats recalled his pretty plumage
Among School Children.
At 54 (or so), Eliot crafted
compound ghosts, played us
Four Quartets,
then bid adieu
to paraphrastic studies
for a life on stage.
Lowell, Plath, Shelley,
Keats and Kenyon
never reached my age.

My time glass allocation nears its end.
I've tapped no poem yet
strong enough to age
with elegant patina.
I have an active decade left
to learn to cast in bronze.
Where's the metallurgy lab?

Parthenon

We cannot see it as new-
inherited as it has been
by a hundred generations,
damaged by Turks, stained
by cooking fires and Fiats,
etched by acid rain-

but new it was once, strange
and marvelous to those first eyes
as something Morphosis has done
and published for our pleasure
in the latest Architectural Record.

Assault Season

It's the season of the fans
and filaments of protein
shed by dog and cats
swirl their tickling stimulations
achoo! throughout the house.

