

# 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.

