

# Despite the Spring

*by* Gary Hardaway

and the blue abundance  
of sky and bluebonnets photographed  
and shared along the interwebs

and that vibrant pitch of green  
the young Shumard leaves  
throw to any eyes that catch it

and the sway of heavy yellow daffodils  
and bird chirps and mad dash of squirrels  
across streets pursuing mates

and the thick crust of dew-infused  
pollen across windshields  
and the cheerful sniffles and sneezes

he remains resolute in his misanthropy  
inspired by recurrent disappointment.  
The scarred heart pumps its viscous blood.

