Fear in a Handful of Dust

by Gary Hardaway

I fear my germ-infested mouth emits a cloud of odor.
I fear the stains and yellow of my teeth.
I fear the stinking wetness of my armpits
and the fungal discoloration of my toenails.

I fear my hair grows thin and gray while I'm not looking.

I fear my restless feet will make me sleepless.
I fear dry mouth and insufficient tears.
I fear erectile dysfunction
and government rationing of Cialis.

I fear my car tells others I'm a bore.

I fear my personal information travels the World Wide Web
and mad Ukrainians will steal my name and wealth.
I fear the fiscal cliff and raising the ceiling on national debt.
I fear a death by taxes.

I fear our border is insecure.

I fear that brown-skinned narco-terrorists
will murder me, high on cocaine.
I fear mullahs with the bomb
and fattened squads of North Koreans.

I fear the Koran and the birth rate of Hindus.

I fear that Medicare and Social Security funds
will be diverted
to fill the tanks of Cadillacs
driven by obese welfare queens.

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I fear that life will be discovered elsewhere in the universe.

I fear a hopped-up Coloradoan will swerve
and take my family out
as we drive to the lodge for winter break.
I fear that Destin will disappear beneath a rising Gulf.

I fear that when the Rapture comes, I'll be left behind