

Four Poems

by Gary Hardaway

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Not Dover Beach

If we should disappear,
the planet will be fine.
The sun and its thrall
will be just fine.

The galaxy and universe
will most certainly be fine.
For whom or what would our
disappearance register as loss?

For no one and no thing.
Our disappearance would register
as the movement of a sand grain
on a windy beach full of sand.

Octopus

My hatred spreads in multiple directions,
wishing to crush enemies in multiple directions,
in a spread like the arms of an octopus,
a baby octopus, whose tentacles
reach a tiny spot of ocean
and leave the stretching spread of evil
untouched and uncrushed.

History and Consequence

There is no history. There are only
stories you accept as true enough

to be believed. The Garden, perhaps.
The five years more war

and thousands of dead without
Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

That the war between the states
was a matter of states' rights.

Fuck the states. They are run
by assholes and corporate interests

anyway. There is no history- only
consequences that will kill us all.

Becoming Stardust Again

The knees,
weak; the
hearing,
weak; the
earnings,
meager.
I sit,
apart.
I should
fold my
self back
into the

ground of
my be-
getting
and await
the sun's red swell
of annihilation.

