Friday Briefings

by Gary Hardaway

Postmortem

The oscillations grew
so frequent and extreme

machineries of self
collapsed. The body

could but follow suit
and stop itself from moving on.

No Exchanges, No Returns

Maybe each inhabited planet
gets its own independent God
and we, of course, got stuck
with the mean and crazy one.

Percussion Instruments

Snare drum semiautomatics
punctuated now and then
by timpani cannon fire
and bass drum boom
of landing mortar shells.

Plea

They're very small.

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They could occupy the space

left by creatures larger and more
evolved. These wrigglers

could plug the holes bigger
beasts leave un-devoured.

Quarterly Report

Enough of me and my small
adventures in the dirty world
slip down the drain to clog it
every ninety days or so.
Here, hair, and a foul black
corruption-- my quarterly report.