

# 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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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/gary-hardaway/friday-briefings-2>»*

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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.

