

# From The Chronicles of His Demise

*by* Gary Hardaway

## **Prognosis**

When my doctor pronounces my death sentence,  
I will smile and thank her.

No mammoth contributions from me  
to profit-conscious Pharma.

No sentimental thoughts of three more months  
or other similarly circumscriptive promises.

Just a relieved sense of having all of this ended,  
neatly, by the will of God or gods.

## **Dead Weight**

I am not the wind.  
I am a stone eroded by the wind,

fixed in place by gravity and inertia,  
aware of my own predicament

but powerless to move to safety.  
I watch the wind diminish me

and urge it to hurry up.  
It is dull here and I want to be done.

## **Mound**

Bury me  
under all the  
waste I've made-  
my burial mound will  
rival in mass a Mayan pyramid.

