

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.

