

# In Real Time

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **Feeding the Nerves**

Feed the nerves with caffeine,  
nicotine, and alcohol.  
Feel the little tremors  
of fingers and toes,  
the phantom feet of insects  
crawling across the ankles.  
Neuropathy is such great fun!

## **Digital**

We are the same shits  
we were in the Bronze Age, nerves, bronze age,  
famous for Agamemnon,  
only powered by technology  
that accelerates stupidity.

## **Complaint**

On my small patio- 60 square feet, by measure-  
I take my tobacco break, sitting on an  
unraveling chair and listening to the bounce  
and screams of amateur basketball.

I dislike the proximity of the court-  
a communal amenity I wish were a copse  
of oaks or elms. I'd prefer the swirl  
of un-raked leaves to the whine and inept

obscurities of sportsmen, bettered.  
Some of the amateurs are clever enough  
to switch on the night lights and disturb  
my nights with glare and bullshit bickering.

Athletics are fine, in a separate place  
away from what should be a common good-  
light and air between decaying, cheap apartments  
and the silence of deepening dread.

### **What the Moon Knows**

A healthy crescent  
waxes towards a zaftig fullness.

The moon itself is an arid wasteland.  
We eroticize whatever moves into view.

We are pathetic. Our histories  
will end us.

