

# Lapses

*by Gary Hardaway*

Sometimes one must scratch the scrotum  
or left cheek of the derriere. Or sneeze  
expelling what offends. The small  
indignities of enculturation abound.

One survives to discretely adjust  
the fit of underwear or excuse  
oneself to the powder room  
to pass the gas of a hostess's dinner.

The body does what a body must  
hoping in its trained way  
to always do so out of sight  
and out of hearing.

