

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.

