

# Life as a Porno

*by Gary Hardaway*

Thump thump and astringent chords  
imitate the worst of late 1970's rock.  
It's early morning sports and macho ads  
with websites and 1-800 numbers

intersperse the feats of downhill skiers  
competing for an unknown prize.  
It could as well be late night infomercials  
saturating the screen

with medieval looking exercise machines  
guaranteed to render abs  
rippled as shiny washboards  
or passive, weight dissolving supplements

that swim the murky waters just beyond  
the safety net spread by the FDA.  
Everything in the off-hour world amazes  
and dilates the capillaries. A small release

repeats itself across the land  
as Visa numbers spasm through  
the internet and spawn an oily  
afterglow of anxious shame.

