

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.

