

Napomo 17: April 19 - 24

by Gary Hardaway

The April Lamb

The child is plump enough
and tall enough and conscious
flesh enough to offer up to Father

as sacrifice. Flay and prick him
bloody. Fasten him to timber,
give him vinegar for the pain,

and split his gut to hasten death
for night is coming
and the Ghost will be about

to pick off the worms
like sticky pearls and to
roll away the tomb's stone.

04.19.17

April Confession

I should have vacuumed,
I should have scrubbed.
I should have polished

and rearranged the pantry
and the fridge. I should
have done so much else

instead of sitting here

listening to music
and scratching this confession.

04.20.17

April and the Horrific and Boring Holiday

I liked two things about Easter:
at a time when church and state (of Texas)
were intertwined, it was time out of school.
I also liked the candy Easter eggs.
The resurrection never matched the power

of nativity. Christmas ruled, then as now-
the most commercially relevant holiday in history.
The polarities of birth and agonizing death
tell us how bizarre and cruel Christian
mythology has always and ever been.

04.21.17

April Inspiration

There are no inspirations.
There are only the things I like
and the much more numerous

things I do not like. I chalk
both sets up to personal taste
and the convoluted explanations

of personal taste. Something
made me smile as a child

and other things made me

frown or furrow my brow
in indecision or cry out, horrified.
I have no exquisitely structured

explanation of enthusiasm and antagonism.
I like what I like and despise what I despise.
The gray middle is a mystery.

04.22.17

April Telephones

My phone has capabilities I will never understand.
This doesn't put me in awe of my phone.
I think it is an over complicated piece
of late Capitalism nudging me into big data
and the shit pool that really is. Fuck
my phone and the assholes it serves
in secret transmissions it emits
when I just want to make a call.

I understand that my phone has greater
computing capacity than the Apollo astronauts
could ever access in that tiny space they were allotted.
I am not impressed. I am only disappointed
that sending a simple message involves
such massive mountains of IT bullshit.

04.23.17

April IPOs

Whatever they're offering, say no.
The stock may soar for a moment,
sending your momentary wealth
to the moon. And back.
It's the back you need to think about

for your own small portfolio perspective
as well as the world's portfolio.
Is Snapchat really worth anything?
Is any transitory assemblage of code
and hype worth your dollars?

Maybe in the short term
of your slivered economic perspective.
There are lives at risk. Put your
money where the lives benefit. Piss on
the short-term delirium the markets love.

04.24.17

