

Napomo 17: April 25 - 30

by Gary Hardaway

Towards the Last April

When the bombs burst-
it isn't whether but when-
shock waves will scatter
the houses and towers one direction

and the vacuum will pull it all
together again in another-
a hot vortex that will burn
the fragile surface of the earth yet deeper.

Concurrent electro-magnetic pulses
will scrub the digital and
electronic toys away. The Cloud
will become a vaporized notion.

April will be lost
in the hot eradication
of everything human.
The bombs will scarify the crust

as if to make way for a new
finish coat to show off
the planet's ability to make
its superficial self new.

Who knows what new species
will emerge in the radioactive debris?
Temporary circumstances will spin
the world in a way we can't imagine.

04.25.17

April Hail

The hailstorm whacked roofs
and punched out windows
and windshields from Denton
to McKinney. Our inventory
of new and used cars was dimpled
in a less than charming way.

First, there was a wave of adjustors
with plates out of Arkansas and Oklahoma.
The next wave brought tents
and technicians from Illinois,
Missouri. and Ohio skilled
in caressing dimples out of steel

without breaking the thin membranes
of primer. paint and clear coat.
After catastrophe, progress seems
slow. It's hard to sell dimpled cars.
Isobars and barometric pressure
wave their fingers through

the small certainties of local
economies. Migrant labor
flows in. Sales slow while
the healing and making whole
stagger on, one imported
talent after another, under scrutiny.

04.26.17

April Haiku

As air warms and warm
winds stir, green becomes the force
that surges the plains.

04.27.17

April's Map

The avenues and boulevards
vanish, street by road by expressway,
from my map of the world
as my pathways shrink to the few
I now need to know. I have lost

whole cities to this diminishment,
this erasure of where I was once.
I chalk it up to discipline and not loss
as one, going through a wardrobe,
discards what no longer fits.

04.28.17

April Sparrows

Drab but nervous, the sparrows
flit with grace from momentary roost
to momentary roost, pecking
and fluffing up feathers.
When ever do they rest, these

gray-brown little packages
of anxiety? Occasionally,
just long enough to foul my windshield
from perches in the sap-dropping
Live Oak tree full of excited chirps.

04.29.17

As April Ends

As April ends and May begins,
they'll be mowing once a week.
Nothing says spring here
like the scent of hacked grass

mingled with exhausted gasoline.
Grass will find its fertile rhythm
and we will be near to keep it neat.

04.30.17

