

Napomo 17: April 7-12

by Gary Hardaway

April Libations

The drinking will continue
until morale improves
or the liver fails and death
disposes of morale.

04.07.17

April Dig

In order to understand the world
we have to cut into it with pick-axes
and scalpels. This disturbs the ground
and vivisects small creatures.
The pain in the shoulder and the pain
in the lab rat are necessary evils, we say.
The innocent atom, smashed to sub particles,
is a small burnt offering within the

artificial magnetic field. We sketch
or photograph what we see as da Vinci
did cadavers. The business of knowing
can be macabre and highly focused
as we spade the ancient burial grounds
across the thin crust of spiraling earth.

04.08.17

April Balm

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Between the thunderstorms,
blue and green mid-April Dallas

blossoms and breezes. Scented
swirls invigorate the nostrils

as the sun warms the once again
uncloaked arms, legs, and shoulders.

Never mind the sneezes ignited
by squadrons of histamines-

in such weather, even resurrection
seems an imminent possibility.

04.09.17

What Can't Be Seen

Straight lines don't exist
except in the diagrams you see
in fragmented pictures idiots
like Paul Ryan flash across
the lying screens such men flash.

Everything curves, bent
by gravity and the accelerations
of forces and presences
we can't see.
Everything is bent.

04.10.17

April Encounter

A cottontail sneaks past at 6:05.
She doesn't notice me, but is wary,
nonetheless. Wary is an attribute
of all survivors and she is a plump
survivor, hip-hopping on a quest
for food and whatnot. She
is beautiful in the way of survivors.
She did pause as I watched her
but didn't veer, as cottontails
are prone to, as if she knew
I could be trusted.

04.11.17

April Communications

You've got mail! was once enough
to bring a smile. It's now never heard
because email devolved to
toxic sludge of fundraisers

and bullshit ads. Text me, we say now,
since Phone calls were stolen by telemarket
and political robocalls a decade ago.
When texts are corrupted by

erectile dysfunction messages
and echo chamber political requests
for money, phone time, and petition
signatures, what's left? Give to something

you believe in and the guilt-edged messaging
will swallow texts. Marketing supplants
communication. Persuasion erodes
the oversold promise of being digital.

04.12.17

