

# 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

