Pocket Poems Scratched on Paper Scraps at Work

by Gary Hardaway

Abundant Trees Disquiet Them

Where we're from there are no trees.
Just lichens, low shrubs,
and safely stable brick and stone.
The wind at home moves nothing
but dry snow and scraps of paper.
Too many sparrows flit and twitter here.
Let's go inside. The sky is far too big
and the sun bears down on us like searchlights.
We'll brew some tea and stir in cream
and sugar and talk among ourselves

Fragrance

Fine perfume is nice.
It smells of superego
and polite desire.

June

It's early birdie-eat-cricket month
when local favorites, crickets
and grackles, vie for parking lot
supremacy- the crickets, via
overwhelming numbers, and
the grackles, via hunger and

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the art of snatch and swallow.

Of King and Castle

The tangible world oppresses
so he plays with his phone,
double thumbing through
his 4 G kingdom
where whatever displeases
can be deleted, unfriended,
or reported as spam.
He makes and takes no calls.