

# Prospectus

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **Survival**

The question isn't whether we will survive-  
like rats, we are supremely adaptive-

but whether we should survive.

I think we shouldn't. What have we done

to deserve survival? Nothing. Despite all the music,  
the poems, the drawings, the bronzes, the lovely

palaces and temples. We have done nothing  
that reasonable gods would accept as justification.

## **The Trump Spokesman on PBS**

I imagine your shaved, bald head  
broken by bullets  
in a shower of blood and brain matter  
spread across the frame.

I want you dead. I want your body  
defiled by hollow points  
fired in rapid succession  
in a blood bath of vengeance.

I am no better than you.  
We want the same things-  
defeat of our enemies  
in graphic and permanent displays.

## **Come, Asteroid**

Come, asteroid, smite us with  
your mass, eliminate us all  
with impact, asteroid winter, changes we  
can only imagine. Let us die out  
as the dinosaurs died out  
65 million years ago. End us  
as we deserve to be ended-  
catastrophically, in a brief and final  
little interval. We have earned such finality.  
We have earned extinction.

## **What Remains**

Red dust swirls up in a hot wind vortex  
over the dry lake bed that stretches out of sight.

The river is gone. Vultures circle, riding thermals  
for a better view of anything freshly dead or dying.

The rabbits are all gone away. The squirrels  
have departed. Skeletons of trees line the dead shore.

