

# Quatrains Written on Stolen Time

*by* Gary Hardaway

## **Physics**

When the force you exert yanking out  
a tissue exceeds the tug of gravity  
on the mass remaining in the box,  
you know it's time for another box.

## **Self Portrait with Beverages**

Without the Folgers, there is no light of day.  
Without the cheap box of Franzia white,  
there is no dark of night. I am  
my chemicals. I am what I drink.

## **New Car Smell**

It is the fragrance of decay  
as paint, polymers and dyes  
outgas molecules of themselves  
to tickle the happy buyer's nose.

## **While Bookshops and Libraries Last**

Depressives fill the shelves.  
Like oysters and catfish, they consume  
the muck of living experience

and convert it into succulence.

