

Seasonal Affective Disorder

by Gary Hardaway

How Sloth Does Leaves

The oak leaves, and elm,
lie thick on the graying leaves of grass
and more, many more, still wave
in the small, cool breeze that stirs
this day of shortening days.
A man of action would take to his rake
but Sloth would rather watch and wait
for snow to erase each leaf on leaf.

Incognito

Most of the cosmos
is invisible to us.

We know it's there
by calculated inference.

No doubt the dark
energy and matter

notice how we treat
our own speck of universe

and hide, camouflaged,
to protect themselves from us.

Missing the Sirius Satellite Holiday Soundtrack

Someone failed to switch
the background music on
and the silence is worse
than the world's worst
Christmas compilation
(with four versions of "I
Saw Mommy Kissing Santa
Claus" and two Rat Pack
variations of "It's
a Marshmallow World
in the Winter") which,
although egregious, masked
the car lot sales pitches
and bitching about the thermostat
and the ex-wives which,
in the absence of "Silver
Bells" and "Dixie Land
Band from Santa Claus
Land", disturb the air
at wavelengths far too audible.

The Twenty-second

A weight
of cold and cloud

A dread
of dead leaves
under skeletal limbs

A slash

of tamped-out
house fire odor

Sparrows
terrorize a robin.

The Magi

Once wars for gold are done,
one may mask the rot
with frankincense and myrrh.

