

# Suite

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## **Weight**

We danced.  
In my dreams, I can dance.  
We flew.  
In my dreams, I can fly.  
I woke,  
once again too stolid  
and solid  
to dance or fly.

## **Process**

Sometimes, I know  
what I'm doing  
but most times  
it's just improvisation  
  
with phrases of unknown origin  
swirling in my head  
with the white space of Word  
providing the frame.

## **Days**

Each tedious day,  
my passions die  
and I die with them.

