

Suite

by Gary Hardaway

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.

