

# Tadpoles

by Gary Hardaway

## **Moose, Medea, and Blanche DuBois**

Despite repeated feedings  
and other acts of kindness,  
the cats remain  
steadfastly skeptical.  
I like that in a cat.  
Egyptians made them gods--  
no doubt on that account.

## **Dreams of Google in a Noose Disturb My Sleep**

If I could, I'd strangle all the algorithms  
clotting the desperate  
21st century nonscape.  
It's not the math  
but the application  
and clawing ROI's  
I despise.

*Note: ROI = return on investment*

## **Tadpoles**

Whole frogs are  
too difficult.

## **Caveat Emptor**

Agoraphobia infects me. Dread  
infuses every necessary trip  
into the world. I tremble, certain cranked  
and meshing markets wait to grind me down  
to ever thinner and more pourable paste.

**Katy Perry Nibbles My Inner Cochlea**

*for Alex Pruteanu*

Pop songs insinuate the brain,  
their wriggling DNA  
dating back to Ur  
and earlier.  
More sinister serpents await.

**Flow**

It's like a trance but better. You become your purpose,  
whatever purpose that might be, and there is no disjunction  
between the mind and the fingertips and the form that follows  
as a natural consequence of seizure and what seizes you  
is inter-dimensional calligraphy. It's done, you rest, it's gone.

