

The Misanthrope Confesses

by Gary Hardaway

I murdered my inner child
at 7 and neither denied
nor confessed the act until now.
I remain remorseless.

Children are but people too small
and inexperienced to be adults.
Any other assessment is sentimental.
I bring no flowers for the place

I buried my child-- only seeds
of dandelion and Johnson grass,
a pocketful of dirt, and fists full
of broken glass to keep it hidden.

We murder, not what we despise,
but what we can't depend upon or trust.

