

Things I Will Miss Once the Apocalypse Is Done

by Gary Hardaway

Sonorities of large bore well-tuned V8 engines.
Soft fingertips and palms,
clean fingernails,
Ibuprofen tablets
downed with potable water.
Alacritous computer screens flashing
through bits of the world.
The warm stream of a showerhead
splashing away a winter nap.
Bacon sizzling.
Abundant eggs over easy.
The scent of fresh cut grass.
The idiot sense of accomplishment
mowing the lawn can bring.
The whispered whoosh
of cool conditioned air in August.
The flair of artificial light.
Photographs of food on Facebook.
Complex British costume dramas on PBS.
Inflammatory edits of the news on Fox.
The aroma of coffee brewing.
Gluttonous satisfactions of Thanksgiving
and the glittering excess of Christmas.
Unsolicited email offers
of chemical peels and electronic cigarettes.
Cigarettes and butane lighters.
Reliable clicks of date and time.
Music played by professionals.
Junk mail and postcards,

mail delivery of any kind.
The sound of machine-washed clothes
tumbling in the dryer.
Beer, wine, and intoxicating spirits
safe enough and good enough to drink.
Anything like a clean, well-lighted place.

