

Tics

by Gary Hardaway

Men at Work and Rest

If the exhaustion were physical,
sleep would come,
a natural respite, earned.

This metaphysical shit
just kicks your ass
and keeps you up

re-living unhappy dreams,
the ache in knotted muscles
unresponsive to any analgesic.

Tics with Sauce Malaise

A fidgeting lethargy
wherein what energy
there is spends itself
ducking out to smoke
or ducking in to reaffirm
existence on Facebook.

For White Girls at Seventeen Who have Considered Suicide When the Fog is Enough

Today's a good one
for slitting wrists.
The damp suspended

in the air
in a faint fog
discourages coagulation.

Big Blues

I fear the smarter planet
IBMers promise
in their upbeat TV spots.

Acceleration

If you listen, you can hear the sun
accelerating through your days,
running faster toward the last one
appointed by the gods
who hear no prayers
and can't be bought
with supplications.

