

# Transgressions

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **Transit**

Once you descend, the third rail  
hums its invitation  
in a faint, persistent music

to which you are susceptible  
and hear  
between departures and arrivals

of all the noisy, dreadful  
business  
of oblivious crowds.

## **Remains of the Day**

I'm working hard as I know how  
to be the identified but unclaimed  
body at the morgue.

## **Theocide**

I want to strangle your God in front of you,  
hack His lifeless carcass into generous chunks  
and feed them to the fish and carrion birds

starving for deliverance from hunger. But I can't.  
Your God does not exist and has no body  
with juicy organs, muscles, and marrow-rich bones.

If I could put my hands on your God  
and kill Him in insistent, muscular ways,  
I surely would.

