

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.

