

# Trio Anomie

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **Sunny Sunday Morning in May**

The younger woman with the cute  
Corgi out for a mid-morning walk  
knows but pretends not to notice  
I am twenty feet from her here,  
leaning on my patio wall. Not

a “Hi”, a wave, or even a nod.  
We deny one another, here,  
as long as it's plausible. We  
are all the Other it's easier  
to ignore than to greet.

## **Some Other People of Walmart**

We eschew the corporate fuckery  
of self-checkout and choose  
a vestige of human interaction  
that is the 20 items or less line.

We clutch our flavorless produce  
and small domestic appliances  
sold for less than Kroger and Target  
and endure the Pidgin English

of a recent legal immigrant in  
exchange for actual eyes and speech  
and another's hands dropping our stuff  
into the next waiting bag

of the plastic bag carousel.  
We can at least argue with  
a human face if the tally exceeds  
our parsimonious expectations.

### **Saturday Afternoon**

When you drink alone,  
you drink a lot more  
and feel a lot less  
of the small euphoria  
alcohol is famous for.

The rain comes down  
and washes the dust and oily  
residue into gutters to contaminate  
the streams. The horror  
of consciousness never ends.

