

# Where I Live Now

*by Gary Hardaway*

faces due west and the setting Texas sun  
irradiates me on the tiny patio  
in infrared, ultraviolet, and X-ray.  
I brown in the evening light.  
Fuck daylight savings, anyway.

The young man is back agin, solo,  
shooting hoops on the south end  
of the full court amenity next to  
the useless tennis court (no net, no tennis).  
He is browned by middle eastern genetics,  
perhaps, and no one ever joins him.  
I am tempted, but much too old and fat  
and tired in my bones. He makes  
maybe sixty percent of his shots.  
Strong off the boards up close, okay  
from the high school three point line,  
but terrible from the mid-range  
that promises nothing but a nod  
to the two points scored. A co-ed,  
light- skinned fivesome claims the north end  
of the court and the young man disappears.

I watch from protected distance,  
invisible to anyone under fifty as  
the five become eight. The old  
dynamics, still in play in 21st century  
Plano, Texas. Nothing changes but the settings  
and the gizmos used to document the scene.

