

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.

