

Wounds

by Gary Hardaway

What Fresh Hell

Every day, a fresh new
strain of Hell reveals itself
as if to remind us, I am Hell

and Hell is here, waiting
to take you down.

Misfit

Erase me, please. I do not wish
to continue. Delete me from

the registered and breathing. I
have no desire to stumble on,

incompetent and bewildered.
It's such a simple century

after all. Type it in, and answers
flash before your eyes,

the next less relevant than what
preceded it. The angles of sight

expand beyond the eye's
ability to throw the bullshit out.

I hate where I am and who I am.
The out of synch destroys me.

Wicked Orthopedics

I feel as if each bone I own
were broken, reset a bit askew,
and then allowed to heal akimbo.
Human, still, but broken everywhere.

Dumb it Down, Pilgrim

I trim the syllables in an email to a prospect
because succinct involves denial of vocabulary.
Dumb it down, pilgrim, if you want to dance
with goddess1223@yahoo.com, and sell
the Veloster Turbo with DCT and
panoramic sunroof, color optional.
The stupider you are, the more you relate
to the buying public, the dying public
unaware of the imminent death
of everything they depend upon.

Why I Am So Negative

The truth is I want to die
watching my species die.
I don't much care for myself

and truly despise my species.
What, as a mid-level predator,
can I begin to list as reasons

my life should be extended?
Nothing. What can I list
as reasons my species

should continue? Nothing.
What technical, aesthetic,
scientific, or philosophical

contribution have I made?
Not one. What triumph
of the human race can erase

the genocides and environmental
degradations by the species?
None-- though the physicists

come close and certain
artists, at their best. Certainly,
no economist or inventor.

Fuck them all and fuck us all.
We use without gratitude,
we abuse without remorse.

With us it's all appetite
and conquest of the foe.
I am a useless and venal

piece of shit. Humanity
is an abyss of cruel longings
and crueller inadequacies.

