

Year End Closeout: Buy One, Get Seven Free.

by Gary Hardaway

Lunar Cycle

A waxing moon
with first a bright
sliver of silver
after the black
and then a slice,
and then a half,
and soon enough
a whole moon pie of light
and then the waning,
the withering, back
to the dark of the new.

The Burden of Scribes

If we were painters it would be fine
to paint and paint again
the same haystack,
altering the light or time of day,
perhaps the angle of site, or season.

But-- no. We write. And nothing is
more obviously a bore
or madness (in words)
than the same experience repeated
with a subtle change of vision.

Penis Envy

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December and Damp

It's not that cold but the cold that is
penetrates layered cloth and soft skin
to chill the blood in its capillaries
and the morning's best intentions.
Coffee can't quite beat back the wish
to simply lie still and wait for spring.

Do not pray for me

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Peshawar

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Telecom Christmas

The server farms are busy this Christmas Day--
a snow of offers falls from the Cloud:
burial insurance, private jets for rent, sexy
Colombians, sexy Russians, sexy Asians,
Nigerian princes with hordes of cash in my name
just waiting for my proof of identity and account numbers.
All is calm and all is bright and all is buzzing,
just for me, this warm and windy Christmas Day.

Cigarette Beside the Pool, Christmas Day

A windy Christmas and warm it is even
by our Texas Christmas standard. A few
high white clouds decorate
the infinitive seeming blue of sky bright with sun.
A murder of crows caw their territory
from spindly upper branches of the naked
mulberry tree northeast across the alley.
A sad Sargasso sea of dung brown
oak leaves undulates with gusts of wind
across the unreal aquamarine of chlorinated
swimming water. No laps today
despite the sun and warmth. And soon, a festival
to host when savory and sweet are cooked
and ready for the smiles and clinks of glasses.

