

Year End Closeout

by Gary Hardaway

December 1, 2016

Soon, ordinary people will die,
broken by the fall through remnants

of a safety net. They will be
presented as expendable, lazy,

poor, no longer entitled,
a drag on polite society.

Polite society will cheer
as another body is discovered

and disposed of. The cheers
will drown out the gasps

of sorrow and outrage.
At some point, indifference

will swallow the small gasps.
The appalling will become the norm.

Obit

Kellyanne Elizabeth Conway was found dead this morning of a deep facial wound. Sources indicate that her misaligned lower jaw became completely unhinged and bit off her nose to spite her face and, unable to speak a word, she bled to death.

January 20, 2017

Yes, I would joyfully strangle baby Hitler,
given the chance to travel time and space
from here and now to there and then.

So, it should be no surprise to know
that I would watch, with glee, the bodies
of Trump, Pence, and Ryan being removed

on January 20, 2017
from the Inaugural platform. I want them
dead. I want them burned or buried.

Had I the talents, I would squeeze the trigger
myself, three times, quickly, with deadly
accuracy, that dreadful Friday in Washington, DC.

Basketball and the Future of the World

The chill chases the basketballers away.
Hurrah for the chill. I dread the bounce
of the basketballs, whatever the temperature,
on the common courts outside my windows.
Incompetent high school boys, imagining
the big time of Celtics and Spurs.
They often bring their soundtracks
of bad rap and worse heavy metal.
May they all discover their real strengths,
outside the chain link boundaries,
in medicine or law, accelerators or art.
May they learn cooperation and
the acknowledgements their chromosomes
and cultural milieu discourage.

Why I like My Watches Analog

It isn't time to shave and shower for work
yet. I can still sit here and watch
the second hand sweep
my tiny life
away.

December 11, 2016

The dreadful work of the world continues-
the dredge drags up the river's sediments,
the cattle are slaughtered
for burgers and moccasins,
the awful stench of the refinery
corrupts the air in Texas City.
The dreadful work of the world
continues, with or without you.

Only here and there imagination
frees the mind of the imaginer
to notice the odd convergences
of sunlight, dirty windows,
and dust motes stirred by the air
which otherwise can't be seen.

December 18, 2016

What happens
when all the tugged-at
and struggle-worn

bootstraps snap?

December 19, 2016

So, the electors have abstained
from their constitutional responsibility
and elected to give us a 17 year old
mentality with a fifth grade vocabulary

as leader of the free world.
We the people are screwed.
Especially the people who voted for
this despicable creature, this

caricature of every ugly American
ever born. We are screwed.
We have the nuclear codes
in the fist of a creature inadequate

to anything beautifully human.
We have a future of complete uncertainty.
We have a future of moral hazard.
We have a future of clear and present

danger. We have a future bleak
as any in our history. Welcome to
the funhouse where any ordinary thing
is twisted into a fearsome monstrosity.

Texas

Dumbfucks
in big trucks.

December 28, 2016

Every human thought has been
enabled and corrupted by language
and the cultural narratives
language serves. We are

both saved and damned
by stories. The sorrow
of human consciousness
expands with every song

and poem we sing,
with every painting
or paragraph we read.
Our beauties condemn us.

