

Yet More from The Chronicles of His Demise

by Gary Hardaway

Class Warfare

We are the ugly ones
who occupy the spaces
the beautiful would purify
with our absence. We will cling

to the spaces fate assigned us.
We will not go absent.
We will remain, steadfast,
and assert our place in the world

with a passion deeper than than that
of the beautiful
whose necks will bleed,
slashed by our knives.

The Muse

has used
me up.
Nothing
sacred
remains.
Slender
columns
of words
are all

I have
to sil
houette
the sky.

