

In Real Time

by Gary Hardaway

Feeding the Nerves

Feed the nerves with caffeine,
nicotine, and alcohol.
Feel the little tremors
of fingers and toes,
the phantom feet of insects
crawling across the ankles.
Neuropathy is such great fun!

Digital

We are the same shits
we were in the Bronze Age, nerves, bronze age,
famous for Agamemnon,
only powered by technology
that accelerates stupidity.

Complaint

On my small patio- 60 square feet, by measure-
I take my tobacco break, sitting on an
unraveling chair and listening to the bounce
and screams of amateur basketball.

I dislike the proximity of the court-
a communal amenity I wish were a copse
of oaks or elms. I'd prefer the swirl
of un-raked leaves to the whine and inept

obscurities of sportsmen, bettered.
Some of the amateurs are clever enough
to switch on the night lights and disturb
my nights with glare and bullshit bickering.

Athletics are fine, in a separate place
away from what should be a common good-
light and air between decaying, cheap apartments
and the silence of deepening dread.

What the Moon Knows

A healthy crescent
waxes towards a zaftig fullness.

The moon itself is an arid wasteland.
We eroticize whatever moves into view.

We are pathetic. Our histories
will end us.

