

# Framed

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **Where is Everything that Escapes?**

How did I become this gray,  
decrepit creature in the mirror,  
spotched and sagging?

Whatever august grace and wisdom  
I imagined when young and harassed  
escapes the mirror's crisp edges.

## **Limits**

We can apprehend beauty only  
by framing it with the photographic  
paper's edge or the novel's margins  
and bookends. The whole of it

always eludes us and we sense  
we are missing something  
beyond our small horizons.

## **Indictment**

I stand accused by the cats'  
judgmental eyes of having let  
the bottom of the bowl appear  
with its threat of hunger.

## **You Abandon Beauty**

The light leaks out of your eyes  
in search of clearer lenses  
and fewer wrinkles in the lids.  
The body grows tired of so much  
demand for attention to be paid.

