# Napomo 17: April 1-6

by Gary Hardaway

### "April, Come She Will"

Ah, the cool, dark mornings between the ice-fanged winter winds and suffocating calm of sun-bludgeon summer.

4.01.17

#### **April Showers**

I woke to the low-pitched rumble of thunder a few miles away. The first rain came later, small but steady, no thunder, glazing and slickening the pavements, silvering the grass. Once I left to buy the week's gasoline and groceries, the thunder was close and the rain came in undulating waves of saturating wet. Poor shoes, poor socks and feet, poor rain disheveled hair. April spit its greeting, toe to head.

04.02.17

#### April 1964- April 1973

It was an exciting time to be alive. We had the Beatles and the Stones, The Kinks, The Who, The Moody Blues, Pink Floyd, The Beach Boys,

Bobby Kennedy, and Martin Luther King. We had Dylan, Jefferson Airplane, Crosby, Stills, and Nash, Joni Mitchell, Led Zeppelin, and the Draft. We had Bowie.

We had grass and LSD, McCarthy, the Weather Underground, Humphrey, McGovern/ Eagleton/ Shriver, Nixon, Viet Nam. We had Woodstock and the Moon,

Kent State and Cambodia. We had been convinced in school that we would change the world. We did. But not for the better, it seems.

04.03.17

## **April Costello**

We never met but I admired her face and presence across the cafeteria and at random spots along the corridors of W.H. Gaston Junior High circa 1965. Raven hair in waves down to mid back, luminescent ivory skin, and wide, expressive ebony eyes. Picture a splendid mash-up between

the young Katie Holmes and Grace Slick

on the cover of Surrealistic Pillow. She illuminated my erotic dreams. Once I heard her sing You Really Got Me along with the Kinks on her transistor radio. The song remains.

04.04.17

April 1967

It is gone now, that first poem, written in a fever of recognition: her beauty, her grace, her eyes

which made me smile then and do now. I suspect it was a bad poem. I suspect I should have stopped with it.

I suspect it must have opened something in me susceptible to beauty and the power one feels

in seeing and declaiming it on the private space of the page after the last chord fades

and the Easter concert crowd drift from Lee Park for home and dinner and the pale

mimicry of the divine in ball point strokes on lined white paper. 04.05.17

April 6, 2017

Nothing has gone as planned. The pictured triumphs- personal, aesthetic, professional- never solidified.

The great career became middling and then ended in surrender to the work and ways of late capital's

wizards of finance. When shit hit the fan, I was buried in it, twice. I never could regain my better notions of myself

and any power to contribute beyond showing up on time to push through the small routines of a middle station.

Casualties along the way were wives and families I failed. I failed and now, a clinging subsistence

the vagaries of politics and profit may well un-finger, knuckle by stressed and aching knuckle.

04.06.17