

# Napomo 17: April 19 - 24

by Gary Hardaway

## **The April Lamb**

The child is plump enough  
and tall enough and conscious  
flesh enough to offer up to Father

as sacrifice. Flay and prick him  
bloody. Fasten him to timber,  
give him vinegar for the pain,

and split his gut to hasten death  
for night is coming  
and the Ghost will be about

to pick off the worms  
like sticky pearls and to  
roll away the tomb's stone.

04.19.17

## **April Confession**

I should have vacuumed,  
I should have scrubbed.  
I should have polished

and rearranged the pantry  
and the fridge. I should  
have done so much else

instead of sitting here

listening to music  
and scratching this confession.

04.20.17

### **April and the Horrific and Boring Holiday**

I liked two things about Easter:  
at a time when church and state (of Texas)  
were intertwined, it was time out of school.  
I also liked the candy Easter eggs.  
The resurrection never matched the power

of nativity. Christmas ruled, then as now-  
the most commercially relevant holiday in history.  
The polarities of birth and agonizing death  
tell us how bizarre and cruel Christian  
mythology has always and ever been.

04.21.17

### **April Inspiration**

There are no inspirations.  
There are only the things I like  
and the much more numerous

things I do not like. I chalk  
both sets up to personal taste  
and the convoluted explanations

of personal taste. Something  
made me smile as a child

and other things made me

frown or furrow my brow  
in indecision or cry out, horrified.  
I have no exquisitely structured

explanation of enthusiasm and antagonism.  
I like what I like and despise what I despise.  
The gray middle is a mystery.

04.22.17

### **April Telephones**

My phone has capabilities I will never understand.  
This doesn't put me in awe of my phone.  
I think it is an over complicated piece  
of late Capitalism nudging me into big data  
and the shit pool that really is. Fuck  
my phone and the assholes it serves  
in secret transmissions it emits  
when I just want to make a call.

I understand that my phone has greater  
computing capacity than the Apollo astronauts  
could ever access in that tiny space they were allotted.  
I am not impressed. I am only disappointed  
that sending a simple message involves  
such massive mountains of IT bullshit.

04.23.17

### **April IPOs**

Whatever they're offering, say no.  
The stock may soar for a moment,  
sending your momentary wealth  
to the moon. And back.  
It's the back you need to think about

for your own small portfolio perspective  
as well as the world's portfolio.  
Is Snapchat really worth anything?  
Is any transitory assemblage of code  
and hype worth your dollars?

Maybe in the short term  
of your slivered economic perspective.  
There are lives at risk. Put your  
money where the lives benefit. Piss on  
the short-term delirium the markets love.

04.24.17

