

# Napomo 17: April 25 - 30

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **Towards the Last April**

When the bombs burst-  
it isn't whether but when-  
shock waves will scatter  
the houses and towers one direction

and the vacuum will pull it all  
together again in another-  
a hot vortex that will burn  
the fragile surface of the earth yet deeper.

Concurrent electro-magnetic pulses  
will scrub the digital and  
electronic toys away. The Cloud  
will become a vaporized notion.

April will be lost  
in the hot eradication  
of everything human.  
The bombs will scarify the crust

as if to make way for a new  
finish coat to show off  
the planet's ability to make  
its superficial self new.

Who knows what new species  
will emerge in the radioactive debris?  
Temporary circumstances will spin  
the world in a way we can't imagine.

04.25.17

### **April Hail**

The hailstorm whacked roofs  
and punched out windows  
and windshields from Denton  
to McKinney. Our inventory  
of new and used cars was dimpled  
in a less than charming way.

First, there was a wave of adjustors  
with plates out of Arkansas and Oklahoma.  
The next wave brought tents  
and technicians from Illinois,  
Missouri. and Ohio skilled  
in caressing dimples out of steel

without breaking the thin membranes  
of primer. paint and clear coat.  
After catastrophe, progress seems  
slow. It's hard to sell dimpled cars.  
Isobars and barometric pressure  
wave their fingers through

the small certainties of local  
economies. Migrant labor  
flows in. Sales slow while  
the healing and making whole  
stagger on, one imported  
talent after another, under scrutiny.

04.26.17

### **April Haiku**

As air warms and warm  
winds stir, green becomes the force  
that surges the plains.

04.27.17

### **April's Map**

The avenues and boulevards  
vanish, street by road by expressway,  
from my map of the world  
as my pathways shrink to the few  
I now need to know. I have lost

whole cities to this diminishment,  
this erasure of where I was once.  
I chalk it up to discipline and not loss  
as one, going through a wardrobe,  
discards what no longer fits.

04.28.17

### **April Sparrows**

Drab but nervous, the sparrows  
flit with grace from momentary roost  
to momentary roost, pecking  
and fluffing up feathers.  
When ever do they rest, these

gray-brown little packages  
of anxiety? Occasionally,  
just long enough to foul my windshield  
from perches in the sap-dropping  
Live Oak tree full of excited chirps.

04.29.17

### **As April Ends**

As April ends and May begins,  
they'll be mowing once a week.  
Nothing says spring here  
like the scent of hacked grass

mingled with exhausted gasoline.  
Grass will find its fertile rhythm  
and we will be near to keep it neat.

04.30.17

