

Phenomenology- Short Stack

by Gary Hardaway

The Odors

Odors of life surround you. Dinner.
Litter box. Mildew growing
in the small cracks you can't see.
Life is largely malodorous.
It's chemical, not moral. Shit happens,

as the saying goes. Life is full of stink.
And fragrance, as the flowers
strive to draw the pollinators in.
And the courting couples flourish,
dabbing and spraying irresistible scents

Fly

The fly comes in against my will
and hers. She would prefer
the wider world with its piles of shit

and dead animals. I have no desire
to house a fly. She buzzes. I try
to beat her compound eyes

but can't. She annoys me for a day
and then my wish to open the door
and hers to flee coincide.

A Murmuration

of trash and fallen leaves
swirls in a whirlwind up
and around, bends
groundward to collapse
in a scatter of castoffs
covering the spidering cracks
of the decrepit cul-de-sac.

