# November Odds

# by Gary Hardaway

# November 9, 2016

Until today, I wasn't sure about my shame. Today, I'm certain that I'm

ashamed to be American. We have let ourselves down. We have let the world down.

There will be no coming together. Now, there will be nothing but unraveling. And an end.

#### **November 11, 2016**

The stars align against us. Lines of force collaborate to push us off the edge into the dark abyss we've joked about.

The pale moon will watch us, pitiless, aloof as always, indifferent and cold. The tides will lick our remnants, bones and cloth,

along the shrinking shores, the beachgoers gone. The earth, as it does, will rearrange itself and bury the old world in sediments.

#### **November 13, 2016**

The waves of calamity will snap the pilings of the lovely seaside hotel

and inundate the streets of Miami, Chicago, Peoria. The waves of calamity

will sneak in, 0-1, 0-1, to swipe away accounts of small businesses and

retirees, of corporate giants and steadfast institutions. Waves of instability will

permeate the ether. The ether will permeate the air. The atmosphere

destabilized, will assault the breathers with wave after wave of unimaginable ruin.

# **November 15, 2016**

Anyone with a skin tone darker than a tanned Scandinavian shall be suspect in this new America. Beware, my pigmentally challenged friends. Pallor is power in this new America. Pray for us now and at the hour of our death. We shall not be redeemed

except by the circumstances of our birth. White privilege shall prevail, forever and ever, Amen.

#### November 17, 2016

He should be sworn at and not sworn in. But in the cold start of a chilling year, the State will swear him in. The State will sanction its own and our undoing. He should be sworn at and not sworn in.

#### November 19, 2016

White presumption menaces all across the stage again as if it were welcome. It isn't.

It will kill us all, released in its full ugliness, again. The ugliest strains of Europe's insidious history

strut as if desirable, again. How to resist? Slit the throat of your white supremacist neighbor?

Push the white Tahoe off the highway? Stop paying off whatever debt you have? Incinerate the Prosperity Gospel Church

down the street? Piss on the Republican next to you at work? Kill the fuckwads? Destroy their institutions? Burn them all?

# **November 21, 2016**

Ugly men in high places.
Ugly histories in high places.
Ugly tendencies in high places.

The future is ugly- uglier than the past and the past is ugly enough already. There will be no redemption.

Expect the worst and your expectations will be exceeded. The promise of 2016 is despair.

# **November 23, 2016**

West Virginia, as always, you are fucked again.

And I don't care. You earned your plummet to the bottom.

Ignorant fucks. Go eat coal. Choke to death on hydrocarbons.

Die, ignorant assholes. I just don't care anymore.

# **November 25, 2016**

Precarity deepens and expands.

What seemed trustworthy once dissolves in an acid wave

of vengeance politics freed by the victory of whim over reason. Regret will come too late, citizen.

What you might have done will pass through your mind as opportunity lost forever.

#### November 27, 2016

When the gun ship comes for you because you stand in the way of something someone more powerful wants, think not of the choices you made

but of the choices others make without regard for you and hurl the last broken brick in your hand

# November 29, 2016

Things are getting ugly. Befitting the dusk before a dark age,

things will get medieval. Crusades, local skirmishes, contagion, lots of blood

and corpses. Nation-tribal shit.

Perhaps there will be monasteries illuminating old texts

on salvaged human skin. And then, a new black death and, after, a pallid Renaissance.