

# Four from “Autobiographies”

*by* Gary Hardaway

## **Art and Vandalism**

The white space beckons-  
a blank wall in a decrepit neighborhood-  
wishing to be decorated or defiled,  
depending on your point of view.  
You decorate, or defile,  
depending on the point of view  
the viewer takes.

## **At Random**

He is not a professional.  
He writes what comes to him,  
unsolicited but welcomed,  
  
as if the work may come to something  
in the voice of the unknown reader,  
far away, unsolicited but welcomed.

## **When Heavenly Bodies Align**

In one of those almost accidental alignments,  
Mars, the Moon, and Venus occupy  
a proximate visual space in the sky.

What can this mean? Nothing.

The three are proximate in the illusory  
space our place on earth gives us.

A trick of orbital mechanics and a small  
perspective. We are still, as always,  
completely on our own.

### **Near Close of Day**

One by one, the passions  
die their little heat deaths  
and dissipate into the entropy  
of all such things.

As day turns into the dark,  
extravagant shadows grow.

