

How Things Fall Apart

by Gary Hardaway

Things don't want to be together.
A bearing flees its bearing ring.

A hair departs its follicle as
a rafter slips the bond with its beam,

the nails gone missing. The leaves
seek reunion with the ground

and leave the oak tree naked
in December's cold. A thing

apart, though, loses purpose
and rests among the other freed

detritus of the world to await
the world's recombinant urge.

