

Phenomenology

by Gary Hardaway

After Sunset

The crescent moon cannot illuminate
the dark of after sunset. Shadows hide
among themselves. The real disguises itself
within the night's evasions. The daylight's fine
distinctions disappear. The world is lost.

The phantom sounds emerge, untraceable.
Without the light, nothing can be known
with any certainty. The eyes demand
the sharp distinctions of shade and shadow,
bright and dark. The shapes are lost amid the swirl

of black uncertainty. One cannot find
the way back or forward. One is dismayed
among conjoined deepened darkneses.
What blind men suffer, day and night, day
and night, reveals itself in terrifying clarity.

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.

Cosmogony

The universe is churn-
everything in motion,
everything in a process

of becoming something else.

There is no rest.

There is only tumult and collision,

disparity of heat and light,

a kaleidoscope of refraction and reflection.

I am exhausted by awe.

