

# Speck in the Thrall of Cosmic Forces

*by* Gary Hardaway

There is plenty to fear: tornadoes  
as the air warms and Gulf moisture  
covers the flatlands of Kansas and Oklahoma;  
the icy scream of a polar vortex;  
the newly licensed driver, texting  
as he drives to school; the drunk driving  
without license, insurance, or apparent care;  
the erasure of modest mutual funds  
in a chain of bursting investment bubbles;  
the swell of magma beneath the fabulous  
beauty of Yellowstone Park; the swarm  
of small bodies orbiting the sun that bump  
and speed one or the other of their number  
in a death fall to earth orbit and the oceans  
and fractured tectonic plates of earth itself.

Fear the air and fear the fire.  
Fear the land and fear the water.  
Creation is out to get you, speck,  
for you are nothing and the dark  
will swallow you whole and never notice.

