

# Wonder as the Sum of All My Ignorance

*by* Gary Hardaway

Closely observed, a trip from  
corner to corner of our

not quite quarter acre  
lot in life would be a

sequence full of awe in the  
face of all I can't begin to know.

What insect is that? What  
flowering weed does it climb?

Is it a productive year for the Pecan?  
Will the St. Augustine

ever send runners out  
to cover that dusty wound in the yard?

Questions unanswered proliferate  
across the April sky, blue

with wisps of cirrus white.  
The Boeing begins its slow descent

southwest towards the grimy  
regional hub. The engines slow.

I am so ignorant, each  
molecule is cause of wonder

and more wonderful, too, because  
invisible to the un-augmented eye.

