

# 3 Poems

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **An End of Wonder**

There is wonder yet in the world:  
the bee's intricate dance each flower

which one must marvel at  
before it goes with all the others

into the records we keep of how  
another species disappeared;

the way the light made  
93 million miles away splays itself

through ice and hydrocarbons  
across the early sky;

how the seedling thrusts up  
through the packed ground

to resurrect the shumard oak again against  
the squirreled and distilled petroleum odds.

There is wonder yet and yet  
it is visible now: the last wonder

witnessed by the last human eyes  
before the cause of wonder dies.

## **Remains**

We have always been a trashy species.  
We study ourselves by examining  
garbage-- a pile of mussel shells here,  
mounds of pecan shells there—

and, always, the bones of the dead,  
whether straight or inside mummified  
shells or the still supple bodies  
preserved by bogs or layers of snow

compacted by centuries. Those who left it  
never intended the evidence  
to be disturbed unless by the gods.  
We live with similar illusions now.

### **Supernumerary**

Here we are, impoverished children  
of impoverished parents, teaching ourselves

survival tactics in filthy streets  
we make ourselves between the rows

of scavenged-garbage huts--  
here, a sturdy one of corrugated steel,

there, a flimsy one of cardboard  
and splintered crate wood.

Emptied piss-pots trickle down  
the center of our streets to water flies.

What have we to keep ourselves amused  
but fistfights and fucking in the shadows?

What have we to wear but what we steal?  
What have we to eat but what we get

in trade for what we steal or buy with money  
drug thugs give when we deliver?

They will not hire us for the shops  
or for the scaffolds, stacking bricks,

or for the warehouse docks, loading  
the cheap shoes our sisters sew and glue.

We are the extras no one needs  
that slither out from people fucking people.

