

# A Skeptic's Faith in Four Parts

*by* Gary Hardaway

## I

Sunrise steals my stars again.  
I trust that sunset will return them.

## II

The sun will rise tomorrow  
over whatever is left  
of Earth's trajectory  
whether I am part of it or not.

## III

The universe will fuck you over in the end.  
That's what it does, what it's good at—

the immutably mutable flux of being.  
Before your time is up, though,

it will show you wonders no one else  
can see from exactly your angle of sight.

## IV

We can think of nothing

except in terms of ourselves—

our little units of distance and time,  
our notions of up and down,

left side and right side.  
So small, our languages.

Nonetheless they navigate the stars  
even as they trap us here and now.

