

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.

