

# Art exploits

*by Gary Hardaway*

the thrill and terror  
of consciousness and the senses  
in order to dispel the boredom  
between adventures. Against

the mysteries and the dark  
it illuminates and shapes  
the memory of what has been  
in patterns and pictures

of what might have been. Art  
is also happy trees and accidents  
turned into birds. It is  
a celebration and an exorcism.

