

# Art Survives

*by* Gary Hardaway

Trust that art survives: Emily's  
seventeen hundred eighty-nine  
idiosyncratic hymn-breathed  
journal entries, Caravaggio's  
lurid canvases, Chichen-Itza  
strung with blood-fed vines.

Forget the salt erasure of Carthage,  
all the Meso-American artifacts  
smelted to float the Armada  
and feed the Inquisition. Forget  
the hydrocarbons gnawing what remains  
of the Acropolis and the tidal tongues

that flick Piazza di San Marco.  
Forget, too, recurrent dreams of methane  
wafting up through bulldozed soil  
from manuscripts typed but never sent.

