

# Cheerful but Awful

*by Gary Hardaway*

The world exclaims its enterprise  
of tire squeal and bulldozers  
scraping and dumping  
and backing up for more;  
of shrill sirens of mortality  
and thwump thwump thwump  
of helicopters eyeing traffic.

The world works against  
the end of days, toward its  
promises never quite fulfilled.  
The school bus passes-  
hopeful, gaudy, yellow-  
with its load of workers in training,  
its cargo of future corpses.

With such a world  
one must invent a Heaven  
with its eternally merciful,  
resting, and disappointed God.  
Otherwise, where's a world to go  
but under dust  
into the dark and dissipation.

