

# Confronting the Alien

*by Gary Hardaway*

I might as well have come from another rock  
circling a different star-  
where the light falls sharp and unforgiving-  
conveyed by a trick of propulsion and life support.

I find Vermeer and Bach and feel  
for a moment a shower of my own world's  
prismatics. You show me Degas  
and play a little Schubert.

We are epochs and parsecs apart.  
Nonetheless, I love the way your face  
displays the gentler spectrum  
of where you come from.

