

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.

