

Dumb Luck and the Fall of Empires

by Gary Hardaway

We all live at the edge of disaster.
The missed paycheck. The missed stop sign.
Genetic tricks in heart or liver or pancreas.

At some point we all reach the end point
of something. Something important
if only to our fragile self esteem.

All the good is contingent
and awaits but the fatal judgment,
the bad choice, the flawed execution

of a less than excellent design, to flee.
Presume nothing. The warm sun
in a moment could be blacked out

by the fall of a body, heavenly or diabolical,
the net result of which is your particular,
and possibly general, disaster.

