

# Existential

*by Gary Hardaway*

*Not fare well,  
But fare forward, voyagers.*

T.S. Eliot, *The Dry Salvages*

To know, not in the skeptic mind,  
but in the unassuming heart,  
that there's a mindful God would be  
a comfort deeper than our certain

death. Such hope must open love  
beyond the tensioned force of jawed doubt  
that feeds on common disappointment.  
To envy faith, to envy love --

is there a fate more hateful? Choices  
scatter like stars. Too many.  
Should one choose the brightest? One  
so dim it might be the afterimage

of a light too bright to face?  
The worlds revolve, unseen. They stream out,  
numberless, and wait for us,  
veiled by so much space and time.

