

Experimental Poetry

by Gary Hardaway

Every poem experiments—
attempting tessellation of nouns and verbs
from sedimentary language
in a search for something
crystalline and faceted

that might refract the given light
in rainbows of colors
hidden in the ordinary day.
It's possible but not routine.
Sometimes the dirt just stays dirt

and will not shine or even form
an ashtray regardless of the ways
one wets and blends and frantically
rearranges dull, recalcitrant particles.
The sad brick crumbles as it dries.

