

Fa La La La La

by Gary Hardaway

Polaris

Sorrows fill the sky.
A pinprick breaks the black
and pins the spin of constellations
around its still point.

Prey

He looks for the silver bullet
needed to kill uncertainty
but the bullet eludes him
and the monster flits on,
splashing him with last night's rain
that clung before to the branch
above his reach.

The Absent

The season spirits melancholy in.
Absences assert the smiles
now only seen in dreams.

