

# Four Brief Poems

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **Daddario**

The eyes, luminous and large-  
each an infinite bright blue ocean  
one peers into, longing for revelation.

## **Bluejay Haiku**

Wind ruffles feathers  
of the dead bluejay as I  
spade open a grave.

## **Mask**

My ego and vanity also  
encourage me not to wear a mask.

But, then, I buck up,  
become a grown-up

and let Costco  
and common sense

tell me what to do-  
I put on the mask.

## **For Us to Matter**

For us to matter, we  
must limit our thoughts

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to this planet, this atmosphere,  
these languages.

In the scheme of galaxies,  
star creation, pulsars,  
quasars, black holes, gravity  
and the rest, we do not matter

and never will. We must assume  
that life exists elsewhere.  
We can't be that unique I  
n the greater measure of possibilities

and probabilities. If we are unique,  
we become even less significant,  
cosmologically speaking. An aberration  
that general circumstances

will remedy, and soon.

