

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.

