

Four from “Autobiographies”

by Gary Hardaway

Art and Vandalism

The white space beckons-
a blank wall in a decrepit neighborhood-
wishing to be decorated or defiled,
depending on your point of view.
You decorate, or defile,
depending on the point of view
the viewer takes.

At Random

He is not a professional.
He writes what comes to him,
unsolicited but welcomed,

as if the work may come to something
in the voice of the unknown reader,
far away, unsolicited but welcomed.

When Heavenly Bodies Align

In one of those almost accidental alignments,
Mars, the Moon, and Venus occupy
a proximate visual space in the sky.

What can this mean? Nothing.

The three are proximate in the illusory
space our place on earth gives us.

A trick of orbital mechanics and a small
perspective. We are still, as always,
completely on our own.

Near Close of Day

One by one, the passions
die their little heat deaths
and dissipate into the entropy
of all such things.

As day turns into the dark,
extravagant shadows grow.

