Human Kind Can't Bear Very Much Reality

by Gary Hardaway

Atoms hum and buzz outside the range we hear, beneath the threshold palpable by fingertips.

Particles flung by the sun pierce us through, undetected by the flesh and bonework we comprise. We are

insensitive to most of the cosmos though it's galaxies bellow at a resonance a thousand octaves under the basest bass strings

of concerto and quartet. We can't embrace our own complexities and certainly none of those

a thousand light years away to whom Bach and calculus would seem but silence and a tedious inability to pay attention.