

Improvisation on a Theme of Absolute Absence

by Gary Hardaway

Everything is conceivable except nothing.
Nothing confounds the senses

accustomed, as they are, to lightning,
thunder, the scent of rainfall,

and the feel of hard wind on soft skin.
Nothing can't be tasted nor weighed.

Perhaps nothing has never existed;
perhaps something always has

and likes to tease the mind
with the notion of its opposite.

