

Little Oddities

by Gary Hardaway

Signs and Portents

Whether waxing or waning, I don't know,
too lazy to Google the answer. I think
waxing, from the slender blade to half
a cheese before the week ends. I like
the sharp crescent, tonight. The blade
of the heavens, poised to cut us all.

Life as a Particle Accelerator

The energies align to compel you,
wave by field, charge by pulse, into
an ever increasing circle of speed
you can't resist until you're smashed

against another imprisoned particle
in a brief shower of information
and yet smaller sub-particles.

Dust to Dust

Our cast off cells and filaments
commingle across the hidden stretches of floor,
countertops, and bookshelves

to reemerge as furry vortices, gliding
motes angelic in a shaft of sun,
and ever-fearsome dust bunnies.

