

Natural Histories I

by Gary Hardaway

Credo

I feel about the universe
as Abrahamics are supposed
to feel about their Yahweh,
their God, and their Allah:
I am in fear, I am in awe,
I am in love.

Managing the Air

Five round sparrows,
fat little fluff balls,
sun themselves this
January morning then
flit into the air
suddenly
sleek.

Gloria

No snow cracks
the branches of our Red Oak tree
No ice coats
our streets with deadly glare
No hot wind
dries our downslope trees and grass to tinder
No brute sheets
of rain undermine our hillside soil
We breathe a gentle wind

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and feel on unchafed cheeks a gentle sun
this glorious January day
so much like April
wrens and sparrows chirp their glorias
from stark silver branches
north, south, east, and west
and fill the house with song
through every opened window sash.

Challenging the Texas Winter Sky

No snow except a flurry
thick enough to glaze
the concrete muddy gray.

The damp cold
just chills bone
by finding spots
where cloth fails.

Precocious daffodils
erect themselves as bait-
a green challenge

for February skies to send
their white and silver edits of
the gray/brown scratch-work
this prairie has become.

