

Natural Histories II

by Gary Hardaway

Epiphanous Weather

The sudden shaft of sunlight
through the shifting clouds
illuminates the distant patch of ground
and thrills the stomach, heart and lungs
despite no food, no sex, no violence.

Red Wasps

In truth, they are not red
but chestnut.
But “Chestnut Wasp” lacks menace
and might lead us to let them in
despite the black, compound eyes
and smooth, twitching stinger.

Blue Moon

If the Moon should fall
or only fly away,
we'd all be dead,
done in by finer points
in the calculus
of orbital mechanics.

Grackle, Late August

Poor drab thing-

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/gary-hardaway/natural-histories-ii>»

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molting, she has
lost the two
long tail feathers
and looks Kiwi-like
without them which
slows her not
one bit chasing
after crickets and
beetles for her
chirping flightless brood.

