

Not Particles but Waves

by Gary Hardaway

Old fashioned, he craves coherent narrative -
not in the interest of verisimilitude
for there's plenty of that in each day already
as trajectories interrupt other trajectories
in vectored darts of human disappointment,
bursts transparent and small, and not the huge
opacity of the debris cloud above the Yucatan
darkened by smoke of firestorms
lit by shock waves of impact -
but in the interest of artifice
that tugs invisible strings
in the dance of events
and makes a literature.
Give him waves, not particles,
understood like music,
washing the black grit
of circumstantial collisions away.

