

One in the Numberless Series of Requiems

by Gary Hardaway

The burst continues, spreading
properties and possibilities, spawning
finite systems where nothing was, twisting
hearts with time, impermanence
and the systematic knowledge of both.

We perform our chosen duty— naming
beauties and atrocities within
the languaged bubble of our brief emergence
from the dust of broken suns.
We make a gift of sorrow.

