

# Phenomenology

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **After Sunset**

The crescent moon cannot illuminate  
the dark of after sunset. Shadows hide  
among themselves. The real disguises itself  
within the night's evasions. The daylight's fine  
distinctions disappear. The world is lost.

The phantom sounds emerge, untraceable.  
Without the light, nothing can be known  
with any certainty. The eyes demand  
the sharp distinctions of shade and shadow,  
bright and dark. The shapes are lost amid the swirl

of black uncertainty. One cannot find  
the way back or forward. One is dismayed  
among conjoined deepened darkneses.  
What blind men suffer, day and night, day  
and night, reveals itself in terrifying clarity.

## **A Murmuration**

of trash and fallen leaves  
swirls in a whirlwind up  
and around, bends  
groundward to collapse  
in a scatter of castoffs  
covering the spidering cracks  
of the decrepit cul-de-sac.

## **Cosmogony**

The universe is churn-  
everything in motion,  
everything in a process

of becoming something else.

There is no rest.

There is only tumult and collision,

disparity of heat and light,  
a kaleidoscope of refraction and reflection.  
I am exhausted by awe.

