Phenomenology as Snapshots

by Gary Hardaway

The fluffed-up clouds, darkish in spots,
are moving fast, opposite the wind
where I stand and look. Equations

could describe the multiplicities
of this but by the time they
were written the sky would be

moving, invisibly, uniformly gray,
and dropping large, soft snowflakes.
To pen the world, one must pin it

as if a thing so fluid, fierce,
and independent of the writer
can ever be truthfully penned.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/gary-hardaway/phenomenology-as-snapshots»*
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