

# 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.

