September 26, 2016

by Gary Hardaway

In honor of Eliot's 128th birthday,
I should like to speak eloquently

of time, what might have been, history,
the cycling of the old into the new,

the place of one in time's cavalcade,
the place of faith in the placement of one

in times array, the faith
that all shall be well.

I am not up to even one Quartet,
let alone a Quartet of quartets.

I lack the intellect, discipline,
and faith in anything

but our ultimate erasure.
Instead of eloquence and coherence,

let me offer this:
whatever weaknesses you displayed

as empathetic human fellow traveler,
your command of English survives you,

on into the last echoes of the human
once we're gone.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/gary-hardaway/september-26-2016--2»*
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