

# Sequence Instead of Services on Sunday

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **From a Warehouse of Nouns**

What we see is always and only human  
though augmented by lenses we devise-

the microscope, the telescope, our  
diction, syntax and grammar, the great

listening array of dished radiotelescopes.  
It always comes down to the ocular nerve,

the small bones of the inner ear, our  
insubstantial nerves and a highly selective

intelligence lodged in a wrinkled  
ball of tissue. We reach for things and objects

made of ever smaller things and objects  
in a dazzling field of experience

we only vaguely understand. What right  
have we but to go on looking and listening

for a greater language out of which we have identified  
a few small verbs and warehouses full of nouns?

*From an activity prompted and informed, in part, by two easy  
pieces:*

***Digging**, by Heaney, and **Woodwo**, by Hughes.*

### **Closed Systems are Imaginary**

We cannot watch  
the molecules of cantaloupe

corrupt vanilla ice cream  
only taste their

stealthy conquest,  
surprised.

### **Writerly Admonition**

If you can't be great  
at least be generous.

### **Multivalent**

You find a way of making poems  
you believe and make them.

Other ways exist.  
You can find them, too,

and not surround yourself  
with armor plate and helmet

as you twirl a stone-armed sling  
above your head.

