Speck in the Thrall of Cosmic Forces

by Gary Hardaway

There is plenty to fear: tornadoes
as the air warms and Gulf moisture
covers the flatlands of Kansas and Oklahoma;
the icy scream of a polar vortex;
the newly licensed driver, texting
as he drives to school; the drunk driving
without license, insurance, or apparent care;
the erasure of modest mutual funds
in a chain of bursting investment bubbles;
the swell of magma beneath the fabulous
beauty of Yellowstone Park; the swarm
of small bodies orbiting the sun that bump
and speed one or the other of their number
in a death fall to earth orbit and the oceans
and fractured tectonic plates of earth itself.

Fear the air and fear the fire.
Fear the land and fear the water.
Creation is out to get you, speck,
for you are nothing and the dark
will swallow you whole and never notice.

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