

# That Was Then, Not Now

*by Gary Hardaway*

The pastness of the past  
cuts deeper than the other facts  
the consciousness must bear.

Memory is unreliable, of course-  
re-coloring savored scenes-  
paler here, more saturated there-

aligning fondness and event  
more suitably. In any colors,  
the harrowing doneness of the done

smears the emptier now  
with enervating shades of gray and black.  
Contrast energizes loss. Recollection

proves the mind an open system after all  
and engineers a few small steps  
that dance ahead of entropy.

