

The Solipsist Suffers

by Gary Hardaway

Past my furthest fingertip
I can confirm nothing
but impressions of the world

that appear beyond my
body's reach. I cannot trust
the curvature of Earth

that shows in photographs
unless I touch it. I think
the photographs exist

only to perplex me. The pain
of this perplexity is all
that I can know as real.

