

# What Isn't Mine Suffices

*by Gary Hardaway*

What Isn't Mine Suffices

Leaves fall. Snow falls.  
Both fall beyond my notice  
in places I will never know  
observed by eyes I will not see.

What I will never know  
fills the universe.  
I have my fragment of time,  
My tiny space, no more.

All else is mystery.  
A reverence fills the hollow,  
sufficient in its  
measureless expanse.

