

Wonder as the Sum of All My Ignorance

by Gary Hardaway

Closely observed, a trip from
corner to corner of our

not quite quarter acre
lot in life would be a

sequence full of awe in the
face of all I can't begin to know.

What insect is that? What
flowering weed does it climb?

Is it a productive year for the Pecan?
Will the St. Augustine

ever send runners out
to cover that dusty wound in the yard?

Questions unanswered proliferate
across the April sky, blue

with wisps of cirrus white.
The Boeing begins its slow descent

southwest towards the grimy
regional hub. The engines slow.

I am so ignorant, each
molecule is cause of wonder

and more wonderful, too, because
invisible to the un-augmented eye.

