

Cheerful but Awful

by Gary Hardaway

The world exclaims its enterprise
of tire squeal and bulldozers
scraping and dumping
and backing up for more;
of shrill sirens of mortality
and thwump thwump thwump
of helicopters eyeing traffic.

The world works against
the end of days, toward its
promises never quite fulfilled.
The school bus passes-
hopeful, gaudy, yellow-
with its load of workers in training,
its cargo of future corpses.

With such a world
one must invent a Heaven
with its eternally merciful,
resting, and disappointed God.
Otherwise, where's a world to go
but under dust
into the dark and dissipation.

