

Phenomenology

by Gary Hardaway

Biochemistry

I am a bag of chemicals
capable, at least,
of conceiving of itself
as a bag of chemicals.

There is no end of tricks
consciousness can play
and I am one.
And you?

At the End

Someone will labor to keep it alive
although the body will want but
to return to random particles
akin to those that made it
but, by then, it won't be
able to assert its fervent
wish to fail and fall,
apart again.

The Dying Languages of Earth

When a language dies
the world loses a version of itself.

It diminishes and diminishes

until there is but the one language

and when that is lost
the world is lost.

Organic

Life is an affliction
that strikes the innocent
atoms and molecules
content in their being
and makes them conscious
of a hunger
they didn't know before
and fills them
with insatiable desire
to replicate and spread
their ravenous kind.

Expansion

The universe expands
at greater and greater speed

as if to try and fill
the endless void

of what it is not
with what it is.

Some cosmologists believe

it will split itself asunder

in this effort to extend
its becoming.

The fruit falls not far
from the attenuating tree.

