

Jeff Hardin

Having Questioned the Difference Anything Makes

One idea I had fit nowhere neatly,
so I took it out into the sun,
thinking the warmth would help,
but when that did no good,
I took it up a hill and left it
for dead.

Aside from that, I live
quite peaceably, non-assertively,
and don't ask for or expect too much,
having questioned the difference
anything really makes to what already
is.

Of what once was or might be
we speak of often but seldom
reach conclusions, not that they
would be conclusive or a way
out of some unease but that
they stand as reminders, even
if tentative.

The taste of the eternal,
I heard someone say, is increasingly
absent in our words, to which I
wanted to add, "So is *to dwell*,
so is *wave on the sand*, so is
child's lofty sky on a sketch pad
then erased."

Evenings I am drawn
by a light steered toward me in
a hawk's cry, an implied assertion
it makes good sense not to study
too closely but to wander around
inside.

A momentum takes me outside
myself sometimes, though this sense
of things is hard to explain, as
anything is mostly a few words
battered together to make a spark
in a dry place, a few leaves worrying
the ground
so far from the sweep of the sky.

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