

On Life and Meaning

MARK PERES

Episode 68 – Hardin Minor – From Here to Eternity

A Rose Upon His Nose

And now a personal word,

I imagine Hardin with Albert Einstein
riding a beam of light,
I imagine Hardin with Marcel Marceau
walking against the wind.
I imagine Hardin with Buster Keaton
falling across the stage,
I imagine Hardin with Twyla Tharpe
laughing at the barre.

Hardin is a juggler, acrobat, a dancer,
an illusionist too.
He is a matchmaker and a mime,
a magician in the Matrix,
a fool on the hill.
In laughter is observation.
In laughter is rebirth.
We break the habit of ourselves.

A mask, a ball, a hat, a stick,
a rose upon his nose.
The jester knows of pain and time,
juggling what is true.
Hardin knows this in the light, that
we are fragile and noble things.
The divine is incarnate in our bodies
and in our humble souls.

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