

The Limit Does Not Exist

By Nikki Moen

I like the idea of a spectral plane
Traveling onward to whatever nameless, formless material
It is that gathers itself
Winding up and around
As opposed to following a specific path
On a specific grid-
I imagine one as form standing there
On a visible graph of our pressurized space
Rolling across the lines
To make them dip and bend.
If mathematics is an arrow, there is a runner
Who remembers a time before numbers
And glides the length of a geometric shape
With knowledge infinite
Ticking through his head.