

Poem

Take this grid and bring me curves
of coffee cups, and clouds, and fingertips.
With pebbles for coordinates
and poetry for numbers.

Let 1 equal a yellow flower petal with a tear at its base.
50 could equal a half moon. 12 could equal a bike wheel
leaning against a cactus in downtown Austin.
Now add them and get 100 black caps
frozen in mid air in front of the Pyramids.
Multiply them and get a papercut
down the grain of your fingertip.
Divide them to paint the wall behind your bed red.
Never subtract them.

Take the Pythagorean Theorem and give birth to a child.
That's when I'll know there are no grids here anymore.