

## **Infinity**

Time is full of sentences. And we've all  
been present in books and the bellies  
of whales, making a different kind of sense:  
waiting for light at the end of our mouths.

And the future? Often imagined  
with gravity, but we fail to ground ourselves,  
floating instead into space, crying  
for the mothership. (I don't want to talk

about the past.) So I'll make time  
for you, my love, though its construction  
is beyond my capabilities, I'll persist,  
ticking myself inside that metaphor:

come dance with me to the beat  
of the clock, the click of the numbers  
their well dressed, curvy bodies  
bending their way and ours to infinity.