

Poetry

for Marilyn McDonald

The calculus that tests infinity
and measures out the resonance of air;
the lint that lovers gather to repair
the steam pipes rusted by contingency;
the light behind the door of symmetry,
that shows what history has bundled there;
the map that tells how skeptics care,
and what causalities the hours decree:

dowsing for fountains in ambiguous sands,
making an entrance in the blinding dark,
parsing the wary gambler's bluffing hands,
tracking the soul's uncapturable quark;
at last, and always, with a spinning word,
turning from reason to the near-absurd.

Nicholas Jones