TO WHAT END

On prolix days
I, diseased by infinity,
trundle fractions to their limit,
add a half to one, then a third, a fourth, a fifth...
the pesky, counterintuitive
divergence of it all.

I sunder line segments
into smaller ones,
carving out in each interval
a crisp crevasse of nothingness
for another, in-between to fall,
wedged secure by its neighbors only
until my next partition stroke.
There is no lasting togetherness for numbers.

In extension and intrusion
I look for the frozen moment
of reaching the end
(which is not an end)
to which all may be added,
and all is unchanged.

On such days I play
in endless poker games
where the stakes rise exponentially,
follow the horizons on every sphere,
and walk down railroad tracks
to prevent them from meeting.

But infinities are only theoretical
and terminate
        in the limit
                of the solitary