

## An Exercise on Limits

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# An Exercise on Limits

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A man sits alone in his barn, thinking,  
not about the complexities of politics,  
but about the real numbers, in their  
densities, begging to be understood.

A woman sits alone at her desk, the  
peace and time to return to mind, return  
to other people's stories, this one Bolzano's,  
with his clarity, his insight, his precision.

A child sits alone on the floor, the blocks  
stacked high, the largest one causing the  
tower to topple, and she, laughing now,  
realizing that some tasks are impossible.

We all have our limits, though some of  
us have not reached them, passed over  
them, nor had the strength to come back.

My daughter, still unaware, can still  
enjoy the thrill of the slide, and can  
protest, not understanding that to be  
bound, in certain ways, is to be safe.

And Bolzano, on the other side, must  
take some comfort in the fact that  
his life was not in vain, that someday  
even a girl like me might marvel.

To approach is not to attain, at least  
I know that, sitting on the edge of my  
own limits, my own end of possibilities.

But to approach a limit is not to be in  
fear of one, nor to risk thinking that  
convergence, by itself, is the enemy.