Menger Sponge

E Laura Golberg
elaurag@gmail.com

She is a Menger Sponge,
each center cube a hole,
each component cube, a hole
in its middle,
within each cube a hole
to infinity.

He took some sand once,
tried to fill her holes,
it dribbled, sifted through
till all he had
were piles of sand
between the holes.

He’s inside now: turns, twists,
each view a hole
wherever he looks, holes,
and all he does is wander,
as he feels himself, slowly,
slipping through the holes.