

Doughnut at the End of Space

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The Doughnut at the End of Space

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I count things.
My teeth, the minutes
between now and then.
I count what can't be counted.
Infinity loops through my mind.

There is a number
that encompasses infinity.
Aleph Null, the last being cardinal.
But wait a minute.
That is the smallest infinity.
From one to Omega
in six and a quarter minutes!
But it requires an axiom
to get to this part—
ordinals without end.
It takes the inaccessible cardinal
and declares it to be true.
But I wonder, do we bind
ourselves to a paradox
and flow to the not end?

Sometimes, I think there must be
a wall at the end of space—no, a doughnut
made inside Theta, a symbol not unlike
the delicious doughnut that surely is out there.

I will call the doughnut god.
But what comes after the doughnut?

What number gives us
infinite universes,
infinite space,
infinite gods?

I love the Möbius strip—
infinity I can create
and cradle in my hand.
Maybe all infinity is like that.
Slipping back into the beginning
without end.

My obsession
making me tiny,
making me huge.

Within me are
universes,
space that cannot
be seen by the naked eye.
What lies within the within?