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## Doughnut at the End of Space

Deborah Coy  
*University of New Mexico*

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# The Doughnut at the End of Space

Deborah Coy

dcoy7777@gmail.com

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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?

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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?