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A Schoolboy Contemplates Infinity

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A SCHOOLBOY CONTEMPLATES INFINITY

Bent over a fake wood desk
While Mr. Looft parabled the board,
The boy drew a plain grey line
As straight as he could
(Just like in the book)
With a sharp black arrow on the end—
That was because there wasn't one.
The line went right, over the edge of his desk
And through Ann Mitchell the wall and
Just above the radiator and over the grass
And the old road and the field and
Straight through Ore-Ida and over the river
And freeway and sagebrush and desert
And just touching the tops of the mountains
Over the wilderness, past Ketchum
And over the Salmon, Alberta, ice
And out over the edge of the world
And into the stars and "right through 'em."
"You can always go another inch," Dad said.
"And if that were time it'd never end
Either. Keep going forever, stop for lunch,
And do it again." The boy drew an arrow
On the other end and looked left,
But Mr. Looft said,
"Wilson, is that you daydreaming again?"

Joseph K. Nicholes