



1984

## A Schoolboy Contemplates Infinity

Joseph K. Nicholes

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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