

*DAN MAY*

**Eight Minutes**

Eyelids closed,  
warm  
sunlight shining

bright

onto my thin skin.  
Earth below me, lush and vibrant from  
our star's  
nearly infinite rays.

But the sunshine now

only means  
the sun had not yet  
been extinguished eight minutes ago.  
I am trapped in the gap between  
event and information.

*Note:* This poem is a *cadae*. It is structured by the mathematical constant  $\pi$  in two distinct ways: it possesses five stanzas of 3, 1, 4, 1 and 5 lines (in that order), and the poem's 14 lines consist of 3, 1, 4, 1, 5, 9, 2, 6, 5, 3, 5, 8, 9, and 7 syllables (in that order). The name of the form comes from the letters' respective positions in the alphabet.

