

ALICE MAJOR

Continuum Hypothesis

Not a sliver of distance, no gap
from one shade in skin's spectrum
to the next.

Not a seam in the fabric, no gap,
no dropped stitch in evolution's knit
from microbe to me.

Not a slice of space, no gap
in the sheath of air
enclosing Earth.

Not an empty moment in time, no gap
in the flow, every millisecond
clasped to the next.

No end to the line of numbers, no gap
in their march to infinity.
No end

to the unfolding lineage of people
emerging into their skin, generation
after generation

And, within the number line, no gaps—
always another decimal or transcendental
flash
rising to fill potential.

This is the completeness we need
from the world
Yet

between infinities — a gap?
A stop-and-start, when
one number cannot be mapped

to another? A gap
where the counted continuing becomes
less than continuous.

Like that gap
when one life ends and another enters,
a new infinity in a new skin.

or that opening called 'now.' For
what isn't here
until it is.