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Infinity is not a number

I've never been any good
at mathematics
but I imagine a field
whose purpose is to define
what lies in the field —
or sets off the grass
that grows there
from the grass elsewhere.
And the clover, a slurry
of stones; the goats
and their hard raisin trail
of poop. The long-legged horses,
cows flicking their tails
at gnats. Number them
if you wish: the gnats,
the cows, their rank catalogue
of irregular black and white spots.
Infinity, I've been told,
isn't any of these countable facts
but more like some unseen wind
or a hum that surges through
the electric fence. Add
to it or take away from it:
its quantity remains the same.