

PEDRO POITEVIN

Upon Inspecting the Mandelbrot Set

I find myself absorbed by what I find
within a hole within a hole within
a surface I don't know how to begin
to trace without perceiving that my mind
is spiraling toward the undefined,
in curlicues with curlicues that spin
like pegs I turn to tune a violin
I nonetheless can't play. I stand resigned
to sink into some void from where to sink,
to sigh because I cannot help but sigh,
to mean to see what's meant for me to see,
to think the thoughts I think or thought I'd think,
to know the die's been cast before I die,
and be the wonder wondering to be.