

Morning Poem #3

Scott F. Parker

Recently I read a poem about infinity
and wished I'd written it myself. It was
just the kind of thing – Infinity – I'd like
for my poetry to be about. And perhaps
in another universe it was I who wrote
the poem, I who made real
that impossible thought, I who fit the limitless
in a few limited lines, I who made everything
more, I who put paradox on paper. Perhaps.
But in this universe the sand remains for me
to count, and when I stare into the mirror
the mirror does not blink.