

Bauld: Science Section

SCIENCE SECTION

BY

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**THE MILTON KESSLER MEMORIAL
PRIZE FOR POETRY**

I hate infinity, you say, spreading
the paper's latest news
on the cosmos under a blueberry
lowfat muffin in this old cafe, one graph
after another of universal vastness
you'd love to dismiss, so you close
the paper in disgust and I sip an iced tea
and feel embarrassed for the inability
of math or science to find a conclusion
concrete as a blueberry
in the face of so much taste and conviction.

Infinity is hard to love,
someone else's spoiled child
who doesn't know
when to stop. Small magic
is wonder enough, a penny appearing
suddenly in the hand, a son
crying *I have a tornado*
in my mouth, a crocheted ball
vanishing under a candlestick
that never held a light to anything.

But infinity soars out of reach
even when we are sure the long-dead stars
in our eyes are not pictures of themselves
nor equations nor probabilities,
not even figures of speech.