A small child
bends over the infinite.
As it uncurls
the world reveals its cogs
its marching teeth
lemniscate double helices
& now the child is an explorer
Where does the undescrivable wish to go?
What did it want to be?
How would it voyage?
Why?
This fixed place. This fixed time.
& now the child is a poet
studying the science of what is missing
the principle of uncertainty.
Realises unknowns:
traps & cages
strokes & feeds through thin bars
until the unknown finds its name
& now the child’s eyes
are maps of unspoken galaxies
star-bright, light-nimble, dream-focussed
born tomorrow.