

2005

## Equations for Craig

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### Recommended Citation

Hawkins, John (2005) "Equations for Craig," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 8, Article 11.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol8/iss1/11>

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### Keywords

Poetry

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# Equations for Craig

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by John Hawkins

I sense your smile in that perfect Sistine curve—  
One finger extended in glorious Form.  
I always placed you above geometrics;  
It appears by the curve of the moon  
I was wrong.

See perfect timing in the movement of the stars.  
Sweeping, blinding circles set at angles from the  
Dawn of time;  
I have only valued them for legends that  
They told of  
Men with swords,  
Dragons long with grace and  
Mangers in the sand.

Yet if you were not Logical in laying out the oceans  
Of sky—  
Corners pulled taut—  
No numbered order in the stories that they tell,

There            would            be            Chaos

Melting

Rhythm

Down

Lion

Under

Fish

Handed

Backwards

Bear

Forwards

Sdrawkcab

Loss

Melody

No

No

No

No

No

Yes

Yes

Yes

Yes

Gain

Broken

Schizophrenic nightmares of mass

Nightmares

Self

It would be Hell.

I feel a bit betrayed.

I thought you more Romantic.

More Blake than Newton—

The shock is like finding the

Sum of two and two is five.

How did Carroll write of Wonderland?

You work in stories, live in beauty, shine in poetry.

Space is not poetry.

It is logic.

It is living.

It extends in perfect symmetry

To limits reaching

Heights and depths

Lengths and widths

Infinity.

If Love can find the coldest, hardest trenches of the human soul,

A lesser wonder takes shape at the place where

Reason forms a Heart.

You are the king of paradoxes.

Order plans our dances;

And in Your songs of light and fire

Pattern becomes Art.