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Equations for Craig

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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 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.