



2005

Equations for Craig

John Hawkins
Cedarville University

[DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#) provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of DigitalCommons@Cedarville, the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to dc@cedarville.edu.

Recommended Citation

Hawkins, John (2005) "Equations for Craig," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 8 , Article 11.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol8/iss1/11>

Equations for Craig

Browse the contents of [this issue](#) of *Cedarville Review*.

Keywords

Poetry

Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](#).

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Equations for Craig

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
 Sdrawkcb Loss
 Melody
 No No No No No
 Yes 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.