

ABSTRACTION

In thinking large thought, of numbers crashing down into space

Of years, billions of them, sometimes crawling as huge, lumbering dinosaurs
out of time sometimes, when taken in the infinite, speeding past now into
nowhere—

My eye is caught by the belt of a woman's dress, or the seventh in an irregular
line of houses

And marks it abstractedly in passing,

So that later, when the numbers reappear

They hurtle downward through a maze of figures:

Zig-zag houses, women with belted dresses, emptiness—