An Exercise on Limits

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A man sits alone in his barn, thinking,
not about the complexities of politics,
but about the real numbers, in their
densities, begging to be understood.

A woman sits alone at her desk, the
peace and time to return to mind, return
to other people's stories, this one Bolzano's,
with his clarity, his insight, his precision.

A child sits alone on the floor, the blocks
stacked high, the largest one causing the
tower to topple, and she, laughing now,
realizing that some tasks are impossible.

We all have our limits, though some of
us have not reached them, passed over
them, nor had the strength to come back.

My daughter, still unaware, can still
enjoy the thrill of the slide, and can
protest, not understanding that to be
bound, in certain ways, is to be safe.

And Bolzano, on the other side, must
take some comfort in the fact that
his life was not in vain, that someday
even a girl like me might marvel.

To approach is not to attain, at least
I know that, siting on the edge of my
own limits, my own end of possibilities.

But to approach a limit is not to be in
fear of one, nor to risk thinking that
convergence, by itself, is the enemy.