

will it be inevitable. arriving at the moment when the counting has gone on too long.
the sequence running out.
becoming too much of too many.
becoming the repetition dead end.

i want to creep up on the last number
the number that will be the last answer
for this or that
or everything else
or anything else
or nothing more.

whether it is a pit capture
or a box canyon cornering
or the cure for a dissociative disorder that tucks everything back into normal
or a spiritual anchor caught on a mad scarecrow ocean mermaid
or anything with any way to make it

say its name
come clean
cough it up
reveal its identity
expose its self in a window.

i know this number will be more accurate
than all the numbers created by it.

i am tired of standing on the balcony
with imaginary numbers
with irrational numbers
with numbers that could go either way
with numbers that insist on being negative.
with fractional numbers that suggest personal failure.

i do not want numbers that truck with vectors
numbers that are annoyingly complex
numbers that have become symbols
numbers that are particular about their matrixes.

i am tired of the things crawling on the roof at night.

i want the sheep to stop.

i want the serpent eating its tail to eat faster than it can grow.

i want the infinite to stop

i want the eternal to stop

and settle it with us once and for all.

there has to be an end to understand

what in between means.

the count.

wf.h.

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