

The Grid

by Gary Hardaway

For Rene' Descartes

There is the X, Y
and, complicating everything
with depth, the Z.

From this fundamental simplicity,
houses, cities, regions.
A nebula stretches across the grid.

From the zero point,
eternity extends.
The point is, where is the zero point?

Where is always variable,
a choice that splays
a chosen perspective;

a free body diagram
to serve an immediate whim.
For Rene', the zero point

was always God,
the still point
extending ever after.

