

Here's Looking at Euclid

by Bill Yarrow

He's looking at Euclid
but he can't concentrate
The noise of Bakersfield cicadas is invading his ears

He's looking at Euclid
but he can't concentrate
Hoboken memories are marching into his mind

He's looking at Euclid
but he can't concentrate
Far East anise is stuck between his teeth

He's looking at Euclid
but he can't concentrate
The elevated smell of Delphi is seeping into his nose

He's looking at Euclid
but he can't concentrate
A Catalan fishing boat is sailing into his eyes

He's looking at Euclid
Meanwhile, the sandstorm of time
keeps polishing the geometry of space

