

# 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.

