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## South of Infinity

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# SOUTH OF INFINITY

*by Seek Constance*

We never found the chanterelles we set off to harvest,  
you caught a blue gill.

In quiet contentment we ate it,  
with the beets and potatoes saved from dumpsterdom  
wrapped in foil, baked in the bonfire with salt and a teaspoon of molasses.

We built an effigy to Fromm  
then departed.

In Doc Martens, I walked toward  
the rising sun, you set off in the opposite direction,  
through Kalamazoo, down river toward larger lakes.

Thanks be to carbonated hearts  
withstanding the harshest westerlies.

When I escape this un-caged buffalo era,  
I'm going to settle south of infinity,  
and rest my tired eyes on the whimsical,  
sore from this incessant counting.