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but it was not what he meant at all
for a mathematician

a time when time did not exist
symbols poured from chalk
a time when time does not exist
magnificence will walk

there was a purity in the chalk
in the mystery it revealed
as it sprang to life in symbols
as its bearer onward reeled

there was a darkness in the board
in the knowledge it concealed
and its flower was a symbol
of the evil it could wield

but the marriage of the two
was a mixture of the same
that awe struck time away
in magnificence and shame

ascending division
filled wall after wall
of a room so silenced
with time consumed awe

a tall silvered head paused
said yes
and stopped

turning
he spoke words unto only me
saying this could go on
to infinity

frozen in my obsessive chill
i would follow him
i would follow him

there was a time when time did not exist
a time when symbols poured from chalk
there was a time when time did not exist
there was a time when magnificence did walk

Max Steele