

Geometry Of The Greek

JANET JARRETT

Men set down cubes
On the flattened curve of round space
That they measure with straight sticks
And angles between the sticks.
And this is the symbol of man's life.

Their thoughts are pyramids
That also forget the curve of round space
And become real only after
They trample down the curves
And make them flat.

Are they then to blame
When the space they have straightened
Wrinkles beneath the weight of their thought
And the pyramids they built
Tumble
As space again bulges?

Shadow Of A Cube

JANET JARRETT

Have you seen the shadow of a cube
Caught between two lights
That is five-sided
With the intersecting lines?

The world of man is that five-sided shadow of a cube.
A shadow made of paper pages and sullen stars
That are sunk in the night;
The wind-pebbled surface of water and green haloed cats
Under a neon light.

There is no reality outside the shadow's five sides,
And few are the men who dare to walk on the shadow's edges
Where the vision grows bright.
Lest they lose themselves in the blinding unreality—
In the end that is white.