

Implied

I am the unending coil along which you slide,
up and down for all time, the heart of the answer
to the first question, reduced to simplest terms.

I am hastily scrawled in graphite on tattered pages,
handed in for evaluation by a teenage boy
who'd rather be fiddling with his Playstation.

I am symmetry defined, beloved of Greeks,
despised of Romans, reanimated from the halo
of a harsh desert sun by al-Khwarizmi the scribe.

I am frowned upon by a hopeless, heart-stricken
housewife who longed to see the orange trees
that line the streets of Seville in the spring.

I am the equal of twice myself.

I am the end of your rope, the start of your race,
the blinking light on the microwave when
you reheat old coffee as you do our love.

I am repeated tenfold upon a projector, witness
to the thunderous applause of shareholders,
I cushion their hearts against the coming dark.

I am locked in your eyes like a secret, broken
by your knowing gleam, piled endlessly upon
myself to assume your form, your likeness.

I am carved in the sands by a child prodigy of
Darfur, whose hitherto unknown discoveries
will remain so long after his frail body decays.

I am the end of negation, where all possibilities
are equally unlikely, the event horizon of our
future paths, where our world lines collide.



Scott Miller was born just outside of Philadelphia in 1978. As a child he studied Hebrew and Jewish studies, but then moved on to a Quaker high school before rounding off his "education" with a degree in Math from M.I.T. He moved to Los Angeles in 2002, and has been attempting, albeit unsuccessfully, to unlearn what he learned in school. Scott has been writing poetry since childhood, but has only recently begun to present his work.

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