Hyperbola

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Hyperbola

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Abstract

Blear-eyed with sleep...
Blear-eyed with sleep
I look at the curve of $y$ equal to three over $x$ plus two
And my clock blear-eyed, too, semaphores the time,
Its arms in a horizontal line.
The pages crinkle as I turn them
And my pencil writes noise in the light.
The curve plots in, point by point, going to infinity at $x$ equals minus two.
I will go to infinity with that curve
For infinity must be more quiet than this room,
Like looking down a long pipe at a circle of light from the other end—
Like running in the darkness.
I will not take the clock with me
For the clock cuts time into little bricks
And walls up the past with them
And will not allow me to finish today
Before bringing on tomorrow
And I am no epicure of time.
$X$ equals minus three
And the curve and I come back
From infinity in just one unit.
$X$ equals minus three.
My roommate turns in his sleep
In the rich raisin darkness beyond my lamp.
$X$ equals minus three.
I close my book.
I must sleep.