

*Mathematician Watching the Moths at an
All-Night Gas Station*

No happenstance us being here beneath the lamps.

You mistake this outpost for the moon,
I come to plot the trajectory of your error.

It's that simple.

And yet, night after night
I still know more of match smoke than of how you go.

It's the approximations that get me—

I'd say loneliness is about a 7 out of 10,
Maybe a little higher after the rain.

Well, you know about the rain.