

In praise of your fourth dimension

Some of the most beautiful things have three dimensions
like the human heart with its height, width, breadth
capable of love

Some of the most beautiful things are only wide
like long lines of poetry running for margins
and running for them until the page is turned

Some of the most beautiful things have depth with no width
like the human soul, plenty deep
hardly fit for any page

The most beautiful thing is anchored by a fourth dimension
imagine the depth of the human soul twice over or
two souls with the reach of an unbound epic poem in wind

The most beautiful thing cradles time and is
No less capable of love but
All the more willing to do it forever

The most beautiful thing is you, my brother
as the sun crowns your chipped tooth and
lights your jack-o-lantern self from the inside out

The most beautiful thing is your fourth,
It is time and how you make it feel to us
like it might keep its legs at the end of our story