

Infinity

Infinity is a need
To fill the structures in mind built for it,
Apparently contradicting our finite tissues.

Infinity unmask the eternal corner of our soul.

Infinity beckons us to immaterial heights,
Tinging human existence with unmeditated spirituality,
Unconserving development.

Planted though we are on ground,
Our imagination soars beyond stars,
Human mind has an agenda of its own.

We carry a bit of infinity as we labor through daily motions of finite physical
existence,
Cut off from it we are reduced to mere mechanical set-up.

The coexistence of finite and infinite in us
Will forever challenge reason,
Making the riddle of life a spirituality by itself.

Infinity has no purpose,
But to keep us aware, empowered, human, and enchanted.