

Notes on Geometry

Zero. Zilch. Nil. Null. Nought. I have become obsessed with nothing:
Nada. Nadir. Nothing. Oblivion. Scratch. Zip. Void.

Cipher is a zero or the figure 0.

The Ancient Greeks had no word for zero. With no referent, it didn't exist for them.

I dwell in oblivion. What is trust?

Oh, honey, it's nothing.

The search for, the search, self. A journey.

I learn that $1/0 = \text{infinity}$

*The sunlight falls just right
for a second, then I look at the dog
and she is lace,
rays of light penetrating her.*

The journey begins from a single point, moves into a line, then out to a plane; each an aspect of all.

Aleph, one: the ineffable mystery of oneness. The Hebrew letter is composed of both the upper realm of heaven and the lower realm of the earth.

In set theory, aleph numbers represent the size of infinite sets. Infinity, an extreme limit of the real number line

(a sequence that "diverges to infinity").

This is to say that infinity is understood (if is it ever "understood") as the extreme limit of the real number line.

This is to say there is a real number line that diverges to infinity. Is that the vanishing point? Isn't infinity merely that which we can't see beyond, like the vanishing point? A human limitation?

What about an extreme point? Can *now* be an extreme point? Since infinity can't be fixed, per se, can an extreme point be fixed?

What is the relationship between zero and infinity? Or is it, simply, everything?

Zot, a unit of accomplishment.

I start where I am and go back, forward. Where I am: increasingly aware of my own struggle, how it seems to be growing. I search for ground by leaving it, record the unconscious comings and goings, dreams.

In Moose Cree, there is a word, *pahpahkisin*, that means to fall in all directions, to keep falling. To keep falling in all directions.

I spend a great deal of time under water, becoming more comfortable under water than above. There, I hear the murmurs of sacred geometry:

Zero says to Eight, nice belt.
Eight says to Zero, *I will love you forever.*

Plato said: God geometrizes.

I absorb reverberations, so I hear a lot of static. Faraway noise. I read that it's possible to pick up faint AM signals by way of metal fillings. I eavesdrop.

The unfolding of number in space. A door closes, opens. The static stops. I start hearing a girl's voice. Faraway.

In the beginning, she sings. Sustained humming becomes a rich tone, then a symphony of tones and murmurs.

Now we cross paths often. As I drift off to sleep, I travel through tunnels to get to her. Sometimes when I am awake, instead of traveling to her or crossing paths, I am her.

She has been trying all this time to get through to me. I dream a child is drowning and I rescue her. Or she is lost and I find her. Always, she is alone and I join her. She has been there all along but only now have I let her in.

At the Museum: The psychiatrist-artist-speaker gives a reading while slides are shown and someone plays a violin, high faint screeches. The speaker talks about yantras and double ellipses; the slides show motorcycles and images from the Kama Sutra.

The speaker himself is a fixed star vibrating in double ellipses.
Ellipse, Greek for absence. Void.

The speaker says, when you look into the abyss, the abyss is also looking into you.

Etched on the walls of the temple, the Flower of Life, is a vast system of information.

I am the only one she allows to hear her voice. And now I can see her. Sometimes she surrounds me, encircles me. Then my form coincides with hers.

The circle, ineffable oneness, the indivisible.

Shift. I'm under a certain light and I'd like to change the light, soften it a bit. I'm interested in the fixture, which is brass. Maybe it would be better if it were tin, a tin fixture.

I have a list of questions, and I know they are important questions and that I am ready to ask them. But I have to find the person to whom I can direct them. The questions have become doors. I open my mouth but there's only air.

She tells me things, answers questions before I ask them.

I don't always know what the questions are. We don't use words for them—and the answer is always music. Always a circle transcending linear rationality. The answers hold me.

Sometimes when she laughs, her eyes close. Once we were walking in the rain and our hands at our sides just barely touched and electricity passed: a charge of electricity in the air from the power lines overhead, conducted in the space between our two hands. We held that electricity for a brief time.

I wonder, is infinity mathematical or nonmathematical?

DNA is a double helix, a twisted zipper, with amino acids for teeth. Life is a twisted zipper. Language, circling, teething. The same motion in falling down a rabbit hole. A dialogue that stops where it begins. It's an inner argument. A neurological belch.

Definition: God is the shortest distance between zero and infinity. In which direction? one may ask. His first name is not Jack, but Plus-and-Minus. And one should say + God is the shortest distance between zero and infinity, in either direction.ⁱ

Once, an old woman named Gladys told me she had an unlimited supply of something, but she couldn't remember what.

I am a way of breathing: I move into a cabin. Cold, I build a fire. It gets to be too hot, I take my clothes off. I go outside, it is muddy. I build a boardwalk through the mud and plant mint. It spreads over the landscape. I make mint tea. Hot, it burns my mouth. I go ice skating. The ice melts and washes away the cabin. I cut a path in the opposite direction.

To transcend the finite nature of reality, I take up playing the cello.

I remember that $1/0 = \text{infinity}$

Right now, there are infinite colors, leaves and earth, soon to freeze to a long white, the endless winter of Vermont. Then one must remember color, green and growing, a long dormancy.

Survival requires a good memory.

Atoms, cells, seeds, planets, and star systems all echo the spherical paradigm of total inclusion. One over zero...

The sun starts to set in the western sky, lighting up the western half of the big cedar outside my window.

I tried to take a nap but I couldn't quite sleep. In half sleep, I was trying to figure out the square root of 19. The thing about square roots: they won't quit.

The sun is gone off the tree now.

Elizabeth McHale
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ⁱ Alfred Jarry, qtd. in *The Essential Crazy Wisdom*.