

Calculations

“I don't know what to tell you.
Your daughter doesn't understand
math. Numbers trouble her, leave
her stuck on ground zero.”

*Y fueron los mayas
quienes imaginaron el cero,
un signo para nada, para todo,
en sus gran calculaciones.*

Is zero the velvet swoop into dream,
the loop into plumes of our breath?

“I suggest you encourage languages.
Already she knows a little Spanish,
and *you* can teach her more of that.
She lives for story time.”

In the beginning there was nothing.
Then the green of quetzal wings.

*Las historias siguen cambiando,
sus verdades vigorizadas
con cada narración
como $X \times X = X^2$*