

My Infinity
Isaiah Wildenberg

For just one moment
out of infinity,

Let me have the angry eyes-
the ones the admiral used to
order the respect and silence of the room
without a single word,

Rather than the kind eyes I have now-
I'm only curious.
For just one moment
out of infinity,

Let me have the Quran-
the one that taught the Muslim how to
live a life of abstinence and prayer
without ever complaining,

Rather than the leatherbound Bible that sits on my
desk now
I'm really only curious.

For just one moment
out of infinity,

Let me hold the paintbrush-
the one my teacher used to
surround themselves with colorful illustrations of
their musings
without worrying too much about the drips on the studio floor,

Rather than the digital mind that writes
this poem now-
I promise I'm only curious.

Set me free of who I am;
let me glimpse what they feel.

And once I've tasted all the fruits,
sinned all the sins,
and loved in all the ways there are to love,
I'll finally know who it is I want to be.

But by then it will be too late,
I will have used up all the
moments
in my
infinity.



Mirror of the Soul
Makayla Bowen