

# Consider the Asymptote

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Consider the asymptote,  
the line that is consistently, constantly,  
striving to meet the curve.

A curve, streaking across the graph,  
curls itself towards infinity,  
while the asymptote,  
a line, static and steady,  
marches down the graph,  
also towards infinity.

Who thinks of the asymptote in relation  
to its curve?

The asymptote never meets the curve they long for,  
until, maybe, if both are lucky,  
they will be close enough to call it touching  
at infinity.

Infinity, with its incomprehensible scope and length.

What is the point of striving to meet a goal  
if the only possibility to actually touch it is at  
infinity?

Sometimes I wonder, if an asymptote  
feels neglected, disheartened,  
for what they strive for, what they crave to meet  
is almost  
almost  
touching.

Until they reach infinity.

Is proximity the goal?

Is to touch the goal?

Am I the asymptote,  
knowing what I want to reach,  
knowing what I want to achieve,  
but never quite reaching there, never  
ever touching what I truly want  
until I reach  
infinity?