**Theorem**

Tingyu Liu

Mathematician Georg Cantor proved one infinity can be larger

than another. That while infinity is a line stretching

to forever, the larger infinity is the space

around this line stretching, also, to forever.

Today, as the dark-eyed waitress with hibiscus

in her hair offers us our third margaritas,

I wish to slip into Cantor’s theorem—you,

tracing the coast of Cozumel along my spine,

our fingers tingling of salt and ice. I shiver

of pinprick and heat, your smile

a brushstroke on my shoulder.

Cantor, teach us the mathematics of infinity

so we can contain it, make it ours.

Cantor, listen to how our radios emit

the old songs on loop, see how our highways pull

themselves across every state, every dust town

and gleam city, feel how many times

a hand has caressed a body. Our skin is thirsty,

Cantor, our skin aches for skin, aches to be

traversed the lengths of all the coastlines combined.

Too soon, the waitress asks us

if we’d like another. A breeze lips

the nape of our necks. I trace a circle

around us as if forming a new island. Silica into silica.

Cantor, you can keep your larger infinity. Cantor,

sir, I wish for just one line.