

Grasping the Uncountable
by Faith, Year 11

We begin by counting:
first, the fingers and toes,
a binary pulse of being—on or off,
existing or not.
One body,
split into symmetry,
balanced on bones.
And so we start,
not yet knowing the weight of infinity
within simple sums.

We count time as it divides
into increments and echoes:
seconds, minutes, hours—
each second an indivisible point,
yet still we stack them
like bricks in the architecture of memory.
Each heartbeat,
a metronome we cannot reset,
its rhythm both constant and diminishing.
How many breaths until the last?
We calculate blindly,
but the answer slips through every equation.

We count the vast in powers of ten:
ten fingers stretching toward galaxies
that recede at unmeasurable speeds,
each star a burning integer in the void.
Mathematicians scribble equations,
folding space into something graspable—
infinite series converging toward an elusive truth.
We pretend numbers could describe
the collapse of a black hole,
the spin of a proton,
the shimmer of thought beneath a skull.

But what of the things we cannot count?
The fractional moments of love,
divisible but never whole,
irrational as pi, recurring in odd places,
finding itself in the spaces between digits.
The prime numbers of loss,
untouchable, indivisible by reason,
appearing only when you try not to find them.

We build algorithms for our desires,
coding longings into lines of zeros and ones,
while the soul—
that uncountable variable—
defies inclusion,
its values complex beyond computation.

In the end, what is counting
but the mind's attempt to grasp
what it cannot hold?
To impose a grid of certainty
over a fluid world,
to track the shifting sum
of lives entangled in time and matter.
Yet each sum leads us back
to the infinite remainder,
the numberless void,
where counting ends
and all that remains
is the silence
of
being.