

This is from paulabonnell.net;
you may also link to this poem from "Intersections – Poetry with Mathematics"
<http://poetrywithmathematics.blogspot.com/2012/04/following-euler-in-koenigsberg.html>

IN KÖNIGSBERG

You are ahead of me
perhaps on this island,
perhaps on the north or south bank
or perhaps on the other
side of this bridge that
connects the other island
to this.

I have crossed one bridge
and am willing to cross others
but I hate to retrace
my step or even to
follow myself the same
way a second time

I look forward to seeing
you, to being with you
You are the future
The past is not your
habitat. Those I remember
(fondly, of course)
were not you

When I imagine
going out of my body
to hover over the city –
its two islands and
gray streets and seven bridges
rainwet, sunlit, stones and
rooftiles silvered –
I can tell
you are here, though
I cannot see
you or hear you,
yet I sense your presence
but beyond which bridge
is unknown,

 yet
it almost become
intuitively obvious
(The bridges are skeletal)
before I return
to inhabit the hairs
and cavities of my body

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It is not that you are receding
but that I feel you best
at a distance, knowing
that when we are together
we will be together
and I will find you
if I can cross only
uncrossed bridges

or perhaps, when
I come to that last bridge
and see you lying half-
naked on the barge, sunning
on its smooth planks, and
in the clear water below
the reeds of the river
wavering downstream
reaching toward the bridge where I stand

When I reach that
previously crossed bridge
I will jump off it
and swim in the clear
water, pulling myself
up over the side of the
barge, dripping, and
lie down beside you
close enough to feel
your warmth, to inhale
your characteristic
fragrance

– *Paula Bonnell*

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