



Kat Zimmerman

Infinity Is Not Enough

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Casting the Circle

We want to set off under an auspicious sign.
We would most love to begin
With the best of conditions.
We really would.
In the past,
Nothing seemed quite right for this;
It was never quite “the right time.”
We are somewhat sensitive,
And admittedly, rather fussy.
But as I have said,
In this world,
This body,
This mind,
There is little magic left.
There is a slight pulse, however,
And there is a halo of events,
From which we may pluck here and there
To construct some semblance of a narrative.
But we do believe that the conditions we work under
Are anything but conducive to the endeavor.
And time is not our friend, either.

Walk Away

The air seemed so alive,
Back then.

There was a charge that you could feel
As you breathed in the October chill,
Something beyond paired oxygen atoms
Vibrating inside of your lungs.

Everything was completely different in those days;
Now everything is dry and lifeless, it seems.
Smothered.

Or maybe it's just me;
Maybe it's just that I've become numb to it all.

Reunions

There is something so delicious
About not participating in things.
Something about being invisible,
Forgotten, rare.
Erasure,
But still I've always been there,
Languished, but living no less.
You could almost call it a fetish of mine;
It does give me a thrill.
Knowing that the glasses are clinking,
The people are chattering,
Laughing, joyous,
All without me.
Some would find it pitiable,
Being left out like that,
But then again most people aren't insane.
Personally, I get a shudder when I think that
Yes, yes, it's possible they may not even mention my name.
They may not even think of me, either.
An odd, quiet moment away from the fray—
But no, still nothing.
I'm not even there in spirit.
Explanations for all this are quite beyond me.
All I can tell you is that obscurity is love.

And maybe it's that I'm too dead for you,
Or maybe it's that I'm too alive.
All I know is that I don't want to be here anymore.

Objects

I sometimes think about... what if.
What if things had gone this way,
What if I had traveled elsewhere,
Held on longer?
What am I missing now?
What if I didn't crash and burn?
What if the accident never happened,
And I never got sick?
I remembered that when I was a child,
There was a pair of bicycles in the garage.
My mother had bought them for us to ride together,
But I was afraid of falling,
And so for a long time, they remained unused.
And I remember one night
That I cried myself to sleep thinking about them,
Thinking about the loneliness they must have felt
In the dark, dusty cold.
But I still never wanted to learn.

Veins

Often I wonder about all the little things I must have missed.
It drove me crazy sometimes;
The world was so massive and unforgiving,
Unapologetic in its fullness.
There were so many things to look at,
So many tender, growing, beating things.
Everything, every single thing,
Has a heart that beats its own peculiar song,
And you wanted to cradle each one,
Nurture and tend to each,
To learn all their songs.
You must have missed so much,
But you didn't mind back then.
You were living;
You were one of those growing, crawling, throbbing things.
You had your own song,
And there were those who had heard it,
And those who still remember it by heart.
Within each atom there is an entire throbbing universe,
If we could only peer deeply enough.
The awful truth, however, is that
Infinity is not enough.