

4 poems from "Crossing the Equal Sign" (Plain View Press, Plain View Press, TX)

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Points were blinking.
Lines were beckoning.
How was I to know?
What could I have done?

I heard some voices.
I had some time.
There was a tenderness.
There was a weeping.

How was I to know
the points would not point?
How was I to know
the lines would not line up?

* * *

Yes, points were blinking.
Lines were flirting.
Spaces were trampolines.

I could have consulted the Math Reviews.
I could have leafed through a graph theory text.
I could, that is, have notified the authorities.

But I'm a do-it-yourself-er.
I'm a rugged individualist.
I'm a learner and a lover.
I'm a very foolish heart.

* * *

Someone wrote a book called *The Joy of Math*.
Maybe I'll write a book called *The Pathos of Math*.
For through the night I swivel
between intuition and calculation
between examples and counter-examples
between the problem itself and what it has led to.
I find special cases with no determining vertices.
I find special cases with only determining vertices.
I weave in and out.
I rock to and fro.
I am the wanderer
with a lemma in every port.

* * *

It's a kind of transitive law when
in a house of growing children
two people who pet the same cat are petting each other.
Especially if one of them is holding the cat.
Especially if both of them are holding the cat.
And if Devin gets under the blanket with Mirage
And lets only their heads stick out
And smiles up in that way
If the pug of Devin's nose is close to that spot between Mirage's ears
And I grab hold of it all
And kiss it all...

Well, Devin also knows
and Mirage also knows
that something is necessary
something is sufficient
and something else is scared.