

SAMPLE POEMS FROM "CROSSING THE EQUAL SIGN"

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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?

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I could think about those twittery lines
while brushing my teeth
or washing the floor.
So why do I want to just stand here
preferably sit here
maybe even curl in a crooked ball?

Why do I bend?
Why do I roll?
Why do I need to identify
my head with my knees?

I am not crying.
I am only thinking.
So why do I need
to be so small?

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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.

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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 if 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.

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I am no workaholic.
But I'm collecting points and lines.

Not like stamps.
No, I wouldn't trade them.
I simply have to have them.
I need a group portrait
all of them smiling.

I have to have a hand
with these beauties as fingers.
I have to hold a vase
with these cuties as flowers

I should contact a colleague.
I should go online.
But -- don't you see?
I have to do this alone.

I am based in reality.
But God created these lambies
set them out to green-pasture
and maketh me
to lie down.