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Love Letter to a Mathematician

Julia Andersen
College of DuPage

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You look at a string of numbers and find the universe.
Excuse me as I wend my way
through messy imagery and hulking metaphoric mountains,
words on my back and fingers to my lips
where I expect the poems to grow.

You find Fibonacci in my garden and
map the exquisite turbulence of the Mississippi,
while I ask who drowns there, and why
my pen is its poor imitator.

You pull and tug, urge and coax galaxies
into clean and complex equations
so that humanity might brush the stars;
I talk about their diamond pinpricks against the eternal blackness,
putting the same sky in the same frame
as any other mind but yours.

I would ask that you streamline my words, dear mathematician,
but you see,
they are all I can shape in the face of this,
your affair with our universe
and me.