

A New Graph

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You and me, we're parallel lines.
Same slope, same path
But fated never
for an intersection.

You and me, we're perpendicular.
You crossed me hard,
Our sharp corners like slamming doors.
Then we went our separate ways
Towards opposite ends of the infinite plane.

You and me, we touched each other once,
Close to the origin.
But now the distance between our points
Grows greater every day.

And I'm still a lonely line
moving only in two dimensions.

But some days
I don't change at a constant rate.
I'm an exploding exponential.
A piecewise with lots of holes.

What if I'm a quadratic
With no real roots?
Maybe my solutions are complex –
imaginary.

All the boys who've passed through me,
None of them are the answer.
They like my asymptotes,
My parabolic curves.

They trace my graph,
Till they reach the vertex.
But they can't solve my equation.

Maybe I don't want to be solved.
If solving means being set to zero.
If solving means I have to factor things out,
Break myself down
to simplest form.

But I *do* want to find my answer.
When I plug him in, he will make me true.

Maybe I need to change my equation.
Draw a new graph.

I want to be...
A polynomial with a high degree.
I'll swoop down across the x-axis,
Plunge myself into negative values,
And soar back to the positive side.
Intersecting again and again,
I'll make my mark across the plane.

I'll have many roots.

I'll have many solutions