Mathematical Constance (A Poem Dedicated to Constance Reid)

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By Arthur Benjamin

I think that I shall never see
A constant lovelier than $e$,
Whose digits are too great too state,
They’re 2.71828…
And $e$ has such amazing features
It’s loved by all (but mostly teachers).
With all of $e$’s great properties
Most integrals are done with … ease.
Theorems are proved by fools like me
But only Euler could make an $e$.

I suppose, though, if I had to try
To choose another constant, I
Might offer $i$ or $phi$ or $pi$.
But none of those would satisfy.
Of all the constants I know well,
There’s only one that rings the Bell.
Not $pi$, not $i$, nor even $e$.
In fact, my Constance is a she.
It’s Constance Reid, I would not fool ya’
With Books like *Hilbert, Courant*, and *Julia*.
Of all the constants you will need,
There’s only one that you should Reid.