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What do you see?
A mathematician at a desk.
Papers scattered, open books,
a pencil. A few scribbles,
then a crumpled piece of paper
flung at a wastebasket.
Then a fresh piece.
You call this dull,
think nothing happens.

In truth, she is not here
in this room, bound by these walls.
She journeys beyond the moon,
the sun, the stars, out of our galaxy,
she roams beyond the rim of the universe,
soars where no one has ventured before.

Everywhere she looks
questions rise up,
surround her, trick her,
the baffling disguised as simple,
the shallow masquerading as deep.
They won’t let her sleep.

Some she will answer;
others will consume her.
Each answer raises new questions,
that tempt her, pull her yet farther away.

One discovery
may unlock a deadly riddle
back on earth.
She may never know
which one it was.

Who says there are no worlds
left to explore, no mysteries
to challenge
the most daring soul?