Computational Compulsions

Martin Cohen
I know I must find the square root of two.
Don’t know the reason for what I must do.
I know it’s irrational, but I must see it through
Until I can find that square root of two.

And then I must find the cosine of \( e \).
I know it’s about \(-0.91173\).
with a mysterious air of transcendentality
that infuses the scent of the cosine of \( e \).

On Gamma! On Bessel! On functions hyperbolic!
My mind has a compulsion to caper and frolic
to numerical rhythms erratically systolic
without the aid of anything mind-bending or alcoholic.

I don’t want to stop—it’s much too enjoyable,
although it might render me quite unemployable.
Perhaps I should try something girl and boyable
or launch some verbiage that is quite undeployable.

Well!

It seems I have become nonsensible
reaching for meanings indefensible.
When verses go meta
it’s a sign that you betta
end with a limerick incomprehensible.