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My Finite Field

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My Finite Field

Cover Page Footnote

I would like to extend my thanks to my friends who provided much needed feedback. Specifically, my friend Michael for his input, and my friend J-Boo.

My Finite Field

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Oh my finite field, how you are my simple extension
And the basis of our love has infinite dimension,
When I'm with you my supremum is attained.
But no matter where we lie on the x-y plane,
You will be my abscissa, and I'll be your ordinate
We will lie together, a couple, a coordinate,

In set theory, me minus you is the empty set,
And in the array of love, you freely increase my index
If you analyze the function of our love and its potential
The operator norm is unbounded, the growth is exponential.
The proof of our love doesn't go case by case.
Prove it topologically, we are a connected space

I will find every root of your minimum polynomial
Even if it took long division, it's worth the ordeal,
Just to find the field in which you split,
I want to know all of you, every little bit,
And as your second derivative, you know what I'd explore,
All of your graph in Quadrants I, II, III, and IV.

My love for you is concave up, with no inflection,
There is a mapping between us, it's a bijection,
It is the map L from Me to You, where L is an affinity.
But, I want you to know, as time goes to infinity,
You're my least upper bound, and I'm strictly increasing,
Forever I'll approach you, my love unceasing.