Three Euclidean Poems

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—this light exists   —that dark
divides   —death clouds into   —Euclidean
space & locally   —compacts *I*
love you   —therefore the lemma
may   —may not be true

    this flame which burns this
    lamp which shines the logical
    constant in your eyes &
    linear truth that "light exists"
    I cannot confirm this proof

⊁

behold A the woman before the glass
    behold B the woman behind the glass
one sweetie-pie-sugar-plum-cotton-sox
    one bad-apple-battle-axe-shoot-em-up
who smiles little lights of forget forgive
    who growls big black holes ha ha now you're dead
& performs pretty sprinkles curtsey twirl
    & proffers a backward prickly-pear snap
while offering nice from very clean hands
    while shredding clouds into meaningless air
everyone watching & waiting for more
    everyone hiding kowtow beneath world
to see just how good a good A can be
    to see if B is as bad as they say
as the mirror ogles through Janus eyes
    as the end of December bang crash boom
not every woman is cut out for this
    not even hearts can control all their bits
—   let the whole reflect the sum of its parts

φ

who the woman who looks out of you &
who the weird little girl   which the level
you walk upon & which the level mere
dream   if ascending descending (repeat)
why the long face   if-jumping-off-mountains-
on-to-mountains why   if the sentence be-
low be true   if the sentence above be
false   if the method of exhaustion brings
you no rest   then where the beginning   when
the end   & what this conundrum called death

      let the woman be me for that is what
      I am   similarly the girl   let me
      climb up/down the numberless lines   of points
      without parts & breadthless length   this equals
      "way"   I say "here"   &   "ever"   &   "therefore
      etc" accumulate the day

Three Euclidean Poems reflect my preoccupation with mathematics and structure. Over the last couple of years I have been working on the development of poetic forms based on various algorithms. The forms of the above poems — as indicated by symbols in place of titles — derive from the Pythagorean theorem, the plane angle, and the golden mean. I have taken certain geometric relationships (such as vertices/faces/planes), and applied them to poetic form (such as line/word/syllable count). I enjoy the liberties enabled by the deep logic of mathematical concepts: the ways in which the often delicate and abstract nature of emotional expression may be held and sustained within structures inspired by robust Euclidean thought. Language and mathematics are both intricately functioning systems, and I am constantly surprised by the strange energy and beauty that may be found at the interface of these very different codes.