

Asymptotic Dream

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Asymptotic Dream

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*A love poem about breaching mathematical limits,
inspired by the tragic beauty of calculus.*

Although I am but a simple asymptote
I can't help myself but measurably hope
That one day I'll get what I truly deserve
And actually touch that infinite curve

We were conceived in numbers but limited by function
A denominator-gone-crazy algebraic dysfunction
Calculating calculus keeps us in check
From point to endless point on this sloping trek

They outlined and graphed our destiny
Figured out our value to the n th degree
They plotted against us on this matrix of hell
Charting our parallel journeys from cell to cell

Our attraction is maddening and though we strive
We accelerate ever closer but never arrive
They string us along on this checkered plane
Spinning on an axis and going insane

As we converge without touching our agony does multiply
They claim that our love is a nullity, nothing but π in the sky
But if imaginary numbers are permitted and fuzzy logic
Why shouldn't boundless affection trump cold arithmetic?

Some clever egghead answering to a higher power
An exponent of both the heart and mind may yet discover
A revolutionary theorem or a tangential dimension
An inspired moment of numerical invention

What matters our coordinates or formulaic origins?
Or from what we derived or where we've been?
We can see the solution now—we are on the verge
To lastly, wonderfully, merge, merge, MERGE!

And on that day when we embrace and our lines finally meet
The divide will be healed and we'll be blissfully complete
The integral joining that for so long we did forego
Will be proof that the impossible just ain't so