

Quik Church, Route 3.141592

Sarah Voss

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POETRY FOLDER



Quik Church, Route 3.141592

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The following set of poems are from one of ten sections in a collection of poetry called *Quik Church: Short Poems that Travel Far*. Each section illustrates one of many “streets” which individuals often take on their spiritual journey through life, e.g., the Old Gods Path, Nature Trail, Memory Skyway, Mystic Avenue, Pastoral Lane, and so on. This one, Route 3.141592, is the route of mathematics and the science that depends on mathematics.

SEQUENCE

In land of irrationality event follows
random event with choice omnipotent.
Three frees one, then four, then one again,
a five, a nine, a two. . . all aimless happenstance,
yet some would see the pattern
and name it pi.

In land of loneliness two people meet,
Their words make way for event after event
in fated gambling. Some would see the pattern
and call it love.

Such risk! For after each acknowledged feat
is always yet to be.

¹ Sarah Voss is a former mathematics professor, a current Unitarian Universalist minister, and an independent scholar. She is the author of *What Number is God?* (SUNY 1995) and *Math Mystic's Guide to Creative Spirituality* (Wipf and Stock, forthcoming 2024).

MATHEMATICIAN'S PRAYER

God, are you a math teacher
and we the students in your class?
Pray, show us the equation
you call earth and help us
integrate the curve you've drawn
upon your board. No matter how
we estimate by subdividing space,
we're always just a fraction off
from how it totals up. Pray, teach
us that it's not enough
to calculate some parts: the whole
is greater than the sum
and everything adds up to one.

FRIENDSHIP

Connections come
in felt teleportations

instantly

against all odds

except

we don't yet know the real odds

for our mathematics
is still embryonic

and our trees
are smelt illusion.

STARK

wonder worlds Windows willed, we
roughen features, fractalize cloud
density, fabricate water level, fix
surface color with a few keyboard clicks

all illusion

like the mountain view from 35,000 feet,
window seat 10A, service from Seattle
to Dallas, snack only

we create what we can, adjust
hyperspace mixer, overestimate capacity
crash the system, blame the hardware

QUANTUM FUTURE

Today is new. Yesterday old.
We bear both, but new
is foreground, the computer program
currently running, the technology
in demand. Yesterday rests in shadow
where it remains forever, save
for brief moments of retrieval.
Yet somewhere in a quantum future
lies secret magic, enough to transport
old, new, future
into a present now.

HOLDING

Stuck in spiral codes, DNA
edges against test tubes, shifts
into new formations.
SARS, AIDS, COVID hone closely.
High IQs, perfect people hover.
Dolly laughs. Robo-eels hum.
Cat, dog, two-legged relatives,
squirrel on high wire, Earth herself
anticipate new futures.
Excitement covers Milky Way,
Great Spirit waiting.

MONKEY THOUGHTS DRIVE SIMPLE MACHINES

New study shows monkeys, implanted
with computerized electrode wigs, can
use thought alone to move robotic arms.

Science and fiction merge.

Neurobiologists rejoice.
Luddites shudder.
Paralyzed people hope.

Somewhere, in realms beyond newsprint,
God and Satan laugh. What will these monkeys
think of next?