

Grade Nine Geometry

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in grade nine geometry
I learned about points, lines,
rays, planes, and a parade
of polygons, spheres, pyramids,
and cones that always left me
hungry for ice cream

learned how to divide
the white page with angles,
precise and contained,
admired the saucy
isosceles angle, fell
in love with the acute angle,
was never sure about
the obtuse angle, always
wanted the right angle

learned axioms,
self-evident truths,
and theorems, less evident,
but available to proof (and
I loved the scent of approval

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from all that proving)

learned the world is the word
of a cosmic comic mathematician
who set all relations spinning
like a tot with a Spirograph

learned to take the measure
of the world with my compact
smart K-Mart math set,
compass protractor ruler,
all the tools a geometer could
need to drum earth's rhythms

only now in middle age
have learned the world
is more than geometric,
now seek to embrace
the chaotic and scribbled lines
of light and love dazzled
within wild imagination

must not forget when
I have lined my world in
crayon congruent polygons
and rest with a satisfied grin
in the cube of my self-creation
to ask, at least occasionally,
about worlds outside
my box, other worlds
beyond the painted panels
of my geometric control:
 no story is the whole story