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my mathematics

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my mathematics

karen morgan ivy

when i want to reach you
i always know that i can speak to you
through my mathematics
because you see
my mathematics is the closest
anyone can ever get to really knowing me

i can't bare my soul specifically
so i paint its reflection whimsically
onto your walls
brush-stroking
heart-provoking codes
fifty-five digits at a time
composing cadences of inordinate rhyme

i said i can't bare my soul specifically
so i tattoo its scent onto your olfactory nerves
welcoming the cohesion of realism and abstraction
enclosed in elliptic curves
because you see
my mathematics is the closest
anyone can ever get to really knowing me

no, my mathematics isn't always the greatest translation
but think of it like emancipation
like a civil right
a "we the people" fight
understanding that the enlightenment
only manifests and beckons the call
when there is liberty and justice for all

my mathematics isn't always my feelings
but it is the way that i bleed
so i seed
it and hope it sprouts in your mind
because sometimes the war crimes
that we have committed
against our spirits
refuse to be fitted
casually into conversation

i gather them and bury them
beneath my most artistic-mathematical creations
in hopes that your fascination
with deciphering things leads you there
and everywhere
that you encounter a mathematical sentence
accept that as my personal defense
that with hating mathematics comes repentance

my mathematics is one of my favorite things
one of my best things
the way through which i hotwire
the world and if you inquire
too much beyond that
you might miss the fact
that i am not really insane
i simply feign
for mathematics

you see...i just remain that poetic feminine energy
digging mathematical synergy
hello my name is karen
and i am a mathoholic
i dwell among the suspended
symbolic images of
iota mu epsilon
revealing the real I mu E a.k.a. me
who resurrected from the remains of pantheons

the real I mu E a.k.a. me
who sometimes hesitates to speak
but never keeps silent
because my mathematics is brave
and shouts about revolution
all while my fingers slave
as a matter of fact
i'm writing this piece in between keystrokes
while my thoughts are making minimum wage

thoughts linked to my mathematics
inked onto pages and pages
sonnets, theorems, haikus, and equations
solidifying conscious thought-invasions
i keep plenty of ammunition in my arsenal
free verse words as meaningful and powerful as they are artful
peer through the stained glass of my temple
and you will see
that i am nothing and yet everything
the manifestation of all that my mother dreamed

in keeping with my mathematical state of mind
i offer my mathematics in hopes you will discover
that speaking mathematics
doesn't require living and loving undercover
and this becomes the way that i reach you
when i want to speak to you
i always know that i can speak to you
through my mathematics
because you see
my mathematics is the closest
anyone can ever get to really knowing me