

The Ode to π

Mary Chan

Oh, symbol in math class and letter of Greek,
Close to our hearts, your value we keep,
Your irrationality helps us to see
The kinship twixt circles and their properties.

Oh, where would we be without π in our lives?
There would be no pizza, no blueberry pies,
No straw to drink juice from, no lamp shade to hide
The glare of a light bulb from our squinting eyes.

There would be no wine glass, no round tops to spin,
No glass bulbs for Christmas, no baseball to win,
And if not for π , much to his chagrin,
King Arthur's Round Table would never had been!

No chocolate chip cookies, no wheels on a car,
No compass to tell us if we're near or far,
No CDs to play, no bright distant stars,
No donuts, no cupcakes, no round candy jars.

No happyface stickers, no tennis to play,
No puddles to jump in on gray rainy days,
No glasses to see with, no chocolate-cream cake,
No reinforcements, no "twonies" to break.

No flashlight batteries to see in the dark,
No retracting rooftop at Sky Dome park,
No 100 percents when we get a mark,
No giant redwoods with ancient old bark.

We'd never go places if there were no wheels,
And would not go fishing without rod and reel,
There would be no halos, no aspirin to heal,
Or mysterious circles, in farmer's fields.

Oh, π , what a glorious letter of Greek,
Your irrationality helps us to see
That without your helpful and glad company,
Much of this world would cease to be.