

TAMMY DOUGLASS-WESTERGARD

Crossings

There's something enchanting about the way the mind
of a brilliant person works.

I can't pretend to grasp your thought logic,
but for me you find patterns in the chaos.

Your observations weave meaning from what most of us
would see as scattered fragments.

I feel this dance.

You speak in the language of numbers and tilings and knots,
but underneath it...
strands... emerging, evolving, intertwining.

Do you see the world the same way?

Do you see these patterns, looking at people
at relationships and recognize the unseen structure beneath?

Do you trace invisible connections between moments,
between emotions, between two lives crossing paths?

Note: This poem was inspired by the paper “Knotted Strapwork Strands in a Penrose-Type Girih Pattern”
by Joseph I. Cline, Proceedings of Bridges 2025: Mathematics and the Arts, Pages 61–68