JESSICA K. SKLAR

Disciple

(a love poem for mathematics)

And when they ask why I love you,
I divulge: in your universe,
normality is special, naturality
is contrived, fields can be infinite
and singularities are as commonplace
as odd primes.
                    I embrace,
cloistered, your level curves,
your succulent patois,
your lattices begging
for inversion, your fat phis
and eely xis, the pleasure of being bound
by constraints.
                    Absurd and precise,
like the language of a wary lover's hands,
you are reluctant to be laid
bare; but oh, how you may be coaxed into revealing
such surprising
and such wondrous
secrets.