

ode to my math nerd

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7th grade

My math nerd, the way you ponder so gracefully the value of pi is astonishing.
You can calculate the distance between you and your textbook using only your beautiful mind.

The cherry red calculator you carry around with you has a permanent home in my heart,

The way you type in equations at lightning speed.

You enrapture me with your ability to draw a perfect parabola with ease.

I have fallen in love with the way you convert from standard to slope-intercept to point-slope Form in seconds.

I have poured my cardioid-shaped heart into you and the 5 pound textbook you carry,
My blood seeping through the glossy pages like rain through a crack in a window.
My cylindrical left ventricle is stuck in your throat,
And while I struggle to pump the eighth element throughout my body,
You attempt to choke out the first 20 digits of tau.

I've always tried to pull you closer,
But you always manage to keep a distance from me.
Like additive inverses,
We are so similar yet so different,
But we make each other whole.

If only my beaten down, geometry-loving body could get close to
Your enchanting, algebra-obsessed one.
Then we could be everything and nothing all at Once
Darling, if we were a function,
I assure you,
Our limit would not exist.

But for now,
I dream of your touch,
The equations scribbled on your hands,
Your graph paper-induced papercuts,
And of us being infinite.

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