

**THE COLLECTED ENTRIES FROM
“MATH MEETS POETRY”**

FALL 2009

GREG ADAMS (1)

If each Epsilon,
has its very own Delta,
What about Delta??

GREG ADAMS (2)

First count up to five
Then find the clever seven
You have a haiku

GREG ADAMS (3)

There once was an Euler so sly,
Who succeeded at all he did try.
All who saw his works had cause to wonder,
about the source of his mathly thunder;
Not to mention his recipe for pi.

GREG ADAMS (4)

e is The number
The mother of all bases
It's transcendental

GREG ADAMS (5)

There once was a bottle of Klein
For the drink he loved so fine.
That container was stout,
But the inside was out.
So the beer on the floor made him whine.

GREG ADAMS (6)

There once was a scout, compass in hand
Who set out to map a Moebius Band
But that strip had a quirk,
So his compass didn't work.
And it didn't turn out as he planned

GREG ADAMS (7)

An uncommon band
One side, one edge: Mobius
Brilliantly twisted

GREG ADAMS (8)

There once was a man from Pisano,
Who played the numerical Peano.
After time spent with rabbits,
observing their habits.
He invented the sequence we all know.

JEFF BOWEN

There once was math guy named Riemann,
whose Hypothesis had people screamin'.
"Function Zeta," they'd squeal,
"All its zeroes have real
parts of zero point five! What a demon!"

JOHN BOURKE

Monday, proof is close,
Reduced to lemma Thursday.
Friday, lemma false.

PETE BROOKSBANK

The once was a logician called Bourke,
Who liked to mix axioms with work,
There was one about Choice,
That he chose to rejoice,
Which drove many others berserk.

I was the radius to your circumference.
The matchmaker, Pi, your wingman
Unioned us and you encircled and completed me.

You were the eigenvalue of my matrix
As our lives, I hoped, would always go
In the same direction (though your magnitude greater than mine).

We met on the bus.
I had a book; you saw my ISBN number.
You used error detecting codes;
You discovered the ISBN to my heart.

Remember that time
You saw my whole perimeter
You studied my topology
You liked my arc length
You wanted to be tangent to my curves
But I suggested we sleep like logs.

I thought you were a real value,
A perfect number,
And like a statistician, a mean lover.

And that's where we diverged.
Your statistician self could never be purely certain.
Over time I had reasonable doubt
That you were significantly different from the rest.
I had a high confidence level
That I should have rejected you
the first time you creeped on my book.
Why did I think our love
could stem from investigative work on your part?
What I type 2 error I have made.

The sleigh bells ring, this year I'm list'ning
I'm not busy proving $2\mathbb{Z}$ is a subring.
The top floors of Olin have a constant clatter
It distracts me from my topological matters.
In the office I'll always find Polly.
She's lovelier than a bough of holly.
Next to her lives Karl Voss.
Front and center in pictures, he thinks he's boss.
A few doors down resides Howard S.
I reckon his holiday spirits are no less than best.
Between them exists a most brilliant mind.
Ms. Pamela Gorkin who'll sing "Auld Lang Syne"
At all the parties, and with socks woolly
Will sing right along her sidekick Ueli.

Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen.
Amy Miko Donner's glistening,
Always smiling and at that,
She spreads her cheer to neighbor Matt.
Although topology's a silent killer.
We still all like tea-connoisseur Miller.
To complete the happy corner
Is Dr. Frey, but he's no foreigner
To dynamical systems and rules they obey
Just him and Acuna get what they convey.
Adams we missed last year
His grandiose smile from ear to ear.

The snow is falling and there lies chill
John Bourke's feet perched on the sill.

Next door McGuire calls "yoo-hoo,
How 'bout a sleigh ride and functional analysis too?"
A' wassailing by comes George Exner
I hear he's tough but I like that better.
Up on the rooftop, do I hear a sound?
Perhaps some latin beats coming 'round?
It must be Adam Piggott or Nathan Ryan
Keeping their little ones from fussing or crying.
Next to them fresh from Kalamazoo.

NINA FORSBERG

Topologist lost in the halls of this
Institution of higher knowledges
In Olin is in out?
Like Felix Kline I shout
"I'm in a bottle that's gone all a'twist!"

STEVE GUATTERY (1)

There once was an algebr'ist termagent
Who tried to compute the permanent.
 Though she strove with her pencil
 It took time exponential.
"Oh why ain't it like the determinant!"

STEVE GUATTERY (2)

A mathematician from Crete
Computationally met his defeat
 At the hands of the permanent.
 Unlike the determinant
The damn thing is #P complete.

LAUREN HALL

There once was girl who swore
That two and two added to more.
She said it made five,
And thus she'd survive
Orwell's 1984

LESLIE HARRIS

Conway and Khinchin,
Liouville, Champernowne, Pi:
Constant amazement.

JEN KOKOSKA

Oh, the fun that Math can be
Integrals, proofs, and much more
Pi, cosine, tangent, and e
There is nothing else to adore

Oh, what a mysterious x we can find,
Relationships we can model
Expanding the walls of our mind,
Thinking outside the Klein bottle,

And the Bison! They are just first rate
They always better the rest
Of the finest there is no debate
Bucknell Math Majors are simply the best!

So 'Ray for Orange, 'Ray for Blue
And 'Ray for Fibonacci too!

LYNN'S SEMINAR

The Bucknell Bison's
Mathematicians are fresh
Come learn calculus

MATT MIZUHARA (1)

A proof by cases:
Simple and effective plan...
Bar coloring maps.

MATT MIZUHARA (2)

There once was a Real Analysis hero,
Who thought he'd write proofs with his biro.
The limits converged,
But a problem emerged,
When his epsilon was less than zero!

DEIRDRE O'CONNOR

There once was a mathematician
who crushed on a hot statistician.
She asked for assistance
analyzing statistics;
the findings were found, and love, in addition.

JANICE PEARSON

It was difficult finding a path
As her poorest of subjects was math
She could understand ten
But would rather do Zen
And read poems by Sylvia Plath

JACOB PEDDER

numbers confuse me
its like they mean nothing but
refrigerator

KEN ROMEO (1)

From Taylor we see
 $e^{i\pi} + 1$
Is zero. What the..?!

KEN ROMEO (2)

Mengoli posed a problem for those who dared

Find $\sum_{n=1}^{\infty} \frac{1}{n^2}$.

'Twas Leonhard Euler
Who played the spoiler.

When " $\frac{\pi^2}{6}$." he correctly declared!

KEN ROMEO (3)

There once was a kid from Smith Hall
Who took 308 in the fall.
The proofs made him cry,
But he'd try and he'd try
And pound his head against the wall.

AMANDA ROY

To Mr Leibniz we
Owe the surface integrals
That cause us distress

JOE RUBY (1)

If I was to take a bath
I'd fill my bath with liquid math
And use plus signs to wash my ath...
How I love my math!

JOE RUBY (2)

The guy we know as Russell,
His paradox had muscle;
But Fraenkel and Zermelo,
Now they were clever fellows!

JOE RUBY (3)

The students wake up at a quarter past eight
They're all showered by twenty past nine
The go get their coffee and anxiously wait
For the bell tower's ten-o'clock chime.
They sit in the room drinking milk, eating donuts;
Their visages broadcast "Hooray!"
The best and the brightest are ready to go nuts:
The Putnam Exam is today!

The students come to at five minutes 'til one
A few look like they have been punched...
This might not be the definition of "fun,"
But at least they all get a free lunch.
They chat about questions 1, 2, 3, and 4;
From 5 and 6 they stay away.
They walk up the hill, (somewhat) ready for more:
The Putnam Exam is today!

The students wake up at ten minutes 'til six,
They've been sleeping since twenty 'til five.
They know they've been duped by a horrible trick:
They'd been robbed of six hours of their lives.
Why they chose to sign up for the humiliation,
Most could not begin to say,
Since now they're all longing for winter vacation
As the sun goes down on Putnam day.

He walks to the office and knocks on the door.
"Come on in," says the prof. who's been waiting.
"Well, give me the news, teacher, what was my score?"
"You did well, my friend, you got an 18!"
And he then understood why he did what he did,
Why he gave so much effort that day.
As he walked down the hall the prof. said, "Study, kid,
The next Putnam's just eight months away!"

HOWARD SMITH

With an extra co-ordinate axis
and a shed-full of mins and of maxes
it's easy to see
why we all like calc 3
(though it doesn't help much with the taxes).

BRIDGET SWEET

Math makes me nauseous.
I guess I'm not bad at it,
but would rather sing.

KARL VOSS (1)

There once was a smart Bucknell student
Who a theorem thought he could prove it
He tried and he tried
he tried til he cried
In the end the student haiku-ed it

KARL VOSS (2)

Mean Value Theorem
Make a line through the end points
slopes must match at c

KARL VOSS (3)

Spending quiet hours
induction and deduction
the key step beyond reach

KARL VOSS (4)

integrate and differentiate
study quite hard its not yet to late
but tough statistics
may try to trick us
but our fate will still be to graduate

RYAN WARD

I have discovered
A truly marvelous proof
Doesn't fit Haiku