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## 2019 AMS Math Poetry Contest

### A Love Letter to My X

To wonder is to dream, said one of the greats—  
To meddle is to be irrational. Love, like  
Many things, is fickle and feckless. Ask mother:  
She would agree. And people will tell you to find  
X until you die, but man, you need to move on.  
I believe in the power of both math and love,  
A cumbrous combining of two greats.  
Life is pointless without geometry, they say, and  
Opinions without 3.1415 are just onions. So tell me  
Why I cry when I see octopi while my X calls me obtuse.  
In this love letter to my X, I say thank you, and urge  
You to move on like the rest of them. Because, like numbers  
That aren't divisible by two, you're both odd and weird  
And honestly, mathematicians hate you. Don't ask me  
For my sine when you know you're a gemini,  
Don't call me and proclaim your love. I hope we  
Diverge and never intersect again, and man,  
Don't you ask me Y.

--- *Tina Xia, Walt Whitman High School*