

MY FAVORITE THEOREM

by Tom Breen

*'Twas a thick and slothful early morn,
when Maude and I set out to Innisfree,
past the darkened Georgian homes,
with their crumbling outer walls.*

*To Tara; - High Hill of Tara! seat of high-born kings
ancient place of knowledge and divining arcane things -
was where our carriage sped this day,
for knowledge it was that which we sought,
to be attained without delay.*

*For a vile and grievous dilemma,
had come to hang above us,
a preponderance to which our well-bred minds,
could achieve little but naught.*

*Maude and I were children of letters,
the written word and not the number.
And the problem which had beset us this day
was math, and thus to us foreign.*

*We had been charged to discover,
the perpendicular bisector
of a given triangle,
which had us so confused.*

*So we climbed the Hill of Tara,
desolate these thousand years,
and pitched five bright and golden coins,
into the ruined Well of Knowledge there.*

*We called out into the inky well,
in the manner of Fionn and Boru.
And asked our burning query,
then waited, quiet and still.*

*Soon a voice primordial,
and speaking the tongue of the Gaels,
answered us with a riddle;
"Two points equi imply a perpendicular bisector."*

*At first, we were surprised,
and quiet with reverent awe.
But then, sweet joy set in:
our math problem was solved!*

*We drove back to Dublin,
with a haste born of glee.
Bringing a new theorem,
a gift from another time.*

Inspired by William Butler Yeats

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