

ANNETTE MARTIN

A Strange Love Affair

Once upon a Time—
I lived all the way
Over-Here.
He lived all the way
Over-There.

This was not very interesting.

By happenstance,
It came it be
Halfway ventured each,
To Almost-There.

And then it was
In my eternal Grace
I stumbled—
Upon him.

“Forgive me, Sir,” said I.
“Don’t worry ‘bout it,” said he.
And then—
I always knew
Mathematicians
Were Magicians—
A pinecone appeared
At my feet.
“It’s a gift,” he said
And walked away.

“But?” I stuttered—
He’d vanished.
I picked it up—
Mumbling—
“I would have preferred flowers.”

Then
Walking
Down the street, I saw it—
His mathematician cape! —
I snatched it.

“Hello, Sir,” said I.
“Hey,” said he.
“Won’t you dine with me?”
Reluctant—he consented.

At first, he refused
To speak.
“Whence came you?”
I pressed.
“From Over-There.”
“Why, I am from Over-Here!”
“How grand.”

And...
silence.

Too much silence.

Until I hit upon
a stroke
of brilliance.
Smiled I trickily—
Time to taunt
A mathematical genius.

“Now, may I ask”—
“I guess,” said he
“Well, you see
I’ve been thinking—
Is not the first
the
Most Beautiful Of Numbers—
Elegant and whole?”

“The first?” he asked
“But surely not!”
“But why ever not?” asked I.
“What Number, then,
Does hold the claim
of Most Beautiful Of All?”

At that,
He smiled—
“Well” he said

“It’s funny you should ask...”

A magical dinner!
A mystical night
Of
Philosophical enchantment
And
Mathematical abstraction—
A very labyrinth of discussion
(And a touch of attraction).

“Well now,” he said,
“I don’t know what to do.”
“Worry not,” said I,
“If you would like,
we’ll meet again soon”—

And with a coy smile,
I dropped him a flower;
And slipped
carefully
away.

So it began.

A perfectly calculated series of
Incalculable
Consequence.
A smooth dance of
Precise lines...

An exchange of
Pinecones
and Poetry,
Of questions
and Carnations,

In the
Strange Love Affair
Of a
Philosophical-Enchantress
And a
Mathematical-Magician.

CAROL NILLES

Danny Glover

Coming!
Oh, he’s really coming!
Danny Glover’s coming.
“Class, I want perfect behavior.
All eyes will be on our school today.”

We filed into the auditorium
demurely.
My heart was hopping.
Third row.
Really close.
Applause!
Ms. Kopf read her poem.
And he was crying.
He hugged Ms. Kopf!
We clapped.
We whistled!
And then—
Danny Glover kissed Ms. Kopf!
We screamed!
He talked to us
so wonderfully.

“Danny, over here.
Here I am.”
But he said farewell.

Danny Glover never touched me.
Never hugged me.
Never kissed me.
Never saw me!
But I saw Danny Glover.

Later I climbed the stairs to the stage.
I sat in THE chair.
“Danny Glover sat here.”
Ms. Kopf came by.
I grabbed the water glass.
“I’m taking this home.
This is mine.
Danny Glover drank from this glass.”
Ms. Kopf said, “Ok.”