

THE LAST DIGIT OF PI

Lee Slonimsky

Bisected by a tree, the sun's gold light
draws angles on the glass skin of the pond;
dawn's revellers, a pair of geese in flight
soar high above the wooded hill, beyond
Pythagoras's line of sight. And now
he's all alone, high priest of water, sky,
intuiter of theorems, teller how
this world's the weave of math, the art of Pi.
Another pair of geese approach and glide
across the water, near the grove of trees
he sits beneath. Bird shadows try to hide
amidst the ripples wrinkled by a breeze.
The last of Pi's that stealthy, he decides,
elusive as the wind this dawn light rides.

"The Last Digit of Pi" © 2004 by Lee Slonimsky