

# **“The square root of three”**

**by David Feinberg**

I fear that I will always be  
A lonely number like root three

A three is all that's good and right,  
Why must my three keep out of sight  
Beneath a vicious square root sign,  
I wish instead I were a nine

For nine could thwart this evil trick,  
with just some quick arithmetic

I know I'll never see the sun, as 1.7321  
Such is my reality, a sad irrationality  
When, hark! Just what is this I see,  
Another square root of a three

Has quietly come waltzing by,  
Together now we multiply  
To form a number we prefer,  
Rejoicing as an integer

We break free from our mortal bonds  
And with a wave of magic wands  
Our square root signs become unglued  
And love for me has been renewed