

## **Pi: A Poem**

by Saurav Nayak - Monday, March 23, 2015

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I am pi,  
16th among the greek letters i stand;  
If you are too certain of my start and end,  
Wager and bet; in trouble you will land.

As a number I start,  
A simple ratio of geometry conceived to be;  
When the circumference and diameter of a circle divided,  
Calculate and you will end up with me.

3.14159,  
Is all of me, I think you did assume;  
Just take a try to pen me down,  
Whole stack of earth's paper I would consume.

Not rational, a complete decimal,  
A true irrational number I am;  
Of non repeating decimals am I made,  
As different as the counting fingers of a palm.

A fixed origin I possess,  
The ending is what's unknown, infinite;  
And still at moment now I move along,  
Conjuring digits to my tail, indefinite.

And as permutation creates,  
All possibilities my decimals can make;  
Among their non repeated non ending stance,  
Any combo, any form I can take.

The answer to life,  
Or a fragment of it, in my numbers do I hide;  
And wait for none as I journey along -  
to my end, as do time and tide.

And so much for a simple ratio to be,  
A value to use of geometry am I;  
Forever yours, forever long,  
I am a mystery: I am pi.

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