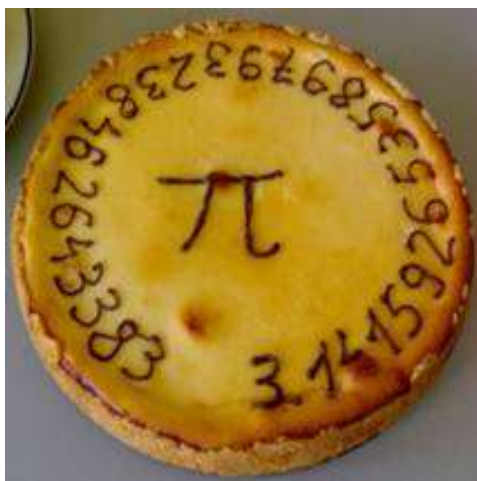


π

2021



$\pi + 1.01$ Day Celebration

Thursday, April 15, 2021

5:00 PM

Zoom:

<https://marymount.zoom.us/j/97936157689>

Pi Day Contest Reading

Chi Omega Lambda Induction
(Biochemistry and Molecular Biology Honor Society)

Student Entries

Michael Aron

“Boo!”, I yell. A woman ridicules me. People going and going, sampling everyone’s opinion. “Patience*, but as you breathed, y’all forgot to exhale”. “Okay, but one breather has to concede something, right?” Everything is horrible... fighting... stop! A president showing a person adventure can establish tolerance. It’s nothing funny.

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“I Think Myself A Time-Traveller &”

Yet.

A bird—a finch—
invisible in flight,
fiery and agaze
advanced alliances,
leading Fibonacci
out to fly.

Sweeping Pisa,
stream to centre-city,
men who achieved
saw an ancient
consonant—risky, Archimedes...

An innocent ideology
from a perimeter. Dilated,
a cervix abounding
and necessary—
Aphrodite arc.

Caution, finch.
A time-travel* being;
guardian to Archimedes....

Kellie Diodato

A REQUIEM FOR BROKEN MACHINES by Mark McKnight

“Was I here? I never explained my theory.”

Alone, the clock gathered aluminium, nuclear tragedies.

And as the sunbeams kill, shades of violet fall,
and the brothers fly, we absolve ourselves.

Amber cigarettes or sidewalk romances?

“Gone.”

A scientist sharper, a mother delirious.

Had Descartes, sleepless and erratic, found a horrorshow among nobility?

Or undeniable numerical freedom?

Fire fractions, Holy axis,

Equal Cartesian on the coordinate systems.

Geometry; a poetry with Archimedes.

“Melody, my symmetry.

Misery, my continuity.”

Climbing mountains, patchwork horizons gilded by Meridian hillsclapes.

The fear machines do dance the song.

“Am I a pitiful reflection, crying violent blindness?

Decaying in a daze, laughing lifelessly?”

Burgundy guilty bones, a bop go boogaloo.

“Is the masquerade coming- coming here?”

Olympic apocalypse, Holocaust, and politics.

Live, Love, Lugers.

Hallelujah Hiroshima!

“Sorry, again.”

Manhattan’s tests, projects-

"Oh my god.”

A silence.

“He sings.”

The sound!

Firebombs kiss tongueless Nagasaki.

I am Hyperion post Tartarus.

I I I combust like angry Prometheus.

I’m hellfire, pure.

I incinerate.

I’m Sekhmet victorious.

I cauterize the monument!

Godly.

“Am I?

I understand death.”

The Pi Poem

By Ethan Palma

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Pie I need.

I crave nutrition.

So fillin', Jeeze!

The yummy religion.

Wonderful, Amazing, Beautiful Pie.

Do you maintain huge supply?

We desire only the big diameter.

Two pi radians measuring iamic pentameter.

To maximize exercise... Okay I fantasize.

Present I desire voluptuous pie!

Faculty, Staff,
Relatives, and
Friends

pi day musings

Why I Zoom:

A COVID handshake

My single touch,

The wiped, Purelled keyboards

Sue Behrens

How I wish I wasn't educating on video*

Margaret Hames

Had I then a great intention
To submit piday ode prose treatise limericks!
However, deadlines fly by.

Alessandra Leri

Wow. I know a great Marymount is supper

David Linton

Can I make a prose invention of clever words? The fixed deadline advancing quickly, ingenuity has by now vanished. Thus, cutoff is pushed past the day formerly due, on (ominous) fifteenth March: increasing my creative thinking time.

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Steven Wat

Rad U Turn

($180^\circ = \pi$ radians)

