

Why, π ! Stop, π ! Weird anomalies do behave badly!
You, madly conjured, imperfect, strange, numerical,
Why do you maintain this facade?
In finite time you are barbaric!
You do wonders, mesmerize minds!

O, do elements numerous have a beautiful meaning-
A system isolating all mysteries, solutions for puzzles, chaos, a
O snafu apparent in O Universal Concept from believing lies?
That there, obstinate in you, O Strange Constant,
A Divine Sign O exists is unlikely unless
Is O revealed Something Brilliant, negating belief!
In formulas, O, you show yourself in Greek and math as a π forever--
O hidden wonders absconded, infinite, in a tiny constant, O, sneakily,
rather?
Never, I say!
