



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

*That three is all that's good and right,
Why must my three keep out of sight
Beneath the vicious square root sign,
I wish instead that 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! What is this I see,
Another square root of 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
With the wave of magic wands*

*Our square root signs become unglued
Your love for me has been renewed*

Krunal Mistry
MMS B