[Robin Chapman: Poem](#) **[1]**

May 2, 2016   [Math Poetry](#) [2]

Stepping out of the meeting,
our spinning energy of a week's workshop

slowing, I watch the white breath of the snow
lift into mist, erase the mountains

the sound of a train threads the clouds,
bearing logs or oil out of hearing

all week we have been listening to the echoes
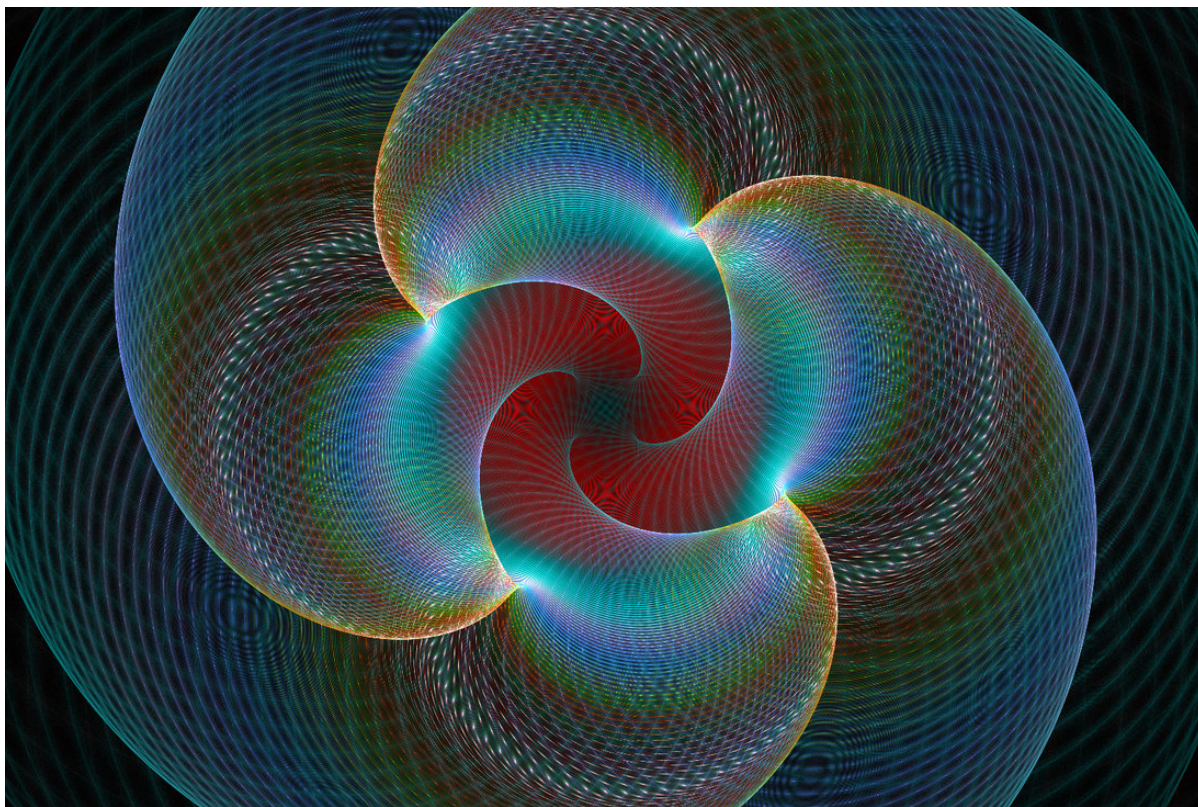of numbers, one hundred ways to prove cubic roots

tucking laser-cut spirals into globes
imagining hypercubes

assembled by pairs, parenthetically
reminded that every opening must have its closing

computed the relative risk
of being the victim of a mass shooting

or catastrophe in an old pine forest
the dynamics of a heart attack

the mist that rises becomes the cloud descending
sometimes we forget the mountains

Art Information

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Robin Chapman is author of eight books of poetry, including the collaboration *Images of a Complex World: The Art and Poetry of Chaos* (World Scientific), with her poems and physicist J. C. Sprott's fractal images and explanations; and *the eelgrass meadow* and *One Hundred White Pelicans*, poems of climate change from Tebot Bach. A ninth book, *Six True Things*, about her childhood in the Manhattan Project town of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, is forthcoming from Tebot Bach in 2016.

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