

Mathematics Is My God

Yes, my God is mathematics, my people, the Jews.
It's taken me a while—more than seventy years—
to distill these views.

To many, my meaning mightn't be too clear:
Am I not American? Do I worship math?
some might ask in exasperation, perhaps in fear
that I've lost my marbles or some even in wrath.
But no, I really should take time to explain,
describe the meandering path

that's led me to make these perplexing claims.
Spiritual beings we are and crave the transcendent;
social animals, we, with ties to ancestors' names
so of six millennia's traditions I'm not independent;
'my' history: good, bad, proud, ignominious
runs through me, me, of David descendent.

Okay, you say, but wonder, can I really be serious
about my God—my God is *mathematics*?
Hold on. No, I'm not delirious.

I'm not being one of those egghead heretics
who make of abstract thought an idol, a Supreme.
And it doesn't take lengthy hermeneutics
to give you a feeling for just what I mean.
Think! The universals I ponder and by myself invent
are of *me*, in *me*, in a real sense never seen.

Yet in Asia, Europe—wherever under our firmament—
there are others who resonate to, or create,
similar constructs and ideas—are they heaven-sent?

To that I'd say no. But to me there's nothing as great
as this oneness, this universal, this, yes, this transcendent.

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