Ode To A Parallelogram

Fair figure, thou, whose equidistant sides
Will never meet, however far produced;
Who can'st with others of thy kind coincide,
If thou art geometrically induced!
How often as a boy, unwillingly,—
The while my master glowered o'er his specs, —
Have I divided thee diagonally
In halves, that equal were in all respects!
I had not known thee long before I learned
That equal were thy angles alternate;
How sweet was this to know; I've often turned
That I might in that thought luxuriate.
And those adjacent, two right angles made,
When their degrees were added, each to each;
Oh, that this truth may never, never fade!
Ah, what a glorious lesson doth this teach!
I loved thee in my youth and still adore
The idol of my first fantastic dreams;
Thy beauty still has lured me more and more;
The guiding influence of my life it seems.
There are who hold that in the curved line
Lieth the basic form of Beauty's mold;
These ne'er have met thy influence divine,
Else they had not to thy appeal been cold.
Since I have learned to know thy secret soul,
Devoid I've found it of deceit and sham;
Constant and changeless; tried and ever true
Faithful to me, beloved Parallelogram.

Q. E. D.

Diagonal, '23.