

## [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

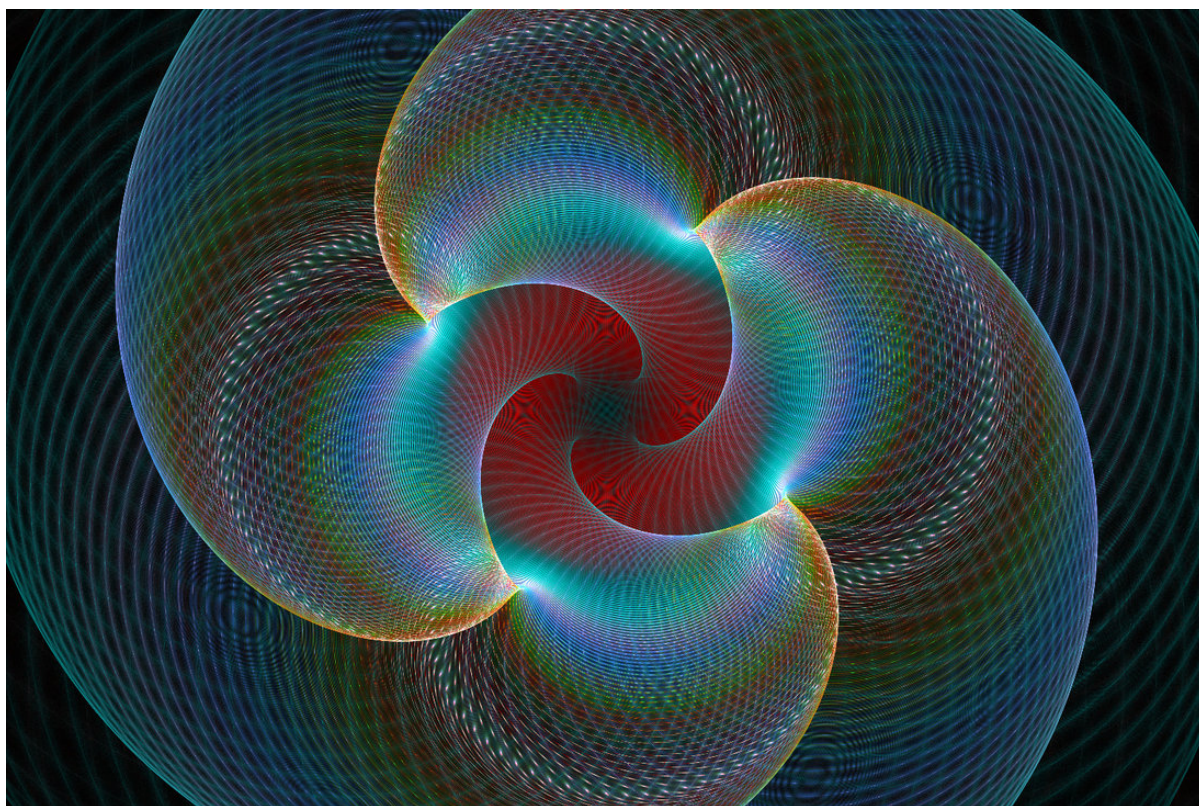
tucking laser-cut spirals into globes  
imagining hypercubes

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



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### 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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