

Poetry among Theorems

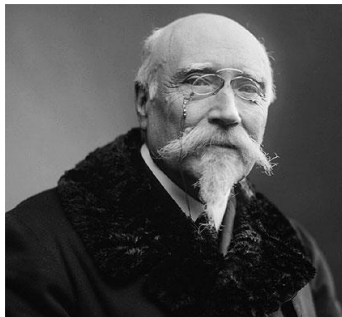
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This essay has its origin in my talk for a workshop about Literature and Mathematics celebrated in the town of Óbidos (Portugal) during the month of October 2017. It was mostly attended by local people but, unfortunately, I do not speak Portuguese, even in that fantastic hybrid version, Portugnol, that many of my Portuguese friends master so well. Therefore, my lecture had to be delivered in English but, here and there, I introduced poems in Spanish which were difficult for me to translate properly. Fortunately, the majority of the audience was fluent in both English and Spanish, and I got the impression that, after all, successful communication was achieved. This is why I have decided to keep that English-Spanish mixture also in the written version¹.

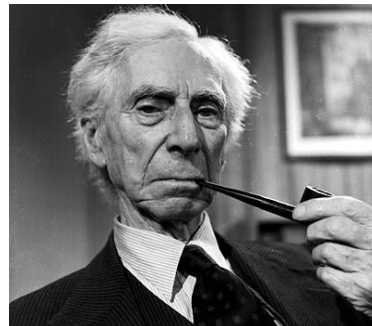
At this stage of my life I can reasonably claim to be a mathematician, but regarding poetry I barely reach the level of amateur. Therefore, all my comments about the relationship of Mathematics and Literature must be taken with lot of precautions, with a grain of salt let us say.



There are, as far as I know, two mathematicians in the list of Nobel Laureates in Literature, namely, José Echegaray and Bertrand Russell, who received their prizes, respectively, in 1904 and 1950.



José Echegaray (Spain, 1832-1916)



Bertrand Russell (United Kingdom, 1872-1970)

José Echegaray was a professor of Mathematics at the Civil Engineering School of Madrid who was distinguished with the Nobel Prize in Literature because of his many theatrical

¹ The text also includes several free traslations of poems.

plays, written in verse with a style and subjects reminiscent of those of Henrik Ibsen. He was also a remarkable liberal-reformist politician in charge of the Ministry of Economy of Spain in several Governments (before, during and after the First Republic). In particular, he is credited with the creation of the National Bank of Spain as the only entity capable of printing money. Echegaray did not produce original research, but he was aware of the main developments of Mathematics during his lifetime, and delivered lectures, and wrote monographs, about many topics, such as Galois Theory, Fourier Series, Complex Variables or Calculus of Variations. He always claimed that Mathematics was his true subject of intellectual love. Let us quote him:

«Las Matemáticas fueron, y son, una de las grandes preocupaciones de mi vida; y si yo hubiera sido rico o lo fuera hoy, si no tuviera que ganar el pan de cada día, probablemente me hubiera marchado a una casa de campo y me hubiera dedicado exclusivamente al cultivo de las matemáticas. Ni más dramas, ni más adulterios, ni más suicidios, ni más duelos, ni más pasiones desencadenadas... Pero el cultivo de las Altas Matemáticas no da lo bastante para vivir. El drama más desdichado, el crimen teatral más modesto, proporciona mucho más dinero que el más alto problema de cálculo integral...»

‘Mathematics has been, and still is, one of the most absorbing interests in my life. If I had been a wealthy person, or if I were rich now; if I would not have to gain my daily sustenance, most probably I would have devoted myself exclusively to its study. No more pathetic dramatic plays, no more adulteries, no more suicides, no more tempestuous passions... But the dedication to Higher Mathematics does not allow one to make a living. The unhappiest tragedy, the most truculent theatrical crime produces more money for its author than the solution of the most difficult problem of Integral Calculus.’

This is a curious comment of José Echegaray who, as was already mentioned, shared with Bertrand Russell the privilege of being both mathematicians and Nobel laureates in Literature. The analogy goes further if we take into account that they were public figures involved in political activities; also their merits for the Nobel Prize were in both cases questioned by many authors, who did not consider their work to be of such a high literary quality. Their contributions to Mathematics are also of low profile: José Echegaray did not produce original research, he was just a teacher and writer of monographs, while the main mathematical objective of Bertrand Russell, namely the reduction of Mathematics to Logic, became a kind of fiasco after the results later obtained by Kurt Gödel.



What makes a poem complete, so that one cannot add or subtract a single word without destroying its perfection, and yet it is not reduced to a few brilliant verses together with some others irrelevant or anodyne?

What makes a theorem deep and important? What proportion of truth, novelty and beauty in the linking of the ideas converts its proof into that glorious and incorruptible landmark of human thought?

The association of Poetry and Mathematics would appear as an oxymoron to most citizens because they do not relate Mathematics to the search for any kind of beauty. On the contrary, they tend to consider its study a class of mental torture experienced during their youth.

But we know with Galileo that Mathematics is, among other things, the language of Nature, and that the description of the Universe requires the capacity to create precise definitions, imaginative metaphors and rules of thought needed to uncover the truth.

It is well known that perhaps the most important components in a poem are not, necessarily, the ideas involved, but the beautiful combination of words, sounds and rhythms. On the other hand, with metaphors alone we cannot travel far in Science.

But any proof of a deep mathematical fact, involving new and ingenious ideas, will ask for a phrasing, both precise and beautiful, in the description of the new concepts created and their surprising links.



Here are some examples of my favourite poems with a certain mathematical flavour:

*Oh, the little more,
and how much it is!
And the little less,
and what worlds away!*

Robert Browning

*¡Oh!, el poquito más,
¡y cuánto más es!
Y el poquito menos,
¡y cuántos mundos se nos van con él!*

(Free translation)

This charming short poem was quoted by Hardy, Littlewood and Pólya in their celebrated book *Inequalities*. I believe that it captures, deeply and beautifully, the nature of the mathematical search for rigorous proofs.

The natural numbers and the infinity of space have also inspired the poets:

*I am Nobody!
Who are you?
Are you Nobody too?
Then there 's a pair of us!*

Emily Dickinson

*¡No soy nadie!
¿Quién eres tú?
¿Tampoco eres nadie?
¡Ya somos dos!*

(Free translation)

*¡Qué sed de saber cuánto!
¡Qué hambre de saber cuántas
estrellas tiene el cielo!
Nos pasamos la infancia
contando piedras, plantas,
dedos, arenas, dientes,
la juventud contando pétalos, cabelleras.
Contamos los colores, los años,
las vidas y los besos,
en el campo los bueyes,
en el mar las olas.
Los navíos se hicieron cifras...*

Pablo Neruda (Oda a los números)

*Oh, the thirst to know how many!
The hunger to know how many
stars in the sky!
We spend our childhood
counting stones, plants,
fingers, grains of sand and teeth,
our youth counting petals, beautiful hairs.
We count colours, years,
lives, and kisses,
in the country oxen,
by the sea, the waves.
Ships became ciphers...*

(Free translation)

*To see a World in a Grain of Sand
and a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.*

William Blake

*Ver un mundo en un grano de arena
y un cielo en una flor silvestre.
Abarcar el Infinito en la palma de tu mano
y la Eternidad en una hora.*

(Free translation)





Fray Luis de León (1527-1591) was a poet, theologian, Augustinian friar, a Renaissance man and professor of the Universidad de Salamanca, whose poetry was influenced by Horace and represents one of the peaks of Spanish literature. His celebrated *Ode to Felipe Ruiz* contains an ambitious project of innovative scientific research for the XVI century: it asks, among other things, about the nature of earthquakes, the motion of oceans and winds, and the origin of 'that energy' which illuminates the stars in the sky.

*¿Cuándo será que pueda
libre desta prisión volar al cielo,
Felipe, y en la rueda
que huye más del suelo,
contemplar la verdad pura, sin duelo?*

[...]

*Por qué tiembla la tierra;
por qué las hondas mares se embravecen,
do sale a mover guerra
el cierzo, y por qué crecen
las aguas del océano y descrecen;*

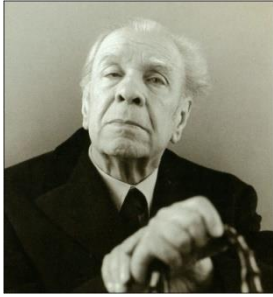
[...]

*Y de allí levantado,
veré los movimientos celestiales,
ansí el arrebatado,
como los naturales;
las causas de los hados, las señales.*

*Quién rige las estrellas
veré, y quién las enciende con hermosas
y eficaces centellas;
por qué están las dos Osas
de bañarse en la mar siempre medrosas.*

Fray Luis de León (Oda a Felipe Ruiz)





Jorge Luis Borges (1899-1986) is an excellent example of a poet who got inspiration from Mathematics. Especially remarkable are his short tales entitled *The Aleph*, *The Library of Babel* and *Funes, the Memorious*. Borges was fascinated with the concept of infinity in Mathematics and wrote about the paradox of Achilles and the tortoise. The following is a quotation from *The Library of Babel*.

«El Universo (que otros llaman la Biblioteca) se compone de un número indefinido, tal vez infinito, de galerías hexagonales.... A cada uno de los muros de cada hexágono corresponden cinco anaqueles; cada anaquel encierra treinta y dos libros de formato uniforme; cada libro es de cuatrocientas diez páginas; cada página de cuarenta renglones; cada renglón, de unas ochenta letras de color negro. También hay letras en el dorso de cada número; esas letras no indican o prefiguran lo que dirán las páginas. Sé que esa inconexión, alguna vez, pareció misteriosa. Antes de resumir la solución (cuyo descubrimiento, a pesar de sus trágicas proyecciones, es quizás el hecho capital de la historia) quiero rememorar algunos axiomas.

El primero: La Biblioteca existe *ab aeterno*...

El segundo: El número de símbolos ortográficos es veinticinco. Esa comprobación permitió, hace trescientos años, formular una Teoría General de la Biblioteca... la naturaleza uniforme y caótica de casi todos los libros...

Hace quinientos años, el jefe de un hexágono superior dio con un libro tan confuso como todos los otros, pero que tenía casi dos hojas de líneas homogéneas. Mostró su hallazgo a un descifrador ambulante, que le dijo que estaban redactadas en portugués; otros le dijeron que en yiddish. Antes de un siglo pudo establecerse el idioma: un dialecto samoyedo-lituano del guaraní, con inflexiones de árabe clásico. También se descifró el contenido: nociones de análisis combinatorio, ilustradas por ejemplos de variaciones con repetición ilimitada. Estos ejemplos permitieron que un bibliotecario de genio descubriera la ley fundamental de la Biblioteca. Este pensador observó que todos los libros, por diversos que sean, constan de elementos iguales: el espacio, el punto, la coma, las veintidós letras del alfabeto. También alegó un hecho que todos los viajeros han confirmado: No hay en la vasta Biblioteca dos libros idénticos.

De esas premisas incontrovertibles dedujo que la Biblioteca es total y sus anaqueles registran todas las posibles combinaciones de los veintitantos símbolos ortográficos, o sea todo lo que es dable expresar: en todos los idiomas. Todo: la historia minuciosa del porvenir, las autobiografías de los arcángeles, el catálogo fiel de la Biblioteca, miles y miles de falsos catálogos, la demostración de la falacia de esos catálogos, la demostración de la falacia del catálogo verdadero,..., la relación verídica de tu muerte, la versión de cada libro en todas las lenguas, ...»

‘The Universe (also called The Library by others) is composed of an indefinite and perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries... There are five shelves for each of the hexagon’s walls; each shelf contains thirty-five books of uniform format; each book is of four hundred and ten pages; each page, of forty lines; each line, of some eighty letters which are black in colour. There are also letters on the spine of each book; these letters do not indicate or prefigure what the pages will contain. I know that this incoherence, at one time, seemed mysterious. Before summarizing the solution (whose discovery, in spite of its tragic projections, is perhaps the capital fact in history), I wish to recall a few axioms:

First: The Library exists *ab aeterno*...

Second: The total number of orthographic symbols is twenty-five. This finding made it possible, three hundred years ago, to formulate a general theory about the Library... The formless and chaotic nature of almost all the books...

Five hundred years ago, the chief of an upper hexagon came upon a book as confusing as the others, but which had nearly two pages of homogeneous lines. He showed his discovering to a wandering decoder who told him that those lines were written in Portuguese; others said they were Yiddish. Within a century, the language was established: a Samoyedic-Lithuanian dialect of Guaraní, with classical Arabian inflections. The content was also deciphered: some notions of combinatorial analysis, illustrated with examples of variations with unlimited repetitions. These examples made it possible for an ingenious librarian to discover the fundamental law of the Library. That thinker observed that all the books, no matter how diverse they might be, are made up of the same elements: the space, the period, the comma, the twenty-two letters of the alphabet. He also alleged a fact which travellers have confirmed: in the vast Library there are no two identical books.

Out of those incontrovertible premises he inferred that the Library was total and that its shelves contain all possible combinations of orthographic signs; that is, everything that can be expressed in every language. Everything: the detailed history of time to come, the archangels’ autobiographies, the faithful catalogue of the Library, thousands and thousands of false catalogues, the proof of the fallacy of those catalogues, the proof of the fallacy of the true catalogue..., the true story of your death, the translation of every book in all languages...’





San Juan de la Cruz (1542-1591), together with Santa Teresa de Jesús (1515-1582), represent the highest peak of Spanish Mysticism. The concept of ‘nothingness or empty set’ is recurrent in many of his poems. Miguel de Molinos (1628-1697) was a follower of San Juan who developed a theory (‘Quietismo’, according to which there is no serious correlation between the acts of the body and the health of the soul), making him a very popular spiritual leader among the people of Rome. That popularity, nevertheless, became his big problem because Miguel de Molinos ended up being prosecuted by the Italian Inquisition and imprisoned in Santa Maria supra Minerva.

In his main treatise (*Guía Espiritual*), Miguel de Molinos argues that, if according to the Bible, God created the World out of nothing, then the first act of Creation was to create ‘nothing’, that is, the ‘empty set’. And this, I believe, is the earliest formulation of the first axiom of the Zermelo-Fraenkel system: ‘There exists the empty set’.

The great poet Antonio Machado, rephrasing Miguel de Molinos, wrote the following short poem:

*Dijo Dios: ¡sea la nada!
Y alzó su mano derecha
hasta ocultar su mirada.
¡Quedando la nada hecha!*



The following two items, namely the poem *The centipede* and the text *Instructions to climb a stair*, are among my favourites to illustrate with humour the role of the axiomatic systems and precise definitions inherent in Mathematics.

*A centipede was happy-quite!
Until a toad in fun
said, 'Pray, which leg comes after which?'
Which threw her mind in such a pitch,
she laid bewildered in the ditch
considering how to run.*

George Humphrey

*¡Feliz vivía el ciempiés!
Hasta que un sapo con humor,
le preguntó, ¿por favor, en qué orden mueves
los pies?
Creándole tal estupor,
que, confundido el ciempiés,
de una zanja no supo emerger,
por pensar cómo correr.*

(Free translation).

«Nadie habrá dejado de observar que con frecuencia el suelo se pliega de manera tal que una parte sube en ángulo recto con el plano del suelo, y luego la parte siguiente se coloca paralela a este plano, para dar paso a una nueva perpendicular, conducta que se repite en espiral o en línea quebrada hasta alturas sumamente variables. Agachándose y poniendo lo mano izquierda en una de las partes verticales, y la derecha en la horizontal correspondiente, se está en posesión de un peldaño o escalón. Cada uno de estos peldaños, formados como se ve por dos elementos, se sitúa un tanto más arriba y adelante que el anterior, principio que da sentido a la escalera, ya que cualquier otra combinación producirá formas quizá más bellas o pintorescas, pero incapaces de trasladar de una planta baja a un primer piso.

Para subir una escalera se comienza por levantar esa parte del cuerpo situada a la derecha abajo, envuelta casi siempre en cuero o gamuza, y que salvo excepciones cabe exactamente en el escalón. Puesta en el primer peldaño dicha parte, que para abreviar llamaremos pie, se recoge la parte equivalente de la izquierda (también llamada pie, pero que no ha de confundirse con el pie antes citado), y llevándola a la altura del pie, se la hace colocar hasta situarla en el segundo peldaño, con lo cual en este descansará el pie, y en el primero descansará el pie. (Los primeros peldaños son siempre los más difíciles, hasta adquirir la coordinación necesaria. La coincidencia de nombre entre el pie y el pie hace difícil la explicación. Cuidese especialmente de no levantar al mismo tiempo el pie y el pie). Llegados de esta forma al segundo peldaño, basta repetir alternativamente los movimientos hasta encontrarse con el final de la escalera.»

Julio Cortázar (Instrucciones para subir una escalera).

'No one will have failed to observe that frequently the floor bends in such a way that one part rises at a right angle to the plane formed by the floor, and the following section arranges itself parallel to the flatness, so as to provide a step to a new perpendicular, a process which is repeated in a spiral or in a broken line to highly variable elevations. Ducking down and placing the left hand on one of the vertical parts and the right hand upon the corresponding horizontal, one is in momentary possession of a step of the stair. Each one

of those steps, formed as we have seen by two elements, is placed somewhat higher and farther than the preceding one, a principle which gives the idea of a staircase, while whatever other combination, producing perhaps more beautiful or picturesque shapes, would be incapable of translating one from the ground floor to the first floor.

To climb a staircase, one begins by lifting that part of the body located below and to the right, usually encased in leather or deerskin, and which, with a few exceptions, fits exactly on the stair. Said part set down on the first step (to abbreviate we shall call it 'the foot'), one draws up the equivalent part on the left side (also called 'foot' but not to be confused with 'the foot' cited above) and lifting this other part to the level of 'the foot' will rest on the first step. (The first steps are always the most difficult, until you acquire the necessary coordination. The coincidence of names between the foot and 'the foot' makes the explanation more difficult. Be especially careful not to raise, at the same time, the foot and 'the foot'). Having arrived by this method at the second step, it's easy enough to repeat the movements alternately, until one reaches the top of the staircase.'

(Free translation).

We continue this section quoting another Argentinian, Enzo R. Gentile, whose poem *El Algebrista* is, I believe, a remarkable example of humoristic poetry written for mathematicians.

*Algebrista te volviste,
refinado hasta la esencia,
oligarca de la ciencia,
matemático bacán.*

*Pero no engrupís a nadie
y es inútil que te embales
con anillos, con ideales
y con álgebras de Boole.*

*Hoy mirás a los que sudan
en las otras disciplinas
como dama a pobres minas
que laburan por el pan.*

*Todos saben que hace poco
resolviste hasta matrices
y rastreabas las raíces
con el método de Sturm.*

*¿Te acordás que en otros tiempos
sin mayores pretensiones
mendigabas soluciones
a una mísera ecuación?*

*Pero puede que algún día
con las vueltas de la vida
tanta cáscara aburrida
te llegue a cansar al fin.*

*Hoy la vas de riguroso,
revisás los postulados,
y junás por todos lados
la más vil definición.*

*Y añoses tal vez el día
que sin álgebras abstractas
y con dos cifras exactas
te sentías tan feliz.*



Let us finish this short anthology with the celebrated poem *If* of Rudyard Kipling. A tribute to all those mathematical texts where the implication 'if' or even 'if and only if' became ubiquitous.

*If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look good, nor talk too wise:*

*If you can dream –and not make dreams your master;
If you can think –and nor make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools:*

*If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says then: 'Hold on!'*

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings –nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And –which is more– you'll be a Man my son!*

Rudyard Kipling.

*Si puedes mantener serena la cabeza
cuando todos la pierden y te culpen a ti.
Si aunque nadie en ti crea, te basta tu certeza,
pero dejando un margen para la duda en sí.
Si puedes esperar y no desesperarte,
y, por más que te mientan, no mentir a tu vez.
Si puedes ser odiado y no odiar por tu parte,
y no mostrar, con todo, ni orgullo ni altivez.*

*Si sueñas, y los sueños no te marcan el paso.
Si piensas, y la idea no es tu meta final.
Si puedes aceptar el triunfo y el fracaso,
y a esos dos impostores los tratas por igual.
Si puedes soportar que aquello que afirmaste,
sirva, manipulado, a una oscura ambición.
O ver roto el proyecto al que tu alma entregaste,
y volver a erigirlo con el mismo tesón.*

*Si puedes, cuanto fuiste cosechando en la vida,
jugártelo a esa carta que te asignó el azar.
Y perder, y volver al punto de partida,
sin que nadie te escuche siquiera protestar.
Y si es tu corazón tan valiente, que puede,
cuando sin fuerzas yaces, hacerte resistir.
E impedir que claudiques cuando nada te quede,
salvo la voluntad firme que te empuja a seguir.*

*Si para hablarle al pueblo no bajas un peldaño,
ni para hacerlo con reyes pierdes la sensatez.
Si ni el amor ni el odio pueden hacerte daño,
y ni a pocos complaces, ni a todos a la vez.
Si puedes rellenar el minuto vacío
con sesenta segundos que no olvides jamás,
tuyos serán los frutos de la tierra,
hijo mío, y serás todo un Hombre: no se puede ser más.*

(Free translation).



As it is well known, 'Carpe diem', 'Beatus ille', 'Tempus fugit', 'Ubi sunt', 'Amor ferus', 'Contemptu mundi', 'De rerum natura', 'Descriptio puellae', 'Memento mori', 'Vera amicitia', etc., are among the most classical subjects of Poetry. Poems having a mathematical connection are, nevertheless, a very modest subset of the poetical universe of any period, language and style.

The questions about the nature of poetry has produced, along the years, different definitions, schools and styles (Classicism, Romanticism, Surrealism, Social realism, Symbolism, Dadaism, etc.). I tend to think that in the interface with Mathematics an important role is played by the classical formal restrictions imposed by meters and rhymes; furthermore, the consistency of the ideas transmitted is now fundamental, and the poems are not of that special class which need to be recited 'closing our eyes', let us say.

A good example is provided by the sonnet: it has a rather rigid structure of fourteen verses of eleven syllables each; they are grouped in two quartets and two tercets whose consonant rhymes have to be precisely interconnected. Furthermore, it must express an interesting thought resolved in just fourteen lines. The difficulty of reaching perfection under those strict rules seems to me reminiscent of that involving the search for rigorous proofs in Mathematics.

To finish this essay, and with all the modesty that the case requires, let us consider some of my own contributions to the relationship of Mathematics and Poetry. The poems entitled *La cinta de Moebius*, *La botella de Klein* and *Análisis armónico* are just 'mathematical divertimenti'. *Índice de impacto* is an ironic description of the abusive use of bibliometric indexes. *Publicar o perecer* is centred around that moment of agony when, having envisioned a great theorem, one is not able to achieve its demonstration, despite the help of some brilliant ideas which have transported us very close to the proof. Finally, *Atardecer en la Pedriza* describes the mathematical job as a kind of craftsmanship of ideas.

LA CINTA DE MOEBIUS

*Ya ves que ando escaso de dinero,
y nadie en el barrio me conoce.
Transparente resulto a las miradas,
de las bellas que pasan junto a mí.*

*Pero ven, deja que te muestre,
mira y verás:*

*Si cortamos una cinta bien larga,
y pegamos sus bordes con cuidado,
surgirá un Mundo de solo una cara,
donde, alegres, vivir desorientados.*



LA BOTELLA DE KLEIN

*El círculo más vicioso
y la recta más coqueta,
se enrollaron en un tubo,
embrión de la botella.*

*Compactos, sin penetrarse,
en una dimensión extra,
confunden a quien pretenda
estar dentro, o quedar fuera.*



ANÁLISIS ARMÓNICO

*Verde, verde esmeralda,
azul turquesa, azul ultramar,
índigo, violeta:
síntesis de luz.*

*Ondas, vibraciones, trigonometría,
espirales, remolinos, puntos de fuga.
Venus de proporciones divinas.
Fuego que da la vida,
el calor y el color.
Amarillo, naranja,
rojo, carmín.*



PUBLICAR O PERECER

*Feliz surge la idea que nos lleva
por la senda ingeniosa,
que parece certera,
a la vera, muy cerca,
de ese ansiado teorema.*

*Pero la esquiva verdad no nos deja,
escondida en su templo,
ni desnuda probarla,
ni tampoco falsarla
con sutil contraejemplo.*

*Y aunque la mente mil tretas produce,
ofreciendo al diablo el clásico pacto.
Pasa el tiempo, la ambición se reduce,
y otra derrota cedemos de facto:*

*Poseerla en cualquier traje típico
de una hipótesis clara y razonable,
que permita un saludo al respetable
en forma de artículo científico.*



ÍNDICE DE IMPACTO

*Conviene publicar un disparate,
tan obsceno que ofenda de ipso facto.
Te darán un gran índice de impacto,
los ingenuos que miren tu dislate.*

*No importa si es con cuerdo o botarate,
de citas mutuas sellarás un pacto.
Aunque sean banales y sin tacto,
juntas harán lucir tu escaparate.*

*No intentes un problema complicado,
si el ritmo frena en tus publicaciones.
Pues debes mantenerlo acelerado.*

*En alza tengas siempre tus opciones
de rozar el poder en el poblado,
con índices y citas a montones.*



ATARDECER EN LA PEDRIZA

*Desde la biblioteca,
en compañía de tantos libros,
contemplo caer la tarde.*

*La suave luz del crepúsculo acaricia la encina,
frondosa frente a la ventana.
Su verde oliva cambia a dorado,
mitad rojizo, naranja y cálido,
como el lago traspasado por el sol poniente,
mientras se ensimisma fractal la montaña.*

*He querido ser orfebre de ideas,
engarzadas en hermosas cadenas
que venzan el paso del tiempo.
Y a ese empeño dedico mis horas,
buscando la plata y el oro,
ocultos, como esquivo tesoro,
en un Dédalo de números y fórmulas.*

*La vida que se lleva amistades y amores,
y trae derrotas en tantas empresas,
impone su melancolía.
Pero a veces concede pequeñas victorias,
adornadas con bellos poemas,
o acaso teoremas,
que permiten con cierto sosiego
contemplar en la paz de la tarde esa encina,
frente al lago que un sol rojo ilumina.*



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