

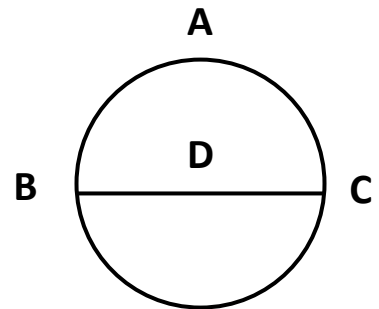
Pi (A Circle Bisected)
Cody Wenthur

There is no act so cruel as bisecting a circle.
Nature itself cries out against the irrationality.
The fracture is defined, but never comprehended,
striving to approximate a truth once plainly manifest.

If A, the circle, is love,
let B and C be lovers, encompassed, opposed.
Then D, the diameter, is callously called,
merely to mark their distance.

Yet, from this folly, unbidden,
 π springs forth as a poem
written in the lost language of perfection,
composed unceasingly,
each new refrain a reminder:

beneath any transient fiction,
beneath all obscuring illusion,
beneath a malicious meaning
wrung from it by force,
the circle remains infinite.



$$\pi = A / D$$

**3.1415926535897932384
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