

## Zero, a poem of finite proportions

Dull edges and ridged corners  
Rule in places of disarray,  
Geometry has overcome nature and her mess.  
Squares dictate our paths through hollow halls  
Boxes lock shifting shapes into rigid formfitting  
Structures unchanging as the stone from which  
they are carved.

Geometry has overcome nature and her mess.  
No longer is the sun loose to bound across the expansive sky  
As time has cemented order to the celestial beings.  
The growth of grass is linear, and trees form columns of submission

All hail the golden rectangle.  
The stale perfection you have brought  
Our world stands in testimony of the power of your sides.  
Your proportions are law and you hand down the edicts  
for life through the symmetry of your corners.  
Truly man has never created a more beautiful thing,  
Nor as powerful to bind nature and her mess.

—*Ben Zucker*