Fear the Flatline  
By Rebecca Vasilache

Most lines meet at imperfect angles.  
Acute or obtuse,  
It makes no difference,  
They never meet again.

A few lines meet perpendicularly.  
Precise point, perfect moment,  
Everything is right…  
Until they fly off in separate ways.

Some join into a segment,  
Trapped with each other for eternity.  
No one can tell whether they go up or down,  
Left or right,  
Or maybe nowhere at all.

There are star-crossed segments that meet their own end  
One inch from intersection.  
But the parallels have it the worst:  
Same direction, worlds apart.

Why are we taught geometry if  
None of this is relevant?  
Probably just to build houses, I guess.

We aren’t sets of fixed points drawn on quad paper,  
existing for the sake of intersection and exponential growth.  
We are haphazardly collected atoms from all corners of the cosmos,  
strung together into these evolved bodies by  
Something bigger than fate:  
Chaos.  
We are the electricity in our brains, the pang in our hearts,  
And the entropy that we add to the universe.  
We are human beings.

Our life lines aren’t determined by the Mathematician,  
But by our own net force.  
We can shape our lines into sculptures, epics, or rocket ships.  
Take a step back and you’ll marvel at what can be done  
With two hands unbound
And a mind in sync with itself.
We can make life so incalculable, so intangible, so undefined,
The only thing we have to fear
Is being a flat line.