



Calculus: A Love Sonnet *Anna Remennik*

Love does not monotonically increase,
Nor oscillate in neatly ordered peaks.
Love has no asymptote. It brings no peace
To one who finds, and less to one who seeks.

Ah, Love – it has no value of its own.
Like shallow roots unanchored in the ground
That wilt, though necessary, love alone
Is not sufficient, as so many found.

Love builds, like area below a curve,
And, slice by tiny slice, transmutes and grows.
However wildly the path may swerve,
We, like converging sequences, draw close.

Without an algorithm, or map, or chart,
We integrate into each other's heart.

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