MATHAWOCKY
(with apologies to C.L.D.)

'Twas curvig and the graphley trace
    Did max and minim in the plane;
All normless was the function space,
    And the neighbourhoods insane.

"Beware the Mathawock, my son!
The rules that fright, the proofs that wrack!
Beware the ab ab surd, and shun
    The booleous Algebrack!"

He took his abstract sword in hand:
    Long time the symbful foe he sought -
So rested he by the Geoma tree,
    And stood awhile on nought.

And, as on voidful nought he stood,
    The Mathawock, with pi's aflame,
Transcended o'er the ringley wood,
    And factored as it came!

P,Q!  P,Q! and lambda mu
    The abstract blade did lemmas hack!
He left it dead, and with its zed
    He went permuting back.

"And hast thou slain the Mathawock?
    Come to my arms, vectorious boy!
O baseless day!  Arroo!  - Array!"
    He tupled in his joy.

'Twas curvig, and the graphley trace
    Did max and minim in the plane;
All normless was the function space,
    And the neighbourhoods insane.

D. Borwein

written at least 30 years ago