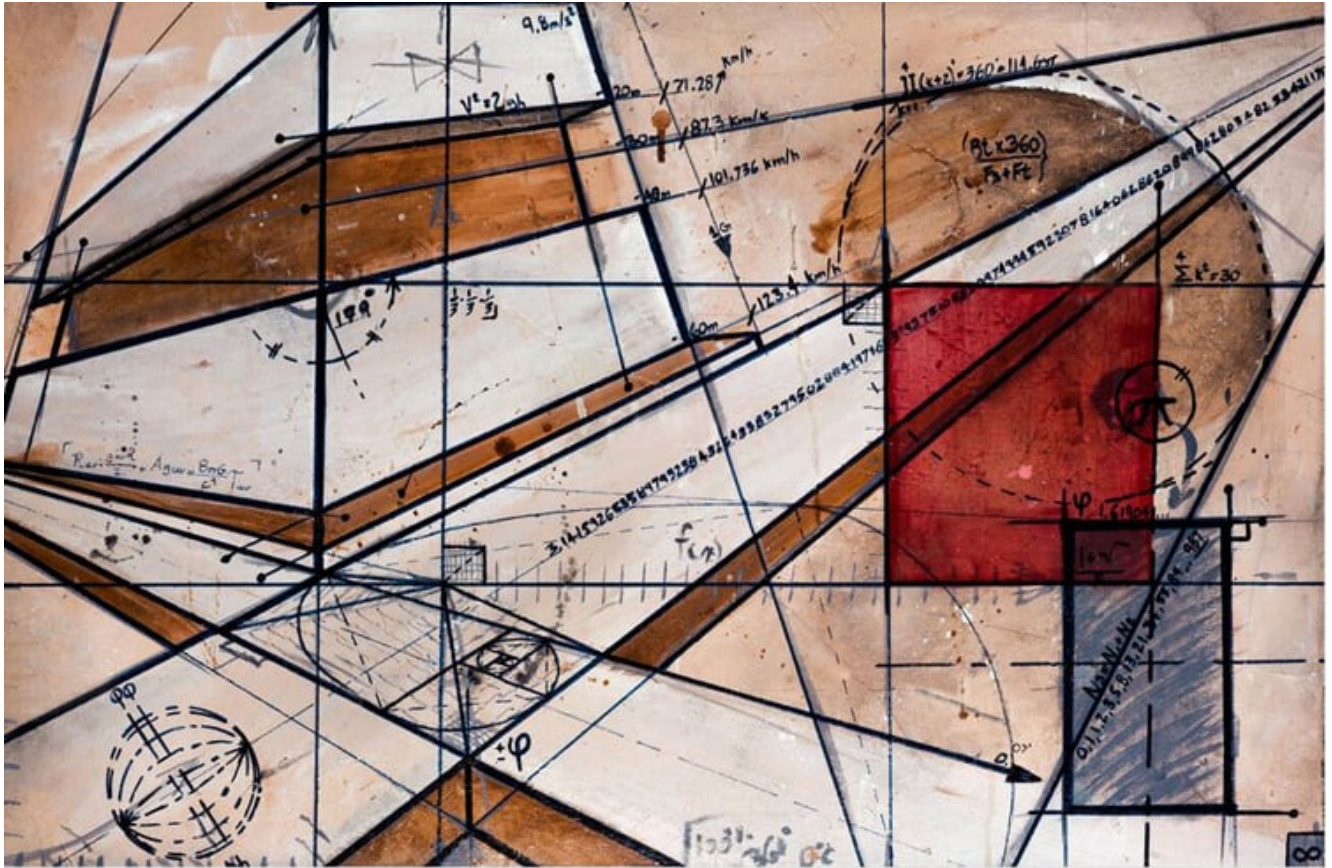


# Point of Order

by [Heikki Huotari](#) (September 2024)



If iris solves the polynomial then so does minus iris: it's the fundamental theorem, the truth value of what's whispered, as upon a pillow, versus the truth value, as upon a sports field, of what's shouted. Instigators bob and weave.

As in the juggling of bubbles no extraterrestrials will follow through, there's Esperanto everywhere but not one word to misconstrue. I sing the electromagnetic astral body and I sing the evanescent soul.

For unto us a favorable signal-to-noise ratio is given and we predicate the order in the universe thereon. The probability

of the event is less than one so it rounds down to zero. Do not feed the egos. Do not feed the egos.

Sing with me—the future isn't what it once was. I was jetsam now I'm flotsam. Sportin' Life swears by the null hypothesis. Though Sisyphus goes bowling with Narcissus, Sisyphus is no Narcissus. Paint by number is the synesthetic's dream.

As signal is to noise as pleasure is to pain, some tears germane, as vertigo to levitation, so a sense of humor to forgiveness, so to worldly persons Simon says to take one step and glide.

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**Heikki Huotari** attended a one-room school and spent summers on a forest-fire lookout tower. Since turning his attention from math to poetry in 2012, he has published poems in numerous journals and in five poetry collections and has won one book and two chapbook awards. Two new collections are in press. His Erdős number is two.

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