

**MATH CAMP  
LYRICS**

**I DON'T MEAN TO MAKE A BIG DEAL OF IT  
Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics Lorraine Feather**

You say you find my racing mind  
Rather like your own.  
With some surprise, you realize  
You are not alone.  
You lay that smile on me,  
And I fall endlessly,  
But I don't mean to make a big deal of it.

We talk about, can't figure out  
The truth of this or that.  
It's far from cute, our dark dispute,  
But morphs into a chat.  
The way you whisper "Oh,"  
Makes me adore you so,  
But I don't mean to make a big deal of it.

Our love is weighty,  
Then it's light.  
It comes with a price,  
But the price is right.

*I remember the relief when I talked to you about that conversation with someone that left me feeling a little sub-par. I remember when you told me about the thing that scares you more than any other thing, and you thought that saying it out loud would make it worse, but ...*

*You said you didn't fully trust me yet, but your mind was leaping ahead a little, to the time when you would trust me more than anyone else in the world.*

*Hm, that's a kind of trust right there, I said, and you rolled your eyes, and I laughed.*

You say you see a part of me  
I'm keeping under wraps.  
I offer you my point of view,  
Tersely and in caps.  
We get a bit uptight,  
Both so precisely right,

But we don't mean to make a big deal of it.

The serious chemistry  
Cascades through all our parts,  
We long to believe  
We were childhood sweethearts.

*I was waiting for your response. The delay isn't always what I think, but possibly the result of some kind of transmission or routing or reception error. I couldn't tell if you disapproved of what I said, were mulling over what I said, or maybe you were merely typing. As it happened, there was this little puzzle you'd been turning over in your head for days, and out of nowhere the answer presented itself. You described it as the second best feeling in the world.*

You're so direct when we connect.  
Often, I'm oblique.  
You broach a topic, then you stop,  
Afraid that I will freak.  
I tease you gently,  
Drink in the happy.  
You didn't mean to make a big deal of it,  
You didn't mean ...

*It was 6:37am, and we stood there at Gate 98, at the intersection of the two TVs that faced away from each other at a 45-degree angle, their images and audio one second out of sync. There was zero chance that I was getting on that plane.*

You enfolded me,  
And we seemed godly,  
But I don't mean to make a big deal of it.

#### **RANDOM ACTIVITY**

**Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

I pondered your suggestion,  
Instead of going to sleep last night,  
Turning from right to left,  
And then again to right.  
Your words and phrases  
Bumped around inside my head.  
Once you called me fragile,  
Once "a fearless female biped."  
Your life, chimney to floor, was  
Quiet and tidy,

Till, darling, you were ready for  
Some random activity.

Rituals of tenderness and comfort,  
Mix with various unexpected blips.  
Who doesn't misspeak now and then?  
One of us wanders off,  
While the other spins  
An existential anecdote  
That threatens not to end.  
Could you love a person  
Who put unsorted laundry  
Into random plastic bags?  
I'm asking for a friend.

We are markedly in sync at times,  
Out of it at others,  
With echoes of our mothers,  
For better and for worse.  
Your mood is in the sky,  
Till you perceive a bleakness in my face,  
Or the reverse.  
You read that we should keep an eye on  
Comets in our cosmic space,  
As if our watchful eye  
Could hold them safe in place.

Hydrogen to metal,  
Crystals made of time,  
You tell me you foresee a tussle  
For the Nobel Prize.  
I am floating, not in air,  
Searching for a portal into who knows where,  
Twigs abundant in my hair.  
You mention me to someone on the phone,  
And I am not alone.

I thought about your question,  
And sat up in the nascent glow.  
I dreamed I answered it  
A million years ago.  
Spangly disorder  
Brought us to this time and place.  
Curious that I found you,

In the chaos of the human race.  
Now, death  
Puts on no airs,  
But regards us meekly.  
I will shelter you,  
And you will shelter me,  
From all the world's  
Random activity.

**HADRON, MESON, BARYON**  
**Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

We sat in the stands  
With our heads in our hands,  
Hadron, meson, baryon.  
The mood in the hall  
Was one big ball of "Hang it all!"  
Hadron, meson, baryon.

There's a fundamental something,  
Too fine for us to see,  
Something unimaginably tiny.

The class lost its youth  
As they realized the truth,  
Hadron, meson, baryon.

It blows when you know  
You've gone as low as you can go,  
Hadron, meson, baryon.  
Does it make any sense to shoulder the expense,  
Hadron, meson, baryon,

If the clues are held too tightly  
Inside a cosmic fist,  
Out there in the ether  
That does not exist?

In despair, we'll carry on,  
Hadron, meson, baryon.

Back at home, as I admire  
My husband, and our Maltese mix,  
I wonder how I might acquire

A basic set of magic picks,  
To pick the lock that guards the place  
Of dark and light, of time and space,  
Where an answer might be found,  
That I could wrap my head around.

At first you begin  
With the handedness of spin,  
Hadron, meson, baryon,  
Then matter, and force,  
Wicked early in the course,  
Hadron, meson, baryon.

There are particles aplenty,  
Delicious names and hues,  
Strange and charming knowledge that we can't quite use.

Don't despair! We'll carry on,  
Hadron, meson, baryon.

Proton, neutron,  
Lepton, muon,  
Pion, kaon,  
'Lectron, boson,  
Nucleon, fermion,  
Hadron, meson, baryon.

### **EUPHORIA**

**Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Moving water, shifting air,  
Gently break apart.  
Life leaps out from everywhere,  
Imitating art.  
My thoughts meander, slowing down,  
Like light en route through glass.  
The grateful ones, the dreadful ones,  
Approach, take hold, and pass.

I know a woman who seems to be  
Constantly in flower.  
I know a man who panics  
In the pool or in the shower.  
I know the way I get sometimes,

How fast the tears can spring,  
As if I were about to face  
Some long-awaited reckoning.

We curse the news, the natural laws,  
We give up hope, and then,  
Euphoria comes on silent paws,  
For no good cause, again.

Thunderstorms in Tennessee,  
Waterfalls in Maine ...  
Something takes ahold of me  
In the wake of rain.  
I'm sure, without one shred of proof,  
The worst is not the end.  
I find this day astonishing,  
And fortune is my friend.

I know a man who met his muse  
After years of drought,  
A woman laid low by circumstance,  
Who's fighting her way out.  
One day, I'll drop a nickel  
And leave it lying there,  
An offer of assistance  
Too much for me to bear.

We bury our purpose underground.  
We lose ourselves, and then,  
Euphoria comes as one soft sound,  
And we are found again.

### **MATH CAMP**

**Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

An hour ago, I saw your face,  
Staring into outer space.  
Wondered what intriguing place you'd gone to.  
I'm hanging on your every word.  
The early timeline of a nerd,  
Proves to be a subject I am drawn to.

It seems you couldn't tell a crescent wrench from car wax.  
I drink you in; we're running out of bar snacks.

Have another Mystic beer.  
Tell me 'bout the problem  
You had to solve to ace your application.  
The gleam of brilliance in your eye!  
The Escher pattern in your tie!  
I know you were the cutest guy in math camp,  
Math camp.

You napkin-sketch a heptagon.  
You're charming, but don't pour it on.  
We look at life from closely congruent angles.  
From all the things I thought I knew,  
In all the years preceding you,  
My startled heart summarily disentangles.

We find each other's laugh a powerful attractor,  
Love of The Grateful Dead, our greatest common factor.

You were barely sweet sixteen,  
That blistering, blissful June your parents  
Drove the purple Pontiac to Groton.  
You'd scribble madly at your desk.  
Your solitude was Hopperesque,  
Figuring pesky fractions out in Math Camp,  
Math Camp.

*You lean closer,  
And at my urging,  
Pose to me a problem,  
About a wise, white-haired old king,  
Who seeks to test the intelligence  
Of his trusted advisor, Angela,  
By giving her a puzzle  
Involving white hats and black hats.*

*Your pleasing voice delights my tipsy soul.  
I imagine you as the king,  
Imperiously questioning,  
Though not so much old as middle-aged,  
Your hair not white,  
But becomingly salt and pepper,  
Your bespectacled eyes intense.  
My name, in fact, is Angela.*

*It's not a coincidence.*

With an emphasis on problem solving,  
And critical thinking skills,  
No limit to the thrills at hand  
In Math Camp.

I know you were the cutest guy in ...  
In a six-week summer program  
For students K through 12,  
Who shared a love of learning,  
Were hungry, eager, burning  
For algebraic geometry,  
Spherical trigonometry,  
For the challenge of adventuring  
Into the beautiful wilderness  
Of advanced mathematical ideas.

### **Ending Round**

#### **FIRST PART**

Charge comes in two types, positive and negative.  
A charge on its own emits a field in all directions.  
The field from a charge is represented by E,  
As in E-lectricity.

#### **SECOND PART**

3.1415926535  
89793238462  
6433832

#### **THIRD PART:**

"Pure mathematics  
Is, in its way,  
The poetry of  
Logical ideas."\*

*My chances of resisting you  
Were statistically insignificant.*

*\*Albert Einstein*



## I'LL SEE YOU YESTERDAY

Music, Shelly Berg/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

It startled me to hear you say,  
"I'll see you yesterday,"  
We two were new.  
I hadn't caught the gist of you,  
Your singularity,  
What you felt the truth of time to be.  
You'd look ahead to way back when,  
Or longingly remember  
When we would kiss again.

Another dawn, and here we spin.  
New hope comes blowing in.  
There's much to fear,  
But rapture in the now and here.  
I trace the curvature  
Of where we are today, and where we were,  
Our histories a frantic ride,  
This place our destination,  
Where we are dreaming side by side.

Why don't we take a little day trip to the past?  
You'll see my parents, young and beautiful, walking fast.  
I'll hear the way you used to laugh in 1964.  
We'll visit Notre Dame Cathedral before the war.  
I'll feel the thrill of absolute surprise  
When I first understood the meaning in your eyes.

I'm sometimes pulled up short by sorrow,  
When I recall tomorrow,  
Wanting eternity to hang around you.  
Journeys end in lovers meeting.  
Their stories keep repeating.  
I'll always find you, as I've always found you.  
You'll always wipe my tears away,  
Take me in your arms and say,

"I'll see you yesterday."

**IT ALL ADDS UP**

**Music, Shelly Berg/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

My love is like a good, good book  
I pray will never end.  
My love is like a letter  
Nearly too intense to send.

So doting, yet so dry, is he,  
I stutter with delight,  
And I will love my sweetie  
Till early light is night.

Love can fill your every cell,  
Then what do you know, there's none.  
Forever never entered the equation.  
The words that once had meaning,  
The meaning you mistook ...  
The sonnet you admired,  
Devolved into gobbledygook.

Then you dare to leap once more,  
The one time when the landing doesn't spoil the fall,  
And it all adds up.  
Maybe you need to bear the dread, the dire,  
To find someone you get on with like a house afire,  
And it all adds up.

*As Richard Feynman once said, "I have approximate answers and possible beliefs and different degrees of certainty about different things, but I'm not absolutely sure of anything, and there are many things I don't know anything about."*

Given that, and given this,  
The morning sun, the goodnight kiss,  
Wo, wo, wo,  
It all adds up.

Might be right, I might be wrong,  
'Bout why it took so long.  
Got no crystal ball,  
But it all adds up.

The days roll on.  
We yell, we bawl,  
Throw hummus at the kitchen wall.  
It's so nonsensical,  
But it all adds up.

There was the year I stalled,  
The year I grew,  
The year that AOL was new.  
The shutting out of Oakland,  
The indoor BBQ,  
And then I learned a thing or two.  
Fast-forward to me and you.

My love is like a lyric  
*That* I learned when I was four,  
Some years from knowing the meaning  
Of "worship and adore."

You pout, I'm curt  
We shake off the minor hurt.  
*I'm sorry, honey. That was rude.*

I haven't felt this giddy  
Since I don't remember when.  
I'll love the guy till poetry  
Rhymes all the time again.

Sometimes the one will carry the other.  
Sometimes the other will carry the one.  
We'll figure it out. It's fun,  
When it all adds up.

### **THE RULES DON'T APPLY**

**Lyrics, Lorraine Feather/Music, Eddie Arkin**

One day I told my friend I was terribly blue.  
Was it far too late to do what I dreamed I would do?  
He thought for a moment, then he answered.  
He said, "The rules don't apply to you."

He said it very simply, and quietly too,  
But as if there wasn't any doubt at all that he knew.  
He gave me a gift that I would treasure.

He said, "The rules don't apply to you."

In the movies we see, in the shows on TV,  
And in anthems passionately sung,  
There's a message that you've got to keep believing in yourself,  
But they generally mean, "if you're young."

Is it written in the air, as it seems to be,  
That we haven't long at all to find our destiny?  
I'll always remember to be grateful  
That the rules don't apply to me.

You say you're feeling broken, so terribly blue,  
'Cause it's far too late to do what you dreamed you would do,  
But I'll tell you a secret, and I swear to God its true.  
You see, the rules don't apply to you.

I wouldn't lie.  
The rules don't apply.  
The rules don't apply to you.

#### **IN A HOT MINUTE**

**Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

*"In the beginning, nearly fourteen billion years ago, all the space and all the matter and all the energy of the known universe was contained in a volume less than one-trillionth the size of the period that ends this sentence."*

*– Neil de Grasse Tyson*

Your mind is on the Amtrak, no going back.  
Your baggage is jammed in the overhead rack.  
You hear a sound—could be a death knell,  
Or the cheery clang of the conductor's bell.  
No getting round the fact:  
These days are passing strange,  
But as my mama used to say,  
In a hot minute,  
Everything can change.

You ricochet from certainty to indecision,  
Losing your faith in your peripheral vision,  
Overhear a comment that's dry and wry,  
Laugh until you're weeping, and the blues go bye-bye.

A meeting of the minds  
Can be challenging to arrange,  
But it's an undisputed fact,  
That in a hot minute,  
Everything can change.

*One minute, everyone around you appeared to be frozen in time.  
The next, the parade started moving again,  
And you had to take a skipping step to catch up.*

You blink once as you enter a tunnel,  
Spiral down, down, down, down like a bead in a funnel,  
Adding to your list of things that could go wrong,  
Running out of bandwidth, 'cause it's too damn long.

The future has a power  
To damage or derange,  
But here's a nifty little tip:  
In a hot minute,  
Everything can change.

*One minute you were walking crosstown in a blizzard.  
The next, you darted into a doorway to get  
your body temperature up,  
And fell backwards into a ballroom.  
It was throbbing with salsa music.*

No getting round the fact:  
These days are passing strange,  
But as my mama used to say,  
In a hot minute,  
Everything can change.

*One minute I was wearing on my own last nerve,  
and it was all too much.  
The next, you began speaking to me with shy wonder.  
I realized it's not always true  
That years race by in the blink of an eye,  
Because that minute was forever,  
And the next minute another forever.  
Maybe life isn't short like everybody says,  
But luxuriously long,  
Passing slowly.*

## SOME KIND OF EINSTEIN

Music, Shelly Berg/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

When you were a little fellow, five years old,  
You became incredulous at the  
Magnetism in a pocket compass.  
You were knocked sideways by the mystery  
Of something powerful you couldn't see.  
Inside the laboratory of your big brain,  
You took apart the notion of a straight line,  
Thought up what had been theretofore unthinkable.  
You must have been some kind of Einstein.

Some of us paint,  
Some of us play.  
Some of us pay elaborate attention.  
Some of us cook,  
Some of us bake,  
Some of us make a puzzle out of nothing,  
And go, "Aha!"

"Men of Science More or Less Agog," it read  
In the Monday morning *Times*. You had  
Laid to rubble, all their former paradigms.  
With no more than math, you concluded that  
Space and time were supple as a cat.  
It couldn't be appreciated widely,  
Not comprehended through a pithy headline,  
But those who understood it were forever changed.  
They saw you were some kind of Einstein.

Some of us write,  
Some of us draw  
Upon the awful loveliness of nature.  
We can be bright,  
We can be dim,  
Or have unlimited imagination.  
We go, "Aha!"

"It turns out to be very difficult  
To devise a theory  
To describe the universe  
All in one go."\*

*We could wait for 10 or 20 centuries  
For a simple answer to the whole dang thing.*

Who will do the final theorizing?  
They could be an alien in 3309,  
Or, as I sing,  
Be driving down the California Incline,  
But's it's a certainty  
They'll need to be  
Some kind of Einstein,  
Einstein.

*\*Stephen Hawking*