

## **Eight by Eight: Mathemalchemy**

In lockdown's grip, a world held tight,  
With boredom, fear, and darkened night.  
But artists rose, a bridge to forge,  
Two in one conceptual worlds.

A 24-perspective view,  
A subject old but made brand new.  
Art's touch on math, a fusion grand,  
Fractals bloom in a mirrored land.

The concepts dance, a playful sum,  
Lost in the depths where wonders come.  
Knots sailing through the tangled bay,  
Spirals unfurl, then fold away.

Open minds see what lies unseen,  
Mathematics' world, a vibrant scene.  
Sierpinski's kite, a watchful eye,  
Platonic solids, beneath the sky.

The endless path, Zeno's domain,  
By fragrant shop, wallpaper grain.  
The chipmunks chirp, their counting quest,  
Prime and composite put to test.

Colorful quilt, a shadowed crest,  
Infinity and Hilbert's best.  
Golden spirals, symmetry,  
Vibrant colors, new synergy.

The bay, garden, curio shop,  
Lighthouse, bakery, integral hill.  
Crocheted, handmade, printed and built,  
folded, melded, knotted, and tilt.

Expanding viewpoint, merging thought,  
Mathematics and art, viewer thrust.  
Beauty and voice the sculpture sees,  
Good morning, dear Mathemalchemy.