

Winning Poems in 2021 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

6. Science and Technology, First Place

**Flyology**

Ada Lovelace (1815–1852)

Paralysis and crutches, my childhood  
was a cypher of headaches and bedrest.  
I learned early that infirmity equals urgency.

The windows made visible the world of air  
and its denizens, birds, whose flight suggests  
fairies unseen but no less real. The gardener  
brought me a crow's wing, and my tutor  
provided me with books and a lap desk.  
Proportion of wing span to body length and  
a frame durable yet light I discerned at twelve.  
I theorized steam might someday hold me aloft.

Music is the daughter of logic and beauty,  
mathematics her lingua franca.  
Verse is song reduced. Poetry, dance,  
and my gilded harp spoke to me in clouds,  
positing new theorems, revealing  
patterns and causation, suggesting flight.

My *Notes* show how imagination  
penetrates the mysteries of nature.  
Sequenced operations balance  
accuracy and speed. I predict  
mortal minds will soon command  
the agencies of constancy and change.

Six squared, my last year hovers,  
the ratio of life to time  
reduced to simplest terms.  
Bright feathers of calculation,  
postulates and algorithms,  
flights of Bernoulli numbers  
dart across the engine of my brain,  
this machine of nerves and blood  
fueled by poetry and numbers.

Linda Scheller  
Newman, CA