Pi Day Poem

By: Zak May

All my life, I have loved Pie,

From the flavors to the smell.

There is cherry, apple and pumpkin,

All of them are truly swell.

When someone told me about another type,

It was very hard to think through.

They said it has numbers in it,

Which would make it really hard to chew.

It goes 3.141 and so on,

And it continues for a long time.

It even has a symbol they said,

And trying to remember it all should be a crime.

Now I know all there is,

From pie, to Pi,

But I must say this,

In the end, either one is definitely worth a try.