

Please Help Mr. Boyer

Algebra, algebra—it doesn't make sense.
Numbers and variables combined in strange ways,
With symbols and signs—parentheses too.
My footing is lost, I feel stuck in glue.
Please help Mr. Boyer—I'm depending on you!

Then there's those lines, formulas strange,
Point-slope, slope-intercept, that many the days
I sat there and wondered, why do this to me?
I'm clueless, I'm fried, I'm ready to flee.
Please help Mr. Boyer—I'm going to scream.

Absolute value, never negative we're told,
But insert a variable and I've lost my hold.
It's x —no its negative x —c'mon what's the deal?
I must be dreaming, this can't be real!
Please help Mr. Boyer—help me to feel.

Polynomials—those creatures, they lurk in the dark.
Harassing and scaring, no walk in the park.
Add them and multiply, exponents confuse.
Like terms, unlike terms, how dare you refuse?
Please help Mr. Boyer, spare us this pain.

Then all of those monsters, we find in some words,
Whose meaning we labor to extract from their core.
We scream, we yell, we can't take any more.
These word problems kill us, they rankle our brain.
Please help Mr. Boyer, spare us this pain.

The world we now enter, secure in its mist.
We shout with such glory, we clench tight our fists.
The math that you taught us has helped us to see,
How good we've become and how good we can be.
Thank-you great teacher, you've filled us with glee.