CRUEL UNENDING DRAMA

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The poem below was composed under a double constraint, which was to encode the first 85 decimal digits of two well-known irrational numbers. Can the reader discover what those numbers are, and how they are encoded?

Will keeping dogma alter evil, sir?
(Black, familiar evil - war, even:
“HOLY” its government-issued, musty label)

Civic hero, new pup, bureaucrat,
political doer commencing campaign
(having weak logic, generally),
Intellectual of top local renown,
religious, doddering king
(improbably governing): All poison.

Seeking comfort, I interview myself.
Questions, enigmas (always the enigmas!) rise, vexing;
tired senses gasp.
Nincompoop succeeds nincompoop,
damning oneself.

Still voting, mumbling typical good-honest-king pap?
Drop tomorrow!
Forget barbaric history!
Follow life!

(Then, revelling steadily, ski round frosty, big Romania.)