Evan Schipellite
18 Clearwater Drive
Plymouth, MA 02360
(774) – 283 – 3272
Eschipellite@gmail.com

Find the derivative of 3cos(x). Show all of your work.

So, starting with the constants in life,
I know that I can essentially drag the three
Behind, like some third party caboose,
Never actually needing to visit it,
Until the trains finally come to a stop,

Which will first require me,
To evaluate the cosine, and I remember
Vaguely that you told us to memorize
The transitions on a Tuesday of October,
But I couldn't have been bothered,
Because my mind was sailing on the Blue
Hills where the track coach apparently found himself
Sailing off a silver bicycle,
Briefly attaching his forehead to the earth and
Taking a sojourn for the rest of the semester.

And sometimes in your class I wondered,
What it'd be like if the sky suddenly answered my
Prayers and churned a batter of concrete in the sky,
Paving the atmosphere with an aura that could have only
Predicted an apocalypse of desperate wolves that would
Cross the school fields in an attempt to flee from the
Impending crystal white tsunami that would rise up
Over the roads, slamming down upon the commuters
Like an elementary school drummer, overly ambitious
To show off his big role, but still missing his timing by
A measure.

And the only memory that will serve as a savior for me,
Is that fact that I've always believed Sine to be pure,
Untainted by decimal points and fractions when it comes to
Evaluating its value, because it's positive in my eyes,
Much like the lives that I've always daydreamed out the
Windows, because there's so many good things that could be happening,
There's a city of honking cars and orchestras of voices,
And lights,
Lights that flicker and sparkle and blink

(No Stanza Break)
And warm your soul no matter how the temperature
Tries to discourage you, and I guess I've always
Identified these feelings with Sine, because
You said it originated from the Greeks,
And they always seem to know just how
Meaningful the incomprehensible components of
Life actually are.

But, we're not dealing with Sine,
We're experiencing that very same feeling
Of rocks drilling into the forehead on a Fall morning,
The sense of dread as the purple-lined train,
Speeds by in the distance, and you're not
Burdened by the fact that you missed it,
But the reality that it never even considered you,
Not even for a moment, the city is as vast as the same
Harbor that surrounds the roads of commuters who
Don't even have a moment to spare a thought in your direction,
And the city, even with its lights, is clouded by pollution during the
Day, leaving you gagging for air in a crowd that only cares for its own
Crescendo.
And so I learned to call this Cosine.

So, with that in mind, we're trying to
Differentiate, but all that means to me is that we're,
Trying to convert something into what it's not,
And Cosine can never be Sine, can never be good,
So even when we attempt to create the illusion that
Good things can result from bad experiences, we're
Really just taking Cosine and making it into Sine with a
Negative aspect in front of it, because that's all that's really happening,
We're looking at that field of wolves and gazing in awe at the miracles of
The city, but we're just trying to ignore the reality that it's all fake,
All an unfortunate dream, and that negative sign is hanging in the front
Just to remind us of the futility of our attempts to cope with what is wrong.

So, then all I can do is return to the window,
Where so much hope once hovered between the
Glass panes,
And I wonder if those positive feelings
Were actually real.

Final Answer: -3sin(x)