Ode to Thermodynamics’ Second Law

We strive
to divide	sort
conquer
classify
by color, creed, identity
by genus and species
by chemical formulas derived
from elements neatly organized
in rows and columns

We struggle
to hold ourselves
distinct and separate
from the Others

to preserve the
systems we
erect and
fetishize

We fail
all our complexity and artifice
impotent against nature’s
own tendency toward
commingling,
communion

the only stable state
Quantum Dreams

Quarks, strange and charming spin through my imagination leaving tracks of angel dust on earth as it is in heaven.

Glittering metallic mystery where matter gives birth to itself— leptons, mesons, and baryons cast off their shackles, hurtling at the speed of God and light into the wondrous unfathomable.

Sometimes they fly alone, uncertain sometimes they come together feverish unions consummated in magnetism phosphorescence resonance.

Black-and-white linear time catches technicolor fire rears up, engulfs everything in its warping, bending, twisting form thy kingdom come a hulking vehicle of possibility.

And I, the dreamer, am nowhere and everywhere at once in this quantum pandemonium ever straining to comprehend my daily bread and reveling in my fated failure.
Self-similarity

We contemplate the cosmic void receding in the distance we marvel at its secret worlds remote from our existence.

Yet worlds are made of atoms and despite their robust face my home, my heart, my universe are mostly empty space.

The vastness of my inner space now thrums with recognition gazing up, it sees itself in cosmic transposition.

Space flows through me like mother’s milk I wonder, is this why I feel most at home on earth when drinking up the sky.
The Body I Am

Am I
as Hippocrates thought
fluid and fungible
a fluxing of humors
blood and bile
sanguine and melancholy
ebbing and flowing like the tides
inside my skin?

Or am I
as Vesalius supposed
discrete and particulate
an edifice of organs
lungs and liver
stone and mortar
towering on my bones
like a Doric temple?

Or perhaps I am
as I like to imagine
expressive and effusive
a cacophony of chemicals
electricity and potential
cells and signals
singing from my chromosomes
like a rock opera.