

Poems submitted by Jocelyn Bosley
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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.