

## MEN AND MOLECULES

Cantilevered methyl groups,  
battered in endless anharmonic motion.  
A molecule swims,  
dispersing its functionality,  
scattering its reactive centers.

Not every collision,  
not every punctilious trajectory  
by which billiard-ball complexes  
arrive at their calculable meeting places  
leads to reaction.

Most encounters end in  
a harmless sideways swipe.  
An exchange of momentum,  
a mere deflection.

And so it is for us.  
The hard knock must be just right.  
The eyes need lock, and  
glimmers of intent penetrate.

The setting counts.  
A soft brush of mohair  
or touch of hand.  
A perfumed breeze.

Men (and women) are not  
as different from molecules  
as they think.