

OLIGOPOEM, or LES 'MERS

Their Problem

Propylene,
 propylene...
How to relieve
 this boredom
of coupling
 with identical
partners?

Self Cure

Do forward things:
 twist here, twist
there, the reactive
 end bites ... itself,
it happens, in novelas,
 and the ring, well
it says kaput
 to fruitful
propagation.

Humans Are So Unimaginative

A problem? Try
 a second partner!
Each time the live end
 loses its head,
relentlessly
 opting for the other,
stuck in the eternal
 fickleness
of copolymerization.

Ours

On the dizzy chain
 from Sade
to Ziegler, Natta,
 we're into
control; we want

them strong (or is
it weak?), we want
teflon, and epoxy,
all in a day. Lately,
in a morbid mood,
we've wanted
the spent ones
to just fall apart.

Reptation

Polythiophenes,
anguilles à la Bilbao –
entangled, constricted,
how else to move
in their crowded Eden?

Mono, oligo, poly

If they could sing
(I mean beyond
the quantum strum,
past C-O stretch
and hindered rotation),
if they could sing
it would be Leadbelly's
tune; of cousins,
of the hard labor
of a protein, the
memory of DNA –
a gang-chained folk,
the utilitarian refrain.