SOMEWHERE

In me are hidden constellations.

Once I managed to sight one.

through a lens of equations

that could be solved only

approximately. Still,

with that imperfect rule

I taught others the electrons'

lobed motions. I'm wrong, often,

I work this wild chemical

garden with one old tool.

Let me show others new ways to see.

In me is the word that slaps worlds into being.

I muffled the word, but now

I let it sing a little,

watch owls and turkey

vultures. I try to teach

the word of mitochondria

as vestigial symbiotes;

it sulks, promises to sing

of both worlds if I let it

fly. But what binds it, binds me.

Free the word, world in me.

In me is a buried river that washes the mother lode.

Early on, an earthquake

covered it. The river

shifted, then filled

in with detritus, gravel,

the silt of slow seasonal

motions. An occasional

nugget washes to the surface.

Sink a shaft to touch me, love.