

Quarks . . .

. . . spark thoughts
as I walk, one day, through
the park; then again
the next, riding on a bus
to the mall—although
they seem to be
the smallest of the small:
elementary pieces
 of the pieces
 of each atom
in this atmosphere surrounding us,
the building blocks,
 of rocks and trees
as I pass by, so insignificant
that we may never truly fathom.

I wonder: if a time arrives
when any one of you out there
is feeling small
 and insignificant
(perhaps not knowing
 if it's worth the effort
 to persist at all)
your mind, like mine, might
turn itself toward quarks?
And you'll consider how—
no matter if we choose to bow
our heads or shake a fist
at life's distress—
without these tiniest
of particles this universe,
on which we all depend,
could not exist.

Steve Bloom
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