

The Mutability of Science

Knowing one cell unknoves the next
try as we might to mind the whole
and figuring out its proton-pumps
transmutes a membrane into thought.

So when it's said that aeons ago
a pinhead orbbed a billion stars,
antimatter that's here, but not,
and energy massed out as time,
and when there's talk of holes in space
that gobble stars and galaxies
and coiled in cells, a thread of genes
that's long enough to loop the moon,

recall past science and view the new
as thoughts and models still in flux.
For numbers once were nature's edge
and domes of glass revolved the stars,

and asphodels and goats were formed
from water, air, raw earth and fire
and blood, black bile and phlegm preset
the moods and whims of serf and king,

and phlogiston smoked off in fumes
when fire burnt wood or rust ate steel
and draining patients of their blood
cured stomach upsets and despair.

Which models, like the crystal skies,
collapse when some new telescope,
some subtler microscope of science,
iniscing space, or cells and quarks

maths out a fuller matrix in a mind.