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We are Made of

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We are Made of

Lucy Peloso

We are made of

We are made of atoms
Crafted in a chemistry lab
Our tiny life giving components representing a
great deal of faith - the act of believing without
seeing
We are stuck in a test tube
Yet perhaps stuck in not the right word
We call this fume hood home
Within the safe, sanitary, shatter proof walls to
confine us, no not confine, protect.
Our routine and mundane
This linear path synthetically formed from our
inner need for control
Day after day, each moment chipping away at
the ATP of living
Though spontaneous is favored
Spontaneous is life
it seems that life is predicted, calculated,
theoretical by design
An architect's mind more creative than this
scheme with arrows and one clear solution
Miscible in the determinately infinite quotients
elucidated by quantum laws
Along our mechanical beings, they are friends
If I were to ask when did the reaction start I
would be extinguished
Because to be a catalyst in this closed system
would be to get used over and over again in
ways that neither give me energy nor take it
Yet the drained feeling of our occluded ways is
due to leaks in the conveyor
Air bubbles
Which my professor always warned us about
Because they cause fires

We are not made of atoms
we are made of stories
Experience defines our being
We were not made to be studied in a lab
We were made to study the world
A profession based in love
Something so innately ingrained in us
Never erased, maybe forgotten
But always found anew
Our being is dictated by interaction
The common craving of physical interaction
We are in love with the people who make us
feel full
Because we are our own enzyme
Inciting a universal revolution inside of our
own person
We are the ones we've been searching for
The mirror is a gateway to serenity
The kind of peace our world in pieces needs
Each cerebral novel unfolds the overlaps of the
unique universality
An encephalon
A second Enlightenment
A sustainable being trapped inside of an
unsustainable being
A seed buried deep deep down
A soul emitted
Imagine if we lived from the soul
The bookkeeper of memories
Wisdom like entropy
Atoms we are, yes,
but while we are made of the same entity as the
rocks
We breathe life