

# Three Chemically Connected Poems

*By Dr Manjula Silva and Dan Simpson*

I

A monomer is a single molecular unit  
sharing electrons for bonding  
connecting to make a sequence  
with an initiator or within an enclosed system  
it continues to grow into a polymer:  
some are weak – some are strong  
some are tangled – some are aligned  
but it links up, becomes crowded  
like human beings coming together  
a polymerisation of people  
semi-crystalline communities  
a super structure of humanity  
across the earth, across our history.

We are products of a chain  
that stretches back to the start:  
the stories we tell  
the way things are done  
the art we feel  
the lessons we inherit  
the rituals we observe  
knowingly or not.

Society is a covalently bonded macromolecular arrangement  
a linked sequence of discrete consciousnesses chemically connected –  
these make up the material reality  
of your cultural world.

II

The lotus flower, petals simply shaped  
intricately linked, gently opens for the sun  
closes for the night: this is a cycle.

We feel ourselves to be synthetic  
discrete from the Universe  
but like plant cellulose we are natural polymers –  
not just our DNA  
but the bonds we form with the earth  
exchanging elements with our own nature.

This is a cycle:  
I hear the singing of birds around  
and all other creatures' different sounds  
they are talking – I try to find a meaning  
it's another world.

Above the fences I see tall trees all in green  
swinging in the breeze and bending their leaves  
welcoming me, asking for a hug  
holding fruits or beautiful flowers  
asking me to use my power:  
harvest for food that my body requires  
decorate the home and inhale the smell  
plant that seeds near or far  
helps me grow my next generation  
this is a cycle.

It is drizzling after a hot dry day  
I am wet but I needed it  
I feel like someone has sensed what I wanted  
spread before the strong sun's rays  
this is a cycle: I feel connected  
I cannot live anymore without my nature.

I want to feel connected:  
laying down with one hand on my stomach  
the other across my sternum  
I allow my eyes to open or close  
permitting them to decide how much light  
they want to let in.

දෙනෙත් පියාගමි පරිසරය නොපෙනෙන්නට  
සවන වසාගමි කිසිවක් නොඇසෙන්නට  
විරිය වඩනෙමි සුවද දැනි මත්නොමවන්නට  
එනමුදු හැකිවේද සිතක් නවතාගන්නට

Breathe: in – hold – out  
a conflict between stillness and activity  
forcing myself to have patience  
a quality I seem to have lost over the years.  
Once I am ready, I make diminishing lists:  
what I can see, hear, touch, smell, taste

සිත සන්සුන් නැත දිවයයි තැන තැන  
සිතුවිලි දහසක් උපදි මොහොතින  
පෙරදින අදදින අනාගතය ගැන  
ඇරුමෙකි ඉපදි මියයන ඉක්මන

leads me to useful thoughts  
the reflection of light on a window  
makes me thankful for my home  
the sound of children running around  
reminds me of my own joy in playing  
the feel of the soil under my hands  
grounds me in the here and now  
the scent of wildflowers and pollen  
fills me with hope for the next season  
the faintness of coffee on my tongue  
tells me of the fortune I have to do important work.

රැගෙන යමි මසිත මතක ගබඩාව වෙත  
වෙර දරමි හදුන ගනු පිනිස භෞතික මමව  
රැගෙන යමි මසිත හිස මුදුනෙ සිට පා දෙසට  
ස්පර්ශ කරනෙමි සිතින් සිරුරෙ එක එක කොටස

I repeat my slow breathing  
letting any other thoughts drift across my consciousness –  
worries often present themselves  
and sometimes solutions too  
which may be simple acceptance.

නමුදු වෙහෙසක් නොමැත ඇලෙන්නට එය සමග  
ස්පර්ශ කර අතහරිමි ස්පර්ශ කරනෙමි නැවත  
නමුදු සිත එක තැනක නොවේ එය තව තැනක  
නතර වෙයි සෙත් පතයි ඇතර යයි නිමේශෙක

Gratitude manifests

and I thank what needs to be thanked:  
my body, my mind, my world, myself.

දැනෙව් ස්පර්ශ කරනට නොහැකි බව යමක්  
තැනින් තැන පමනකිය සිත ගැටෙනුයෙ තවත්  
දැනෙව් ඇඳුණු රුව කුඩා වී යන සෙයක්  
සිත ගිලිහී යනු දැනෙ එය නිරාමිස සුවක්

I breathe one last time  
I sit up, I stand, I move on, reconnected.