Three Chemically Connected Poems
By Dr Manjula Silva and Dan Simpson

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.
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.

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
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 impo
rtant work.

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.

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

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