

## Games of Six (or More)

Particles of counted type and mass,  
Traject the empty, dark, expanding void,  
Some truly real, some down to be destroyed.  
And all so strange, assigned to their own class –  
How drab! Our minds dreamed up a plan so crass,  
And all the beauty of our world employed,  
To tame the zoo of quarks, with beasts deployed  
So we who feel, could feeling realms surpass.

Yet in such dreams, a spark of life remains.  
With flavours, colours, charming slights of hand  
Installed by us, who think ourselves beyond  
Such silly things that mortal minds entrain.  
But even there, in Nature's promised land,  
Captured are we by sentimental bond.

Isaac A. Marchant