

MICROCOSM

Hold a micro-mirror to a cell
To secret universe, almost unfurled,
Where quiet innermost enigmas dwell
In microcosm, in a secret world.

The outer membrane-harbor holds the brine
Where, in the nucleus, the DNA
Untwists, untwirls like puppet strings divine
To kindle life, *Dear Life!*, from lump of clay.

In tiny mitochondria, behold
A power plant that dwarfs the grandest dam.
So small, it's true, and yet a trillion fold –
That much, and more, it takes to make a man.

And we... each one of us through time is hurled,
Another microcosm of the world.

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