

The Particle Speaks

They wanted me split—
halved, quartered, dissected,
pinned like a lab specimen, kept still,
frozen under their gaze.
They wanted me cut down, smoothed out,
squeezed tight to fit inside their lines,
as if I'd sit in a box and stay.

But I am
a force they can't catch,
an orbit they can't hold,
too fast, too fierce.
Language stretched thin, trying to say:
"Be this way, don't be that."

They wanted me steady.
They wanted me small,
held down, quiet, predictable.
Wanted me as a planet in orbit,
looping around, coming back, staying close,
bound by their gravity.

But I am the rogue comet,
hurtling through their space,
a trail of wild light, too bright to ignore,
too fast to follow.
Slingshot,
and gone.

They said I'd crack.
They said I'd come undone,
fall to pieces,
lose myself in the pull of this constant drift.
"Hold back, fall in line, let us guide you," they said.
But I am Sisyphus on the hill,
with this boulder they call my limits.
And they think I'll crack under its weight,
that I'll fold, that I'll fall.
But every time I push it up again,
I feel the ground beneath my feet,
the stubborn press of rock under hand—
and I know this climb as my own.

They call me unstable, call me uncertain,
a problem they can't solve,
as if I was broken, something that could shatter.
But I am not glass.
I am not breakable.

I'm orbit with no anchor,
an endless widening, each step a little further,
stretching beyond,
bending light as I go.
They say I'm wrong, but I am bending light as I go.
I am colour refracted,
an orbit released,
just beyond the edge of their sight.

I float. I drift,
like gas clouds in a nebula,
a scatter of stars yet to form.
Slowly, surely, pulling myself together—
because it takes time to birth a star.
It takes time to come into light.

And each time that boulder falls,
each time the climb resets,
I feel it—the pulse of strength in my bones,
a promise in each push and pull.
I am my own motion,
my own endless orbit,
a force that will not quit,
even when they think I should.
I climb, again and again,
Sisyphus with the boulder,
my weight, my path, my light.

I am the flickering edge of matter,
where the known meets the unknown,
and just like that,
just like that,
I make myself whole.

They can't measure me.
I am the unknown variable,
the answer they can't contain.
I am the wave that won't collapse,
the field that won't flatten,
the resonance that refuses.

I am my own expansion.
Dark matter—
unseen but undeniable,
everywhere and nowhere,
at once.

So watch me—
I am not small, not scared,
not waiting for their approval,

because I am my own pull, my own force,
my own orbit.
I float,
I push,
I reclaim my space—
and I am whole.

Finally,
I am enough.