

quar

by [Bill Corden](#) (March 2020)

Scheer and Trudeau

Quarks have six flavors
In the standard model view;
But you won't find Banana

And there is no Tiramasu.

The names are quite prosaic
in the quantum world's mosaic;
top and bottom, up and down,
surely it will make you frown.

The other two are Strange and Charm,
all joined together, arm in arm.

How they found them-minds can't cope
past the range of a microscope;
a particle and dual wave
inside an atom's quiet cave.

In theory there's nothing smaller
that can't be split in two;
a fundamental unknown dark caller
in the galaxy's who's who—

and yet they form things sublime,
plants and rocks most all the time;
suns and planets, oceans, and air-
try to find them, they're not there.

They create emotions
and the will to live or die,
the need to ask questions,
who, what, how and when and why.

No glue is stronger once they bond
and stretch out to the great beyond;
stuff of the cosmos, expanding without limit-
future and the past are always locked within it.

If expansion were to falter
and suddenly compress,
where would be the center,
in all this nothingness?

The answer is- we don't know,
we've yet to find what's below.
And if that's not complex enough,
there's even more intriguing stuff.

For each quark has an antiquark-
a mirror-like reflection;
its properties are in the dark
they too defy detection.

From this real truth we cannot hide
there isn't too much doubt,
that when these opposites collide,
they wipe each other out.

Then all that's left is energy,
without a form or substance;
halfway to being heavenly,
yet not quite in existence.

A shapeless, timeless concept,
impossible to grasp;

the limits of intellect,
enough to make one gasp.

As you wrestle with these questions,
before you fall asleep;
just accept that there's no answers,
to be found in the deep.

Enjoy the wild ride,
until your time has come.
Let the quarks decide,
on the day you succumb.

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