

Large Hadron Collider

Physicists accelerate
two beams of protons in opposite directions
to force them to collide
inside particle detectors.

In their mind, poets caress
a thousand bundles of words in all senses
and force them to collide
within the confines of a poem.

Cosmic order resembles language
but neither belongs to us.

Some say Big Bang and it's time,
others say December and it's cold.

Physicists and poets: shadow hunters,
equally married to the mystery
that shelters the world always.

Big Bang Contraction

And if it were true that the universe will

expand after the big bang

does it have physical limits that one day will be reached?

Like a rubber band, everything will snap back in that instant.

Benjamin Button, we will live in reversed time

we will travel throughout the galaxy

we will handle telepathic cellular complexes

then we will discover electricity

we will see unexplored coasts

we will invent writing

we will fight on horseback

we will hunt mammoths

in a deep cave we will tell stories that combat fear