Parallel Universe

Mr Higgs

I built the tallest towers for it,
Spent months awake, wide nights cowed by the plans
Of pipes, and tunnels, slits blink-thick
And echo-chambers, fanned around like hands
  So cold and steely like a womb
  A man has made, in hope:
I closed a secret wish inside each room;
Here it would sleep, and play; here on this slope
We’d glimpse it first, like dust grains crushed in smoke.

I loved the time we shared at work;
Me lost in papers; desk a flat white ditch,
Defining spaces, sketching curves
Strung through with one concealed bosonic stitch.
  Day by day, I learned its form
  Like dust brushed from God’s bone;
I learned its size, its shape, its smell, I swore
To learn its face, that I would make it show
Its teeth, which gnashed at night, to me alone.

I changed my course to other things
Swept corners, stacked up lemmas, strung out proofs
But this boson now grew wings
And watched me from high trees and broken roofs.
  Before they turned the chambers on
  I ripped the plans, and wept:
The drawings on my page were paragons
Of beauty, works of art, and dreams well kept.
All real things, in comparison, were inept.

Lindsay Oldham