She dreams of molecules

A dream is a flower.  
An exuberance.  
A hope.  
The beginning.
A dream is a crystal.
Bit by bit, atom by atom, it grows.
Deadline deadline deadline deadline.
The structure takes form.
Impurities are pushed aside.
A dream is the beginning.
Once, there were no molecules.
But she wove them together into a dream.
And the dream dreamed more.
A dream is a multitude.
A dream is the fundamental unit. Without a dream, what is gravity, what pulls things together? Without a dream, why would atoms cling to each other, why would there be molecules at all?
Dreams are reality, a little bit early.
The dew drops on leaves in the morning.
The twinkle of stars before night has fallen.
The tint of green on the edge of the desert.
The scum of organics on the surface of a warm little pond.
Who would have dreamed that molecules can dance?
Who would have dreamed that molecules can search?
Can sort? Can find? Can follow?
Can think? Can build? Can dream?
All that we are, is dream.
How could two specks, two micron dots,
carry anything more substantial
than a dream?
And yet here we are,
as heavy as mud,
as thick as a brick,
forgetting that we are dream-stuff.
If molecules can dance,  
it is because first they dreamed.
If a dance can weave a fabric,  
it is because it dreamed.
If a fabric can fold into millions,  
it is because it dreamed.
If the millions can sway in the moonlight,  
it is because they dreamed.
If the moonlight illuminates our dreams,  
it is because the flowers, the crystals, the dances, the molecules, are dreaming together.
This is our reality.
Poem by Erik Winfree © 2019

Artwork by DALL-E

“A high quality Chinese ink wash painting in black and white: ”

poem stanzas
2022