

GRAND UNIFICATION

This is just a rule; strings that meet,
wriggling in their roughened up space-time,
if their tips just touch, they must merge,

and bigger lines, loops, necklaces or thatchings
self-assemble. This is so. But it is not real,
it's just a rule. Loops tangle, there is an exchange

of quantum numbers, the stray collision
sets the strings rotating, rippling, a whip
and then the extra snap looses a particle

(boson or fermion) and light, any color. The math
says it must be so. Mind you, this is not: people,
passing, a look that locks on some missed braid

of a future. This is not: a hummingbird's tie
to the sweet and red, tie testing stasis.
And it is not the interlace of frost, another

season's nonlinear history of steam meanders.
Nor: rope dancers. . . For those you need words.
But here just watch the math, follow it across

or around or down, just follow its unhusking
to the small world, where intuition is strung
out as far as it will give, but equations

work as well here as for real billiard balls,
whirling dervishes or galaxies (there is no need
for me to say all this). In this smallness infinities,

anomalies slough off, the loops vibrate, a keen
undulation, clockwise rippling nothingness
in ten dimensions. Twenty-six the other way.

This fits. But it's not all. The dimensions
must compactify, in a silent crumpling, curling
in of what there's room for, into inwards' innards.

The quantum numbers then come out naturally,
strung out on a loop that is gravity, the source
of all interactions. We are so near understanding

everything. I believe, reasons without words,
classy symmetries. It's a rule. And up scale the sun
shines, frost melts and zing! go the strings of my heart.