

Science

## Ode to Science

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IN silent halls where thinkers tread,  
 With minds alight and sleep long shed,  
 Where whispers turn to thunderous thought,  
 There blooms the art that cannot be bought.

Not bound by creed, nor chained by name,  
 Its only god: the truth it claims.  
 Through every age, through war and peace,  
 Its quest for knowledge does not cease.

It starts with wonder, soft and small,  
 A child's glance, a droplet's fall—  
 Why does the apple hit the ground?  
 Why do the stars not make a sound?

From ancient shores where scrolls were burned,  
 To moonlit nights where sky was turned,  
 From Galileo's lifted lens  
 To Darwin's notes on feathered hens,

Each thought inscribed in ink and fire,  
 Each failure part of something higher.  
 The wheel, the spark, the cure, the code—  
 All paved the way, all bore the load.

Science, the torch we pass along,  
 A melody in reason's song.  
 It builds on bones of past mistakes,  
 It bends, it breaks, it learns, it wakes.  
 It splits the atom, maps the gene,  
 And asks what lies in things unseen.

From stars that burst to blackened holes,  
 To questions stitched in human souls.

It travels in a comet's arc,  
And flickers in the neuron's spark.  
It charts the storm, it hears the quake,  
It finds the fault in what we make.  
Through microscopes and mirrored glass,  
Through data dense and hours that pass,

We've peered into the very heart  
Of what we are—of how we start.  
The helix twined in double grace,  
The code that shaped the human face,  
The cells that sing, divide, and die—  
The silent answer to the why.  
And yet it is no rigid creed,  
But thrives on doubt and unmet need.

It loves the question more than claim,  
It tests the myth, it shuns the fame.  
For every law it dares to write,  
It leaves a note: "Could still be right."  
It fails with pride, adjusts with grace—  
A never-ending, tireless chase.

It built the tools to see our brains,  
It traced the path of viral chains.  
It led the way when plagues unfurled,  
And brought the light to save the world.  
With every trial and peer review,  
It sheds what's false, pursues what's true.  
In climate charts and ocean cores,  
It shows what future lies in store.

It gave us flight, and sound, and steel,  
And self-driving cars with minds that feel.  
It brought us silicon and speed,  
And neural nets that almost read.  
Yet science is not just machines—  
It lives in poets, artists, dreams.  
It sings in fractals, hues, and tones,  
In golden spirals, fossil stones.

In every field where minds engage—  
Be it a lab, a screen, a stage—  
Science stands with open hand,  
To help us learn, to help us stand.  
It does not promise perfect peace,  
Nor guarantee that pain will cease,  
But in its lens, we find the grace  
To face the dark, to know our place.

For in its core, the drive is pure:  
To ask, to seek, to find a cure.  
To understand this spinning sphere,  
And why we're brief, but brave, while here.

So toast the minds who dig and dream,  
Who code and cure, who test the stream,  
The quiet ones who burn the night

To chase what's just beyond our sight.

And may we keep the flame alight—  
That patient, tireless spark of might.  
For science is the song we weave,  
When we are bold enough to believe. ■

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