

Ode to a Particle Unknown

Oh, aerosol, oh particle minute,
For finest spray of paint on cab and hood
Or choking precious air sacs in a lung,
For blasts of healing med'cine down the throat
Or insidious disease from envelope,
On spring's sweet zephyr wafts to esophagus,
Or seeps through joints of lunch pails while we work
To add a condiment bizarre to ham and cheese,
We study thee. What filter will stop thy dance?
Must we dress like Star Wars warriors head to toe,
Or will humble rolls of towel save the day,
An emergency Bounty snout or Viva snoz?

Float on! In parts per billion do thy worst.
We honor thee with measurement and vents.
We cannot duck, and so we breathe thee in,
Mind and body, until thy secrets are unmasked.

Would B. Keats