

ODE TO ROSALIND FRANKLIN
“with love and squalor”

Had ever Science more than one
true love, the bride that nature won,
 worshipping his truth
 with all her starry youth?

Her eyes were first of all to see,
her hands to capture faithfully
 the chain of being's face,
 the spiral stair to grace.

Self-slaughtered with much imaging,
she sank untimely in a ring
 of paunchy pirates bloated
 with advantage, gloating

thieves and warlocks, hear their canting.
They died as men by sycophancy,
 their meaning of life self-looted.
She lives on where the truth is.