

The Language of Waiting

Dawn spills across laboratory glass
while the -80 whispers its ancient song –
a chorus of frost and possibility.
Each vial holds a universe of maybes,
frozen questions waiting to thaw into truth.

Between the heartbeats of centrifuges,
I measure hope in microliters,
each pipette tip a tiny telescope
pointing toward undiscovered stars.
The PCR machine counts its sacred rhythms –
denature, anneal, extend –
like prayer beads through patient fingers.

In the incubator's warm dark,
cells write their secret alphabets,
speaking in languages of light and shadow
we're only beginning to translate.
Some days the gels remain silent,
their empty lanes like paths
leading deeper into mystery.

My colleagues move like planets
in their separate orbits, each of us
gravity-bound to our own questions.
Yet sometimes in the space between
experiments, our eyes meet, and I see
the same fire burning behind their focus –
the endless hunger to understand.

Every protocol is a poem
written in the grammar of persistence,
each failed experiment a rough draft
bringing us closer to the final verse.
Even negative results tell stories
we couldn't have known to listen for.

As I close the freezer door,
frost patterns bloom like fractals,
reminding me how nature speaks
in recursions and repetitions.
Each sample holds not just data
but dharma – teaching patients,
teaching presence, teaching faith
in the slow unwinding of truth.

Tomorrow the same vials will wait,
their mysteries still unspoken.
But in the quiet space between
question and answer, hypothesis
and proof, something grows stronger
than certainty – the courage
to keep asking, keep seeking,
keep believing in breakthrough's dawn.