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*This poem is a tribute to the research and the achievements behind the 2017 Nobel Prize in Physics, Chemistry and Physiology and Medicine, and to all other discoveries within the Natural sciences, that, over time, make our world a better place to live.*

**Arcadian rhythms. (Complete version)**

Like a ripple, as a notion of a breath,  
a glint of your essence, is this conception  
of a contextual depth; in a sense, and as  
a matter of fact, a revelation of an  
erogenous zone, for us transcribed,  
into a quite unique, and tender tone.

And then, I swing my telescope the other  
way around, to look at things like these  
from angles new, to realign; as I dive into  
your eyes, but a quark, devoid of lens and  
chart, you lead me beyond and above,  
those things I new for sure, into a prism  
so refined, to become, an integrated part  
of ur minds. There, within your wondrous  
well, please, may I marvel, tumble and play?

Then, in a slow, yet sudden shift, things  
no longer tend to be the same,  
as time and space play hide and seek  
with no intention, as it seems, in  
consulting me. As points of reference  
decrease, oscillate my GPS, mutineers  
within my mind take command, and I,  
I fall asleep, until, with a ripple, circadian  
birds come flying in, and, I'm awake again.

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Physics, is represented by the first stanza;  
Chemistry, by the second, and Physiology and  
Medicine by the third.

The subjects of these fields of research tend  
to be very theoretical, yet not, they are actually  
about very concrete phenomena, and abstractions

and theoretical models are only tools we use  
to get a grip of their manifestations.

Our most important tool for this is mathematics;  
another one, especially within the arts,  
is images, (similies and metaphors); within music,  
visual arts and literature, this has always been  
quite common.

The, "quark", in the second stanza, is a metaphor,  
about me.

The drawing is my own and I am the one  
who reads the poem.

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