

My Windowsill

I sit upon my windowsill,
I'll sit and preen and mew until,
They set me free, how long it's been...
Does wind still blow? Is grass still green?

I feel like I have no control,
I check the door, I'm on patrol,
I cannot read the clock at all,
But somewhere near, the church bells toll...

Is this the moment I'm released?
I watch out for the metal beast!
Alas, not yet, I feel a sap,
I guess I'll take just one more nap...

When in the lock I hear the key-
Rush the door, it's time I'm FREE!

Fresh air fills my little lungs, the smells carried on the breeze,
Rolling in my favourite dirt, sniff the things that brush my knees.
I'll dance I'll prance I'll do it all, I've missed the world, I'll socialise,
Befriend the dog! Perhaps unwise. Climb this, jump that, I'll touch the sky!

OK, that's it, I've had my fill,
I think I miss my windowsill.

JONATHAN JAMES

Science Knows

Why do men have nipples? We start off as females.
Does my bum look 40? It ages with your body.
Does farting burn calories? Unlikely, by our tallies.
What happens if you drink blood? Iron's toxic, so nothing good.
Do penguins have knees? They do indeed, to waddle with ease.

These things we work, to learn and share,
We spread the news because we care.
Let's view the world with facts and logic,
And feel the truth enrich the magic!

Do worms have eyes? They don't, it's all lies.
Do pigs sweat? Yes, you bet.
Is the world flat? Where's your tin hat?
When will I die? What things underlie...?
Why are we here? ...To spread some cheer...?

Hold it right there, I'm starting to falter,
We don't know it all, we don't have the data.
So let's make a list of what's left to know,
The mysteries of life are not science's foe!

Is the Universe infinite? A mesmerising prospect.
Is reality real? Or a simulation, in which we feel?
Why do we dream? A mystery, it would seem.
What happens when we die? One with the earth, or rising to the sky?
Where does Consciousness come from? Evolved introspection,
or something from beyond...

JONATHAN JAMES

Searching for the One

Once upon a boy in school, I flirted with the girls,
I waved at them across the hall, I stared at all their curls.
One was called Architect, another was Accountant,
I even held young Vets hand, but that's all that amounted.

As a teen I had to think, unsure of what I wanted,
At first I courted Medicine, her needs left me daunted.
And then I met a stylish girl, an intellect for sure,
"You can call me Science", her voice and actions pure.

She swept me up in facts, the knowledge that we chased,
With logic, cold and hard she'd talk, and yet with so much grace.
Three years on I felt absorbed, her passions inside me,
But something was amiss, a warmth I wished to see.

I said:
With you I somehow feel alone, she said "the facts support this",
I said I need some love and warmth and with a kiss we parted.
Lost again I needed space, I looked to foreign lands,
Where a girl, alive with passion, took me by the hands.

As I unpacked I felt the warmth, the sea of neon lights,
Contrasted by paddy fields, that croaked all day and night.
She said her name was Sensai, she made me feel alive,
We'd plan, we'd teach, we'd think all day, why out here I could thrive!

I felt the joy, I felt the spark, alight her face each day,
But I didn't feel accepted, not knowing what to say.
And slowly as we went through life, the days they would repeat,
I missed the chance to learn new stuff, the lessons would repeat.

So sayounara to my Sensai, I'm sorry we couldn't be,
I'll miss you but I've realised, this life's just not for me.
And home I came, but now I knew the things that I must see,
In the one I'm searching for; combining them was key.

And then I met her, quite by chance, she winked and smiled at me,
She told me all the things we'd do, "come join me if you're free".
This girl she was so flexible, fusing science with art,
Other days we'd laugh and cry, in the lessons we'd impart.

Science's logic, Sensai's joy, in to love I'd fall,
Researching the facts we teach, we can have it all.
With poems, art and stories, our science we augment,
I bet you want to know her name... Public Engagement.

The Shape of Our Heart

Why is a heart,
Shaped nothing like a heart?
It's really just an oval,
With vessels, a body part.
The oval shows how pointless,
Love can sometimes seem.
But the single point, in the well-known shape,
Means something more to me.

The precarious base, the shape acute,
The balance in love we're after.
Whilst up on top, two bumps,
Just lumps, instead of the vena cava.
They balance out the form,
The spirit, the passions we share.
The chores, the snores, the pick-ups,
The striving to show we care.

Whilst two in harmony move forth,
The point can feel secure.
And every day the work, concessions,
Ensure our shape endures.
But if one should grow, the other shrink,
The cost of love too great.
The shape may fall, and on they'll crawl,
To find their counterweight.

In our balance, I know I'm safe,
The wobbles are addressed.
The screams, the tears we fight through,
With love this day and next.
To pump my blood I'll take the oval,
It beats so I may be,
Sat astride our pointed heart,
My perfect lump with me.

JONATHAN JAMES