12/13/13 (Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>)

the Fine Arts Building Downtown Chicago

an Artist's take on Science

etry mini-feature

## Ytterbium (#70, Yb)

Janet Kuypers

I've searched for you.

Though others may say otherwise, I know you're not at all rare so I'll still keep searching.

You've always been on time whenever I've wanted you, but you seem to leave that fire in the air as you leave... And you always escape me, like you slip between my toes as I'm walking along the beach, like grains of complex sand, each grain a nearly microscopic crystalline rock.

Like you're minute crystal, sliding by me as I walk on by.

I know you've always mixed well with others, so I'll go that beach. I'll sit there and take a stick and write your name in that precious sand.

I'll check my watch how long have I been searching?

#### an **Artist**'s take on **SCIENCE** Janet Kuypers' Chicago 12/13/13 Fine Arts Building poetry mini-feature

I'll run my hands along those grains of sand. I'll study those compounds making those grains of sand, those ragged crystalline stones. Those crystalline stones remind me of the shards of doped glass that shattered when I saw you last.

And now it's been so long that I've been looking for you. I'll check my watch again.

I'll pull out my pocket infrared laser light pen. I'll shine it on the sand. I'll look to see if anything reflects light in different colors back to me, wondering what I'd see if my eyes could see in infrared light in my search for you.

As I said, I'll so anything in my search to find you.

I'll check the time again. My watch has to be on time....

Because I don't care what anyone says. Because if the elements wash away your name tonight, I will be back tomorrow to write it again.

### Tantalum (#73, Ta)

>Janet Kuypers

People expected to see me around. I couldn't be a recluse. So I got out my camera and kept myself hidden to the world by separating myself with a camera lens.

But I longed to see you sitting again, cigarette in hand... I wanted to be able to walk up behind you, rest my hands on your shoulder, lean my head next to your face.

I longed to have my cheek near yours, not touching, but so close so close that I could still feel the warmth from your presence.

But wasn't I doing that when I tried to take pictures instead.

#### an Artist's take on SCIENCE Janet Kuypers' Chicago 12/13/13 Fine Arts Building poetry mini-feature

So I then kept myself hidden. Been a recluse. Just sat at home and played video games so I wouldn't have to think about you.

How did I know you'd work your way into my shell at home.

I vowed to never call you again, you tantalize me so, but I'd have to remove every cell phone I've ever used... You worked your way into every small crevasse in my modern world, and still, you never cracked under any pressure I ever gave you.

It made you the strong silent type, you always seemed hidden, but still so influtential.

I should know, i'm finding everything that leads me to you when I try to escape you in our technology inundated world.

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I call you tantalizing, and I think of Tantalus, a king in Greek mythology —

after king Tantalus stole secrets from the Gods, he was forced to stand in a pool of water that flowed away from him whenever he tried to drink.

Kind of like you, how I needed you so, but how we just didn't seem to mix.

## Lawrencium (#103, Lr)

#### Janet Kuypers

I've always tried to figure you out. I could never pinpoint your true destiny. All I know is that your radio activity to me left my bones so brittle. I know your heart is a hand grenade. You've made my skin so paper thin. You're corroded me until my lips are forever shut.

# an Artist's take on science

# Janet Kuypers

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