

ROBERT DAWSON

Antiparticlar

Physicists have produced, for many a day,
Anti-electrons, even antiprotons,
But nobody has yet, to my dismay,
Claimed the discovery of antiphotons.
They move (in theory) at the speed of dark,
They carry lethargy but have no mass.
When Edison made bulbs at Menlo Park,
Why did he not invent a second class?
Find me a darkbulb, that can wrap the room
In soothing shadow subtle and serene,
Or pocket flashdark, casting rays of gloom,
To obfuscate things better left unseen,
And when the daytime ceases to delight,
I'll switch the darkness on, and bring the night.

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