# The Particle's Party

by

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This poem needs an explanation.

In 1968 a British science magazine published a poem entitled “The Particles’ Party”. It was an artsy-fartsy wishy-washy wimp of a thing, written by an obvious non-scientist with no idea about nuclear particle theory. I was so incensed that I sat down and wrote my own version. I never published it, until now.

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The particles' bash had a lot of class,
And Coulomb charged admission.
The Baryon faction, with strong interaction,
Said they'd rather go fission.

The name of the bar was the h-bar,
The Omega sat swigging the gin.
The Lambda in bed claimed that his head
Was in an Isotopic spin.

Muster Mark brought his quark,
They both led the charge to the bar.
Max Planck, with flair, then lepton a chair,
Crying: 'Who Is the Strangest here?'

Then Reggi's Trajectory ate in the refectory,
Maxwell fielded questions three.
While the leering Proton admired the Photon,
Admiring her Symmetry.

Schrodinger's cat, which sat on the mat,
Said what he thought –'Mewon'
Then up jumped he known as SU3
And stuck to a passing Gluon.

The physicist quaffed, then pondered and laughed:
'Caesar's joke is on us, you see.
Because, of course, the Quark with its force,
Like Gaul, is divided in three.'

The Aether dropped in, and finished the gin,
Then suddenly felt quite pissed.
He lamented because, the consensus was,
He really didn't exist.

A sozzled Quark ignited a spark–
He didn't know how to behave.
The transient twitch, without wearing a stitch,
Left at once in a spherical wave.

The bash got loud, while a Meson cloud
Was shocked at the state of his pal.
The grand emergence of a drunk Divergence
Fondling an Integral.

The ghostly Quantum came back to haunt 'em,
And really scared the neutrino,
Who beta-decayed and hardly stayed,
Leaving the party solo.

A singular Pole then fell down a hole
And landed at a Positron's feet.
An Electron came by, and in the blink of an eye,
They annihilated, toute d' suite.

Arriving, the Neutron parked his cycle-tron
And staggered into the Vacuum.
His healthy pallor suddenly changed Colour,
Then he threw up in the back room.

A Bessel Function was given Extreme Unction
For drinking so much he was Green.
Then a Lorentz Transformation drew a standing ovation–
Such a party never was seen.

Late at night, a ray of Light
Spilled over the merrie men.
A Magnetic Field said: 'Hey, cousin!' then keeled
Over, unconscious again.

A Dipole named Stu said: 'What do I do?
How do I pay for my gin?'
He got his reply from a Ket passing by:
'Just Charge it,' said Ket with a grin.

At break of day the Eightfold Way
Said: 'I'm lonely in this place!'
He looked under the table, but being unstable,
The particles had vanished, sans trace.

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