

## Engineering Poetry

People are frustrating: gloriously unquantifiable  
so even the most perfectly designed system  
can be broken by user error  
and sometimes we're broken ourselves  
or don't fit into the precisely delineated shapes  
needed to run a machine effectively.

We are imperfect gears  
with our crooked teeth and irregular sizes  
ill-fitting faces and unbalanced flanks  
made of every kind of unsuitable material  
revolving at whatever speed we want  
sometimes stopping entirely.

But we mesh better than anyone expected  
or could have intended  
our cogs somehow interlocking  
engaging each other to spin faster  
to create power and momentum  
revolving around a common axis.

There is friction as we rub along together  
backlash and grinding as we change direction  
sparks fly – and from electricity comes power  
the discord of an orchestra tuning up  
giving way to a harmonic drive forwards  
the noise of progress generating ever-brightening light.

We are all the sun and we are all the planets  
in fluctuating orbit about each other  
a galactic neighbourhood of rotating forces  
individually we move in moments  
communally we move history:  
we are greater than the sum of our parts.

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