Terrible Week

In the lab, spinach brews its verdant tale,

Chemical dance in flask and vial,

whispering a silent exhale.

Slits project waves onto the scene

Light extends and vanishes

Like leaf vein

Mandarin phrases, a linguistic sail,

ten minutes to beguile,

Language's travail, expressions set sail.

Soldiers called back to the battlefront,

Are muted of their willingness

For them will audience sing a song

Calculus graphs, a meticulous scale,

Electric fields in motion

in calculus we sail.

Through trials diverse, through each travail,

Knowledge amassed,

like stars in a sky's veil,

whispering a silent exhale.