Sonnet for the Linear Oven

The furtive catalyst begins apart.

The shimmering heat of the furnace looms.

The energy of air is given to start.

The music from which connection blooms.

As bonds begin their activation inspires

Cascades of pairings we can’t quantify.

The more the exothermic dance conspires

The chains make bonds with chains and vitrify.

But too many paths foment the dancers’ distress.

When heat is trapped between the bonded mates

It dissipates as fruitless waste unless

It finds a fertile place to incubate.

To cure, provide both path and convection.

Our polymers, like us, require direction.