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Ionic lament

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The deed is done, and we have left the source behind us
Suddenly we are alone; this is our charge
We live now in an Eyring world
Our microcosm composed in nanoscale
What matter what nature steel surrounds us
Far away the field is made, obey we must
Within this world we have no chance for random foray
But still as long a time to act as is our wont
Pulled this way or that; let them watch us all
Paul has placed us in this trap, on stage
I see or feel no others, and it is cold
But we are connected still within our world
Let us test our bonds; a few may break I know
Fragments left or gone can tell a tale to some
We that remain may choose to rearrange
While others more diffuse select a metastable path
Survivors trace a focused course through barren vacuum
Our structure stays intact, and true to function
We are prepared for collision, should it be made to happen
Cooks refuses us our own quiescence
No peace for ions, no chance to hide their truth or beauty
Alas I can foresee a quick dynodic end to us
Our fate naught but atomic rubble
A flash of light, perhaps, and then we will be gone
Pray to be not lost within the noise

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