Life of a biological researcher

'Nigh is my D-day in research – the day of my salvation.'
With this thought electrifying my dendrites,
I enter my lab, swinging open the door.
Aspiration, like an albatross over the sea, soars within me.
With a dream and a doctorate in biomedical science,
Enthused I am at the prospect of becoming a worthy scientist.

With scattered experimental plans and tantalizing funding avenues,
Cutting-edge technologies beckon me on the highway in research.
While 'Stem cells' and 'Cloning' wave at me from one side,
'Cancer Biology' winks at me from the other.
So a challenge it is to choose an area and be focused.
I settle on 'cancer stem cells', embarking on turbulent waters of oncology.
I set sail to prove my proposition true, seeking references along the way.
As I navigate my keyboard, the pressure is felt by my phalanges.
Thus fervent is my search to find a scientific lead,
To map my chosen course in research.

With no stipulated time and 24x7 availability the norm,
Working hard sans clock is the fad in research,
Students and professors converge at one focal point –
To see their efforts fructify and to witness their ideas flourish.
Being one among them I steer and keep moving forward,
With channelled attempts to make tangible that amorphous data.
Such is a day in my life of research!
Being aware of the golden rule in research –

'To pilot an objective forward, vital is a strong rationale,
Under-girded by a strong passion to elucidate the intriguing,
For good data begets richer data and richer data novel therapies',
I see myself fondling my microscope's Ocular lens!

Whether science flabbergasts me with her magnificence,
Or yet another failed experiment it will be,
The grand lesson I learn is this –
Sometimes weeks and months might float away,
Leaving a parched stint in research,
And one question can haunt the mind –

'Is this all there is to research?'
While stimuli to make me falter and quit abound,
One thing lifts my spirit high again,
One thing makes my day worthy,
And keeps my research ignited.
It is – the hope of living a 'purpose-driven life'.
'To serve and not be served unto.'
Thus with a heart that is steady and mind that is clear,
Like an undaunted phoenix I rise up after every fall,
And keep sailing towards my dream:
To wake up one fine day
And find my research as an indexed original publication.

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A couplet tribute to fungi

Fungi; the fun guys, with lots of species,
Each of which one can write lengthy thesis
With no nourishment in high-salt brine
They do flourish in all grape wine
With those bread having some precursor yeast
And mushrooms form so delicious a feast
Wandering lonely among the wild woods,
At opportune times, they attack all goods!
As they are carried along with a breeze
Inhaling them can make us go freeze
Airborne they enter with not many vectors
Armed are they invading all body sectors
Spores of these guys are minute and light,
But as they enter make our immune cells fight
They run criss-cross all over a plate
But in our body, they change the fate
Their hyphae exist with no definite norms
Racquet to spiral and nodular forms
Cottony, fluffy and velvety white
Their presence makes it a viewer's delight
Ampho or Itra or may it be Keto

Do you think we do possess any veto?
Fewer and toxic arsenals to choose
Ah! Their cost makes them all refuse
You ought to call it a unique creation
Worthy of researching in every nation
Finally these Lilliputs, colorful and bright,
Make us all at once gasp at their sight

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