

Ode to a Stem Cell

A mystery in my divine origin
Bestowed with a power of unlimited division,

I can only imagine and seek to envision.
Totipotent is your nature,

Until you decide to differentiate.
Pick a pathway to your liking,

And then it all initiates...

A plant, an animal
A stem or root,

You are blood you are muscle
You are skin or you are shoot.

Symmetric you divide to be your own,
Asymmetric you give rise to heart brain and bone.

How swiftly you evolve...

Pluripotent, multipotent and unipotent is your nature.
Then why apoptosis and why a malignant denature?

I seek to know you, what makes you think.
I seek to know your resting place they seem to call 'niche'.

What are the pathways that you hit,
As you differentiate, and make that switch.

With time you age me, but show me how to know you.
My origin, my stem cell, I seek to control you.

Poetry

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