Stem-Cells

A Poem

Two stem-cells, call them Abraham and Moses,
In their first-class compartment, filled with roses,
Feeding on royal jelly, one supposes,
Brought by their stromal resident supporters,
View with disdain the overcrowded quarters
Where dwell their teeming progeny of daughters
And ask the question, fateful for each stem,
'When I should next divide' says A to M,
'Will both of me become like two of them?'
'These things' said Moses after a solemn pause
'Must be determined by almighty cause
And not by chance. We must define our laws;
They should be codified and set in stone
As you, O Abraham, I'm sure will own,
Being the scion and founder of our clone'.
Abraham nodded, winked to himself and said
'It may be so' then, seeing his daughters sped
From out their home and many others dead,
Began to feed, and Moses too, until replete
Roundly distended, mitotic and discrete,
Each for a moment left his stromal seat
And swiftly consummating that mitotic burst,
Knowing that two of them must be dispersed,
Two Abrahams were fractionally first
And pushed both Moses through the compartment door,
Saying as they did so 'What a tedious bore!
Why should they think we need to have a law?'

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