

Mike Sterling and 137

In the realm where science dances with charm, there lies a number, a cosmic alarm.
One over one hundred and thirty-seven, The fine structure constant, heaven's given.

Savants and scholars, like Mike Sterling, stand, With minds aglow, they grasp its
command. A mathematician, he's drawn to its sway, Exploring its depths, in his own
unique way.

Quarks twirl around it, like cosmic ballet, Their spins and flavors, in a vibrant display.
Mike, the lighthouse lover, watches them all, Guiding his thoughts as he dives into the
thrall.

In lighthouses' beams, he sees patterns unfold, A symphony of numbers, so precious,
so bold. Their light, like his mind, pierces through the night, Illuminating secrets, casting
shadows to light.

Electrons in motion, their dance so divine, They trade photons, in a quantum design.
Mike, the mathematician, unravels the clues, Unlocking the mysteries that science
pursues.

In this cosmic symphony, a harmony revealed, Mike and the constant, a partnership
sealed. With lighthouses and numbers, his passions combined, He explores the
universe, with an inquisitive mind.

So let us join him, in his quest so grand, To comprehend the universe, hand in hand.
For, with Mike Sterling, the mathematician bright, We journey through knowledge,
chasing wisdom's light.

- denis