

## Bohr and Einstein look troubled...

...they wonder  
Am I a lucky proton?  
Do I get through?  
Is there someone to free me from my quantum chaos?

I feel split up  
My reality duplicated somehow  
As if my mind is forced to be in two places  
I am here and then I 'm not  
I am here, in a chair, sitting  
Listening to background chatter  
Of people discussing their latest ventures  
And then, at the exact same millisecond  
I am walking down an empty street  
A beggar, rattling his cup  
This black and white movie  
Where it's always raining  
Is this my polar opposite?  
This soaked desperate man, running from his life  
Is it me?

I do recognize his nose  
I have to say I like his nose  
I like his long neck  
It's strong, majestic almost  
Designed to be on the lookout  
His neck is passive  
It's waiting for entanglement  
It's waiting for an escape maybe  
To an armchair perhaps  
It wants to be embedded in chatter  
The reassuring sound of rain of unforced conversation  
About the clock speed of a chip  
About technology and nature  
About steak

Am I the man in the rain?  
Am I the man in the armchair?  
Am I the lucky proton?

A light is blinking in the eye of Bohr  
God flips a coin  
Einstein is wearing sunglasses