

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