

**Act I. Particle World** What can we learn from science?

**Augerics**

To see a world  
In a grain of sand  
And a heaven in a wild flower.  
Add infinity in the  
Palm of your hand  
And eternity in an hour.

Claire:

We bumped into each other  
In this particle world  
Strangely stuck together,  
Tightly we hurled  
Through the particle world.  
'Til we mellowed like wine  
And floated in time  
And loved treasure into  
The world.

Then we were slashed in two  
By a cleaver.

But time being meaningless,  
Though we drift far apart  
On pulses and waves,  
Our charged hearts bathe  
In mysterious magnetism  
That saves our unity,  
Binds our souls with impunity  
From the cosmos,  
Causing a most  
Delightful joke  
That no one's not playing  
While under the yoke  
Of reason:  
Wherever you are,  
I don't know,  
But whenever you move,  
. . . I go.  
I dance with you  
Beyond forever,  
In our tiny,  
Subatomic pleasure  
Of an irreverent but reverent  
Interlock,

Narrator:

It mocks all we currently  
Know of union.  
Two parted lovers  
Enjoy perpetual  
Meeting though they must part  
To "endure not yet a breach,  
But an expansion, like gold  
to airy thinness beat."  
A feat not imagined  
Till it was revealed.  
This shimmering entanglement,  
A conqueror of loneliness,  
Rejecting an absolute  
Sense of seclusion,  
Proven by laws just discovered  
Our lovers, Claire and Atman,  
Are in timeless entangle.

Claire, the photon,  
Has a tiny hope on  
This curious moment  
Where they find themselves positioned  
Before the Doors of Perception,  
Flapping in the wind  
Pinned to the opening  
of The Land of Uncertainty.

Would the cosmos allow them  
To enter?

Forever they have searched for  
Their lost partner, Atman.  
Electricity whispers  
While Magnetism murmurs  
Of this particular plane,  
Opened through  
These very doors  
That could lead to a union  
That would heal the collision  
Which sundered them somewhere  
Before.

So Claire  
Uttering all their curses,  
Approaches the doors  
And looks down to read,

“This is the  
Threshold of confusion  
that’s acceptable.”

Over they fly  
In a quantum flurry  
Hurriedly becoming  
Their wave avatar  
To challenge the space  
As far as they can  
And come upon  
The sparkling Pond  
of Probability.

### **Pond of Probability**

Narrator:  
In a croaking falsetto,  
A voice emerges  
From everywhere  
Tending to be here,  
Over there,  
Well, from somewhere.

Possible:  
You’ve come to the Pond  
of Probability.  
Maybe you’re here  
But maybe not.  
You can speak to me  
But I might not  
Hear you

Narrator:  
Under his spacial glare,  
Claire has an objective  
Collapse and becomes  
Their particle self.  
In this infinite moment,  
They say . . .

Claire:  
Who are you?  
Where are we?

Possible:  
This is The Land  
of Uncertainty.  
My name is Possible

. . . and here,  
Everything is.  
I’m just a lonely neutron,  
Keeper of the Pond  
of Probability—that is,  
I have a tendency to be here.  
Or there . . .  
Do you sense your purpose?  
Or is this meeting  
A random chance?  
In this enormous emptiness,  
You are probably  
Part of a dance.

Claire:  
We are healing  
From a collision  
That broke us in two.  
Chaos caused it.  
We were screwed,  
Completely unglued,  
Sending us both  
To a lower frequency.  
Thrown far apart,  
Yet speaking ceaselessly  
Our strength is sapped  
Our substance kidnapped  
So we’re searching for  
Our other self,  
Our soul-mate Atman.

Possible:  
There is one place  
You might find answers.  
Go to The Wu Li Market in  
The Valley of Nonsense.  
It’s full of dancers  
Who know special spells,  
Mysterious motions  
That could predict where dwells  
Your errant partner, but

Watch out for the Hels,  
Singularities that abound  
In all shapes and sizes,  
Magnetically attractive.  
And once you approach them  
They’ll suck you in solid  
To the bottom of the squalid

Black hole,  
Your frequency zero,  
Your neuro threads shattered,  
Yourself and your hero  
Permanently battered  
No soul can escape.

Claire:  
How can we get there  
In our weakened state?

Possible:  
Change into  
Your wave-like self  
And skim the surface,  
Drawing power from the pond.  
Then move toward the greatest  
Charge from beyond.  
You might find yourself there  
Or not. It depends on . . .

### **The Valley of Nonsense**

Narrator:  
After what might be eons  
Or a day,  
Claire had successfully skirted  
Scores of Singularities  
Singing like Sirens  
To attract any particle  
Or wave . . .  
Into the succubustion  
Of its deadly melee.

They pulsed to a place  
Of atoms so large.  
Could it be The Valley of Nonsense  
That they charged?  
Then, there it was  
A spark in the middle of this mass,  
The Wu Li Market  
An atomic blast.

They morfed into a particle  
With guidance so deft  
That their probability patterns  
Pierced the atom with zest,

Photons, electrons,

And neutrons all dancing,  
A provocative prancing—  
Wildly gyrating,  
Attracting, repelling,

Yearning for answers,  
Losing some charge  
They slid to the nucleus,  
A densely packed barge.

Spying the hawkers' mall  
They docked themselves quickly  
With questions for the owner  
Of the Spellbinder's Stall.

Claire:  
We're searching for our partner,  
Atman by name.  
We sense they're on the far side  
Of two rivers too dangerous  
To cross . . .  
Have you seen them? They look  
Exactly like us,  
With an opposite spin.

Uncertain:  
My name is Uncertain  
And you look a little jangled.  
Might you be entangled?  
I know something about that.  
I have a partner too,  
A sly, old expat  
Originally from Wu Li  
But who knows where he's at.

His name is Chaos.  
Separated long ago  
An accident, or was it?  
A spell gone wrong  
In the early days  
Experimenting new ways  
Of applied magic,  
A spell too strong  
Took him far away.

Maybe we'll hook up yet  
One of these days.

Claire:

He was the bloke  
Who broke us in two  
Why did this Chaos  
Decide to play us  
Without even asking?

Who gave him the freedom  
To make **our** decision?  
His ripping fission  
With such a force  
Threw us far off course  
From each other.

Uncertain:  
He always did what he did  
With determination,  
Probably some kind of  
Sub-atomic fermentation,  
Not knowing, just pursuing  
Some hair-brained scheme,  
Listening to voices in his head  
That screamed to continue.

Claire:  
So if we find Atman  
Is there anything to do  
That will unify us again?  
Some special Kenning  
You might have discovered,  
Chaotic notes  
You might have uncovered  
To right the wrong?  
Maybe a song  
To sing the undoing,  
And how can we find us?  
Where should we go?  
We're at wits end.  
What do we know?

Uncertain:  
What you are asking,  
I've given great thought  
And pondering time  
Has brought me some hope  
That the solution might be  
Within our reach.  
It's a dance I've developed  
That if done very fast  
Can send you both

Into the past  
Before Chaos  
Clipped you in two.

As to where your Atman is  
I haven't a clue.  
But there are two rivers  
Farther on out  
Called Free Will  
And Predetermination,  
They run a parallel route.  
The first has a gentle flow  
With oxbows here and there.  
The second has raging rapids,  
With a driving, stoic flair.  
But don't try to cross them  
Before they merge.  
The high gravity  
Of the singularities between them  
Creates a buzzing hive  
Of succubation.  
You'd never survive.

Narrator:  
After learning Uncertain's  
Spell, getting  
All the steps to  
Gel, with the  
Proper spins  
As well, Claire  
Gathered herself  
Together to grok  
The direction of  
The tether tenuously  
Leading them  
To Atman . . .

And with hope divine  
Saying farewell  
To Uncertain,  
Claire waved goodbye  
And set course to fly  
To the flowing rivers,  
Two currents of particles  
Unresistant to change.

The river called  
Free Will

Celebrates choice  
As it rushes with joy  
Delighting in unin-  
tended frictions  
Creating surprising  
New borders . . .

The river called  
Predetermination  
Demands order.  
Its voice, the sound  
Of military marching,  
Obeying, being bound  
By logical rules  
Overarching.

Between them the Hels,  
Ripping singularities,  
Their force of succubation  
Whipped even higher  
By the rivaling channels  
Approaching so near  
To their tumultuous union  
A frenzy to fear,  
Unpredictable frequencies  
Throwing hard off course.  
Any poor particle  
Fool enough to cross  
Must ride this wild  
Bucking horse  
Daring to be lost  
Either in the crush of the Hels  
Or an obliterating toss  
Impossible to weather  
That would separate Claire  
For another forever  
From Atman.

Claire:  
Later, Uncertain.  
Thanks for the spells.  
Hope we get to try them  
And make it past the Hels.

Narrator:  
Hearing the music  
Of heavy metals,  
Claire joined  
The Rave.

*(Music of the Rave)*  
After smashing into  
Some negative particles,  
Claire stored the charge  
They gave  
And ripped out toward  
The roiling rivers  
In their violent bursting  
Wave . . .

Claire:  
Ah! We sense  
The particle rivers,  
And we don't know just how  
But we have only one chance  
To plot our dance  
At the very moment  
When . . .  
The rivers join.  
There, the sucking force  
Of the waning Hels  
Meets the perilous strife  
As the streaming gels.  
We must get it just right  
Or the forces will smite us.  
It's time to draw on  
Inspiration and intellect  
To chart our path.  
It's a matter of math  
And uncertainty.

Damn, here we go!  
Being sucked down,  
Now thrown to the left,  
An upward surge,  
We plunge toward the cleft.  
That leads to the shore.  
Oh, we're throttled once more  
Toward the screaming Hels.  
Atman can you hear  
Our piercing yells?  
Help us if you can.  
Our charge is low  
Battered by the blowing  
Repulsing forces  
Of the strife between  
Predeterminations and choices  
Colliding, blindsiding,  
We hear the inner voice

Of Atman whose furious  
Spin lends us power  
Catapulting our frequency  
Allowing us to tower  
Just high enough to scour  
The seething crescendo.

It's the end of the gauntlet!  
Finally at last  
We bask on the shore  
Holding on fast  
To the shocking memory  
Of the torturing blast.

Atman! It's finally  
You! We are here  
And we've come with a spell  
To unite us and, well,  
We'll teach us and try it.  
We'd no money to buy it,  
But Uncertain felt that  
Since Chaos, his partner,  
Caused us to split,  
He wanted to help  
With a spell from his kit  
That should take us back further  
To the time before  
Our cruelly forced breakup.  
We'll be one once more  
It's a series of spins  
With precise durations  
That sound like hymns  
With increasing vibrations  
Till our frequencies merge  
In the final surge  
of locomotional promotion  
Emotional motion  
Bilateral focus  
With hocus-pocus  
Cross-eyes the locus  
Until both of us  
Are one . . .  
Let's practice . . .

*This should be a short musical interlude where  
Claire teaches Atman the spell.*

We've got it! Yeah!  
Now we must dance it together.

*The same music plays with a harmony of sorts,  
Coming to a cacaphanous epiphany.*

Dang! It didn't work!

*Two silent beats.*

Wait! Something else happened!  
We're permanently changed.  
Are they too, Atman?  
Yes, we're definitely deranged.  
Do they feel it too?  
All of a sudden  
Images flood in.  
The spell pushed a button  
Exploding what's been shut in  
From all of existence,  
Resisting, persisting,  
Insisting, enlisting  
And finally what's needed:  
A loving assisting  
To keep the balance  
By removing the valance  
That supports all the curtains.

Transparency reveals  
That Atlas is kneeling,  
The Milky Way's reeling,  
The universe feeling  
The need for some love  
That even two lowly  
Particles can give.

We're entangled to everything!  
Our senses are clear.  
We're determined to exercise  
Our freedom of choice  
to turn love into action,  
Starting right here.  
And do what is needed.

Let's go fortify the balances  
That are out of whack,  
Help pick up the slack,  
Pay back the cosmos  
For our debt of creation.

Aren't we interdependent?

Aren't we all one nation?  
In the end can't we join  
In one glorious ovation  
To acknowledge just being  
In this celebration  
Even when it feels  
Like an altercation?  
Let's go!

Narrator:  
And they left together  
Riding particle waves  
Into the depths of dichotomies,  
The Ocean of Existence,  
Craving an answer to the question:  
Can Predetermination be surprised  
By Free Will in love?

There is no becoming  
Of what did not already exist,  
There's no unbecoming  
Of what does exist.  
It is never born  
Nor does it die  
Nor once that it is  
Will it never not be.

Unborn . . .  
Unending . . .

Eternal and ancient,  
It is not killed  
When the body is killed.