

*Schrödinger's Cat Preaches to the Mice*

by Gwen Harwood

Silk-whispering of knife on stone,  
due sacrifice, and my meat came.  
Caressing whispers, then my own  
choice among laps by leaping flame.

What shape is space? Space will put on  
the shape of any cat. Know this:  
my servant Schrödinger is gone  
before me to prepare a place.

So worship me, the Chosen One  
in the great thought-experiment.  
As in a grave I will lie down  
and wait for the divine event.

The lid will close. I will retire  
from sight, curl up and say Amen  
to geiger counter, amplifier,  
and a cylinder of HCN.

When will the geiger counter feel  
decay, its pulse be amplified  
to a current that removes the seal  
from the cylinder of cyanide?

Dead or alive? The case defies  
all questions. Let the lid be locked.  
Truth, from your little beady eyes,  
is hidden. I will not be mocked.

Quantum mechanics has no place  
for what's there without observation.  
Classical physics cannot trace  
spontaneous disintegration.

If the box holds a living cat  
no scientist on earth can tell.  
But I'll be waiting, sleek and fat.  
Verily, all will not be well

if, to the peril of your souls,  
you think me gone. Know that this house  
is mine, that kittens by mouse-holes  
wait, who have never seen a mouse.