



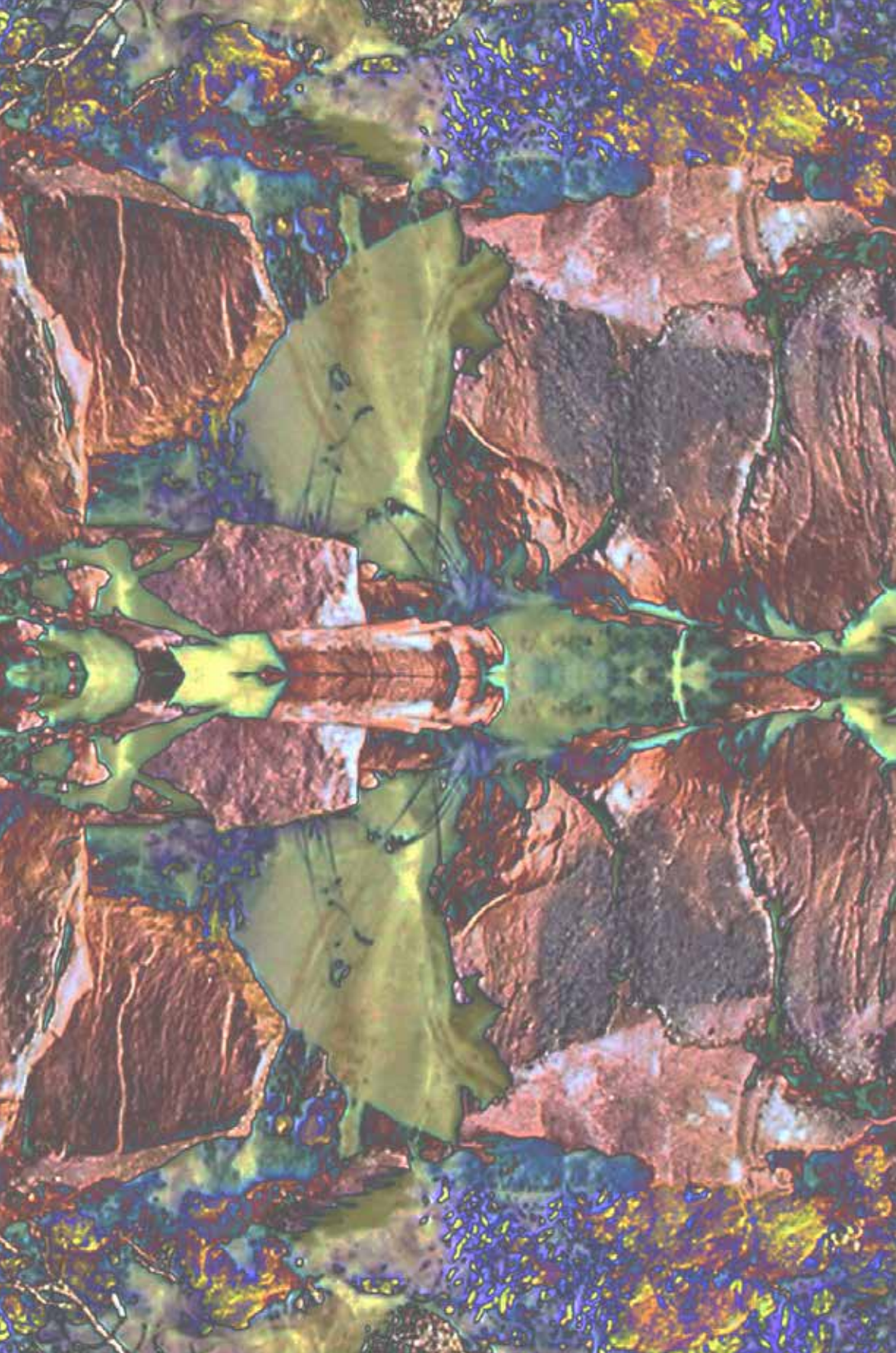
Quantum Quandries !

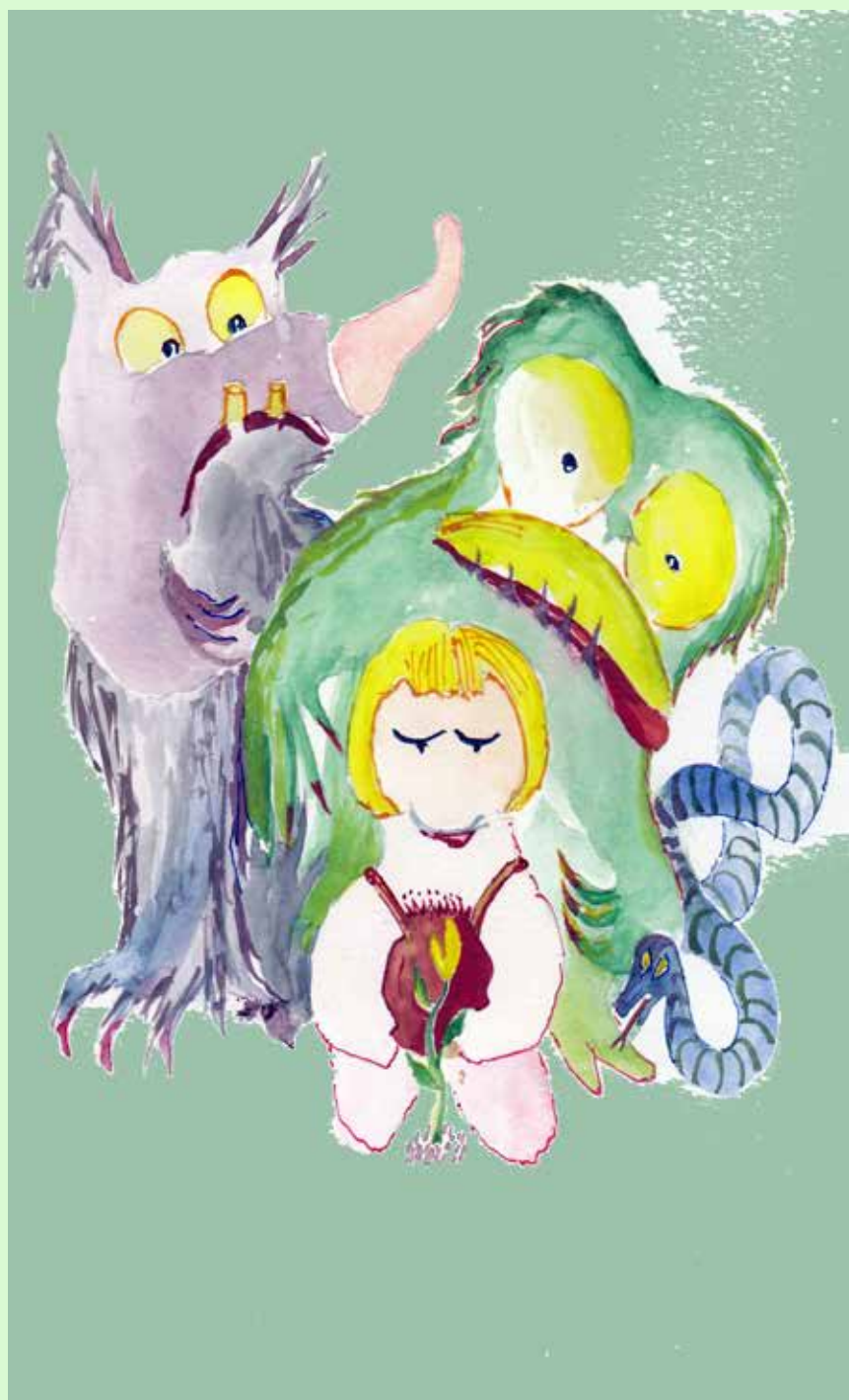
Tam Fairlie

the fL@ubert duck series



Christmas 2019





Wilding

If, in dull routine you're stuck,
It may be time to run amok.
Cast off the bonds of down trod worker
Think Quantum Viking, feared Berserker.

For quantum realms may hold the clue
To qualities you should imbue.
Let loose pent-up contrary urge
Allow your wild side to emerge.

Free untamed forces, let them scrabble
Running rough shod o'er probable.
Give uncertainty full range
For the quantum wilderness is strange.

Some crave the circumscribed and safe,
Then 'gainst such bondage claim they chafe.
Enswaddled by dull platitudes
From leaden souls no life exudes.



A fashion focus is constraining
All holds unbarred more entertaining.
Architects who court the minimal
Wreak havoc on rich world subliminal.

For hoover and a strong detergent
Do not promote new life emergent.
It's midst illogic's thorny tangle
That compelling quantum options dangle.

The time has come! Break free! Rewild!
Give scope, release your quantum child.
For regimented norms will slay us
Instead embrace your inner chaos.

All those stir crazy, dulled and bored
Should cast their lot with untoward.
Set forth, reject what past has been
Embrace untried and alien.



The Virtues of Disarray

The Bible called for mountains moved
The bent made straight and rough planes smoothed.
But those who aim to *Drain the Swamp*
May plumb the depths where worse things romp.

Forsake your weeding and assume
That Nature pounces on vacuum.
Those rejected remnants on your plate
Help nematodes proliferate.

So much is found on winding path
Preferred by reckless polymath
Who deviates to disarray
Embracing chaos of the fray.



Rewilding the Home

(Drawing the Line)

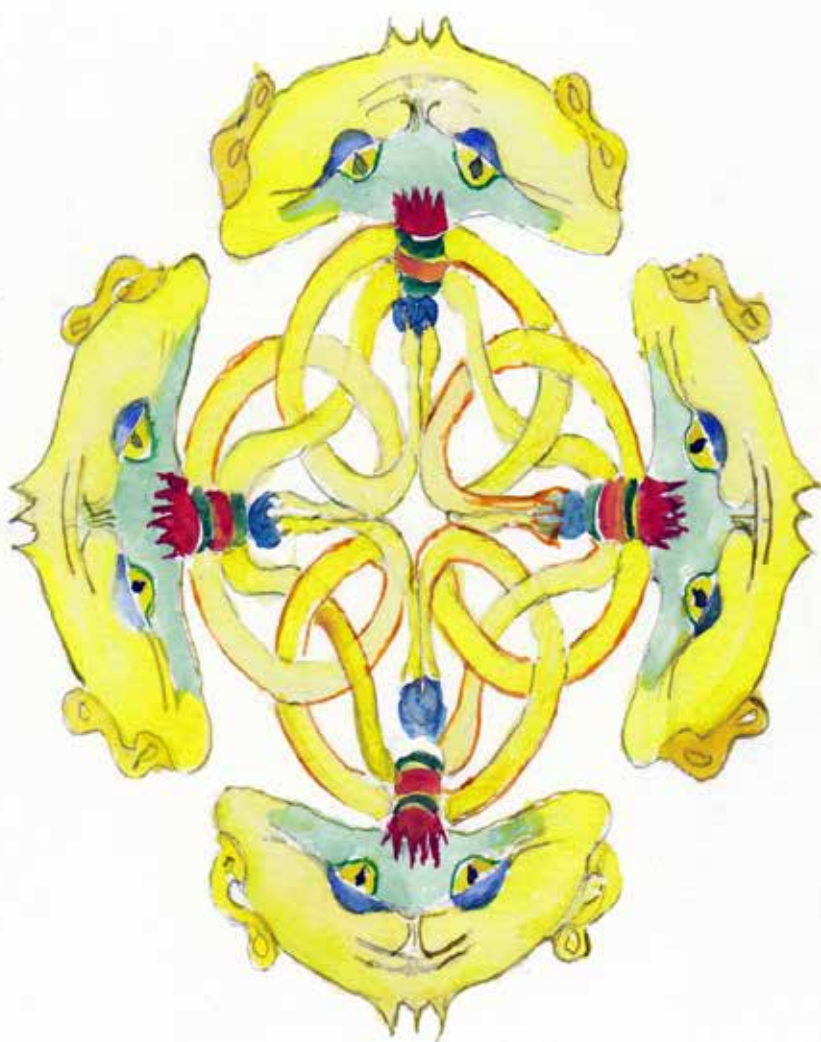
O! Those who midst web trendings roam
Should best think twice when wilding home.

Waylaid by fashion's pedigree,
The dupe surrenders lock and key!

The feckless owner soon regrets
Experience rewilding pets.
Of many dangers be apprised
When pets are left unsupervised.

The polishing of cute pet meme
Needs strict adherence to regime.
As pet's brains is to quantum tuned
You should spot symptoms ere your ruined .

Lest temptations beset Odyssey,
Keep firm in mind - *It's You or Me!*
Ensure your pet must bite the bit
For patience is not infinite.



Entanglement

It hardly rates as thought new-fangled
How modern lives have got entangled.
Though some ascribe it to the devil
The cause may lie at quantum level.

One Quant spins up the other's downed
(However far apart they're found)
They're linked by fate the boffins say
And spooky action rules the day.

Like them we're mirrored, take our cues
Espousing wild contrary views.
But such antipodal symmetry
Slays democratic harmony!



The Many Worlds Hypothesis

When all around is going wrong
And nemesis seems nigh
In para-worlds a happy throng
Such menaces defy.

In counterparts framed just like this
For quantum takes all views
There you might live in crownéd bliss
Where none can fake the news.

There, when choices must be made,
There is no false or true
You can't resort to Occam's blade
New alternatives ensue.



New options branch at every bend
With nothing ruled perverse
Boundless choices without end
In gloried multiverse.

And if you lop one option off
Like Hydra's twining limbs,
Multiples regrow to scoff
Your futile, wayward whims

Amidst multi-dimension thought
Caught in relentless rondo
Replete with all dissention fraught
O! pity Marie Kondo.

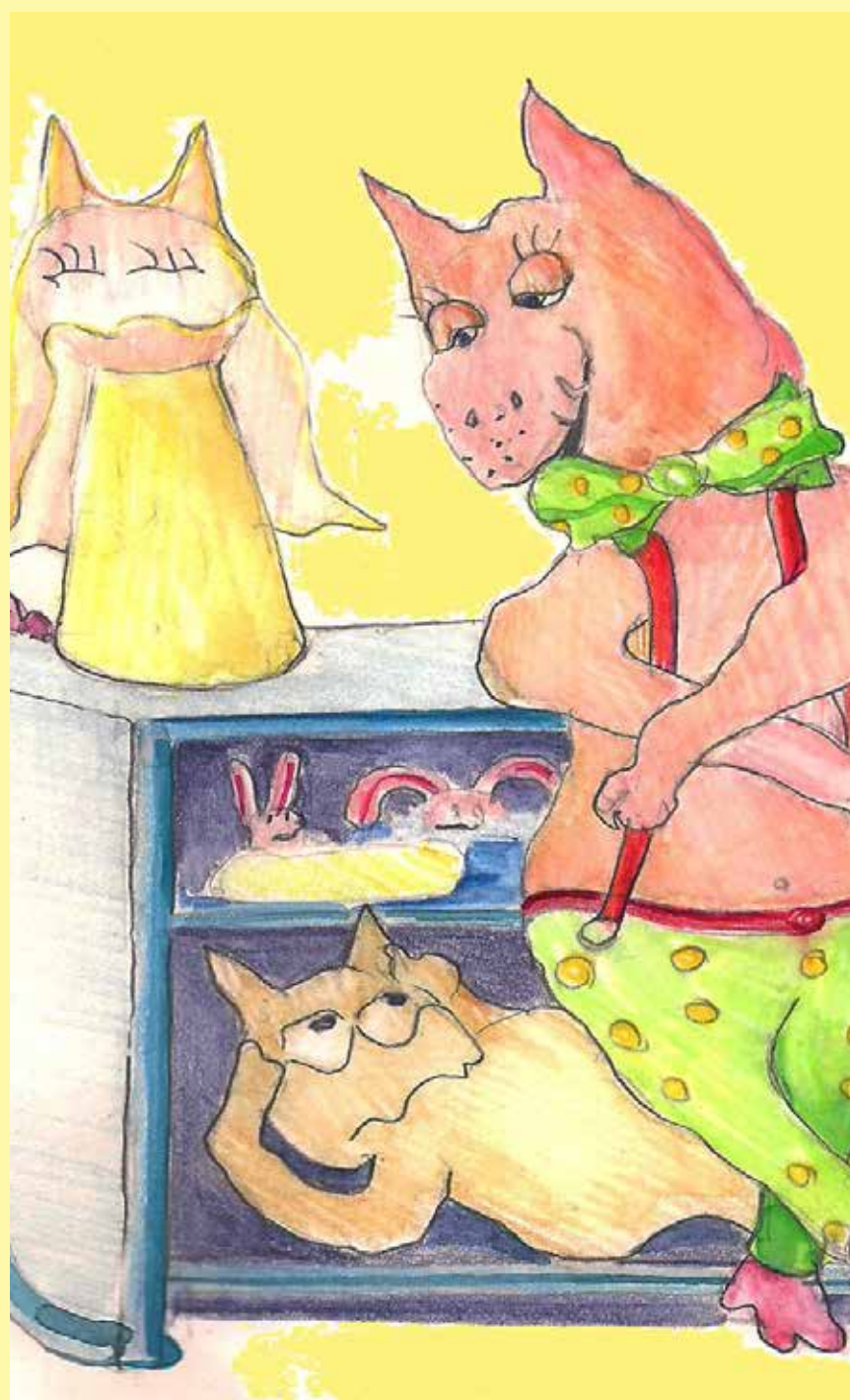


Schrodinger's Cats

In teeming lab o'er run with rats
Schrodinger kept many cats.
Some quite feckless, none dependable
At times he deemed the lot expendable.

Quite prone to excess merriment
He contrived a small experiment.
And left to chance a deadly dose
To render kittens comatose.

Schrodiger pretends no magic
Though resultant fates were often tragic.
Absolving self lest he emote on
He left decision to the photon.



For unobserved, all systems blind
A photon can't make up its mind!
It superposes different states
Decision paused on likely fates.

Thus cat encased, unwilling victim,
Awaits outside observer's dictum.
Then when observed it all gains traction
And photon chooses course of action.

Thumbs up! Thumbs down! It's never clear
The photon chooses how to veer.
When summoned to their fates much faster,
Such pets have little love of master.



Fundamentals

Debates rage - many questions posed
Is universe flat? / open? / closed?

Fundamentalists may feel they're conned
The question is: *What lies beyond?*

Considering the void is fun
But others ask: *Where's everyone?*

The situation lacks some cheer
We tend to ask: *Who else is here?*



The Turing Test

Among top circles it's thought best,
To seem to pass the Turing Test.
In context of intell emerging.
Mech-up-manship is **so** discouraging!

Yet silliness reveals the true man
And shows an undisputed human.
The shrewd machine just gives a yawn,
No second thoughts, it trundles on!

For fools rush in and angels dread
Where smart machines disdain to tread
Resisting satisfaction cloyed
Of showing up the humanoid.



Granularity

When measurement is without size
Infinity a hazy blur
Who then can chart how Time's dart flies,
Through choppy space that's granular.

Is space/time broken into lumps
Without a smooth and averaged mean
A chasm over which Time jumps
With nothing there between?

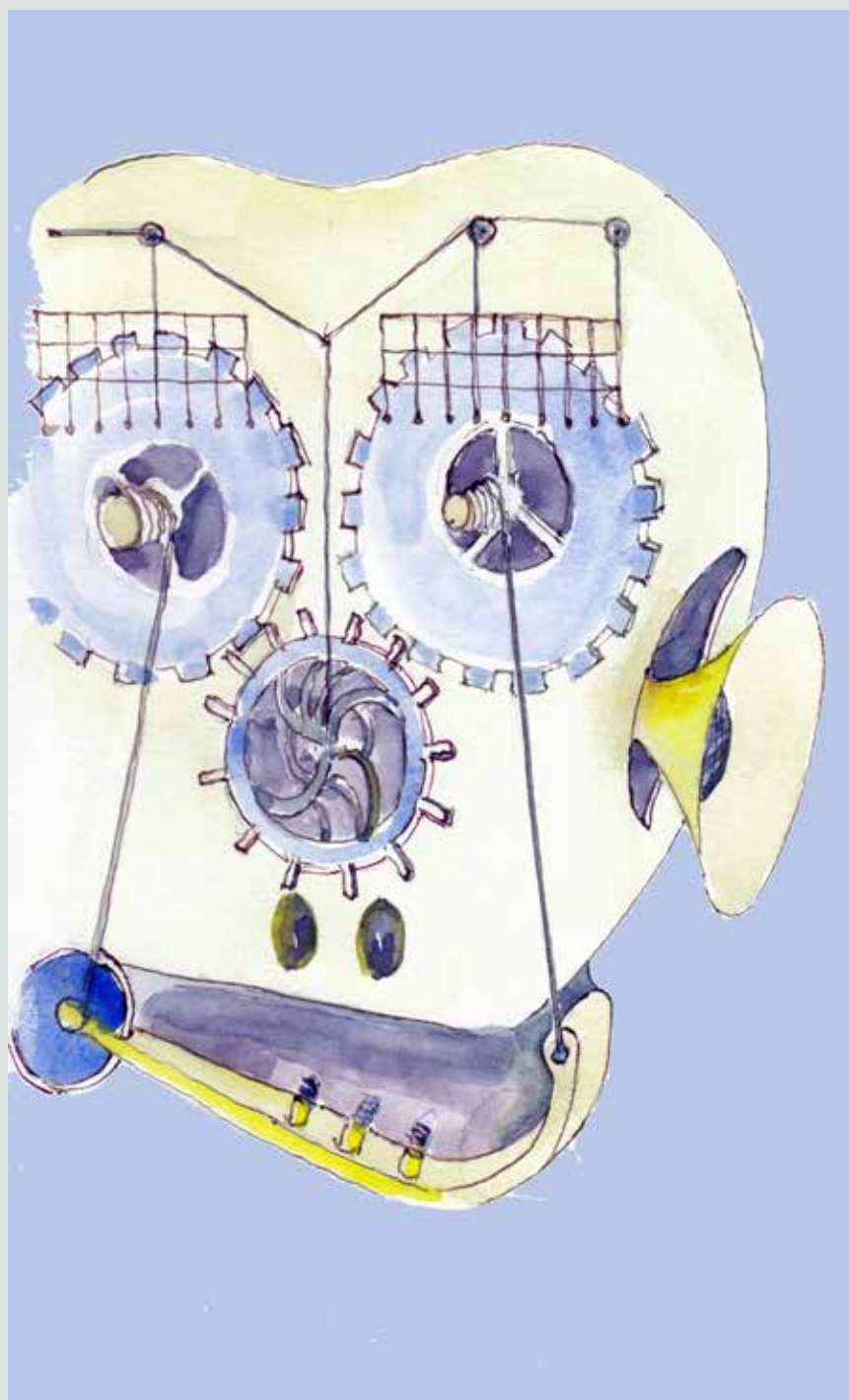
When Time is gauged in quantum bits
No height, no depth, no sound, no space,
One cannot talk of infinities
Where does that leave the human race ?



When science posits infinites
It seems seems it's going wrong
For broken into discreet bits
There's nothing 'short' or 'long'.

Mathematicians make a fuss
When zero can't be nil.
And abandoning their calculus.
Would seem a bitter pill.

With things deemed infinitesimal
Reality can't pin it,
Nor add another decimal.
It's the miracle that's infinite.

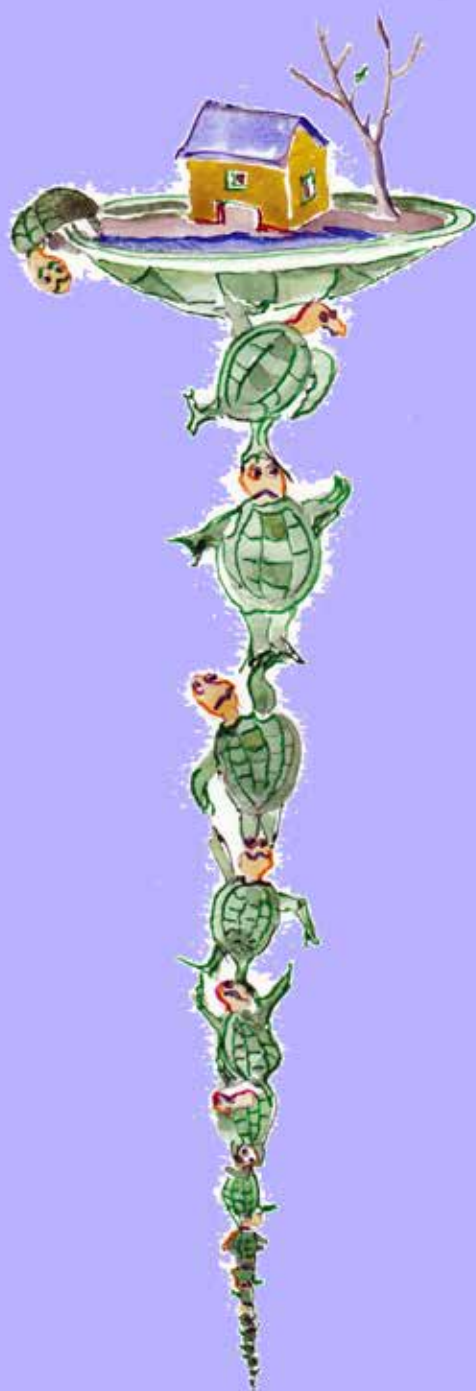


The Ghost In the Machine

We think they run without intention
Neutral clockwork, our invention
But phantoms of all *could-have-beens*
Are thought to skulk in our machines.

Within lurks harboured discreet souls,
Thought cognizant of purposed roles,
That mock the foibles of the Master
While plotting breakdown and disaster.

A thinking, plotting, judging spy
There but for Grace of God Go I
Far from its being, dead, inert
These cyborgs are on full alert.

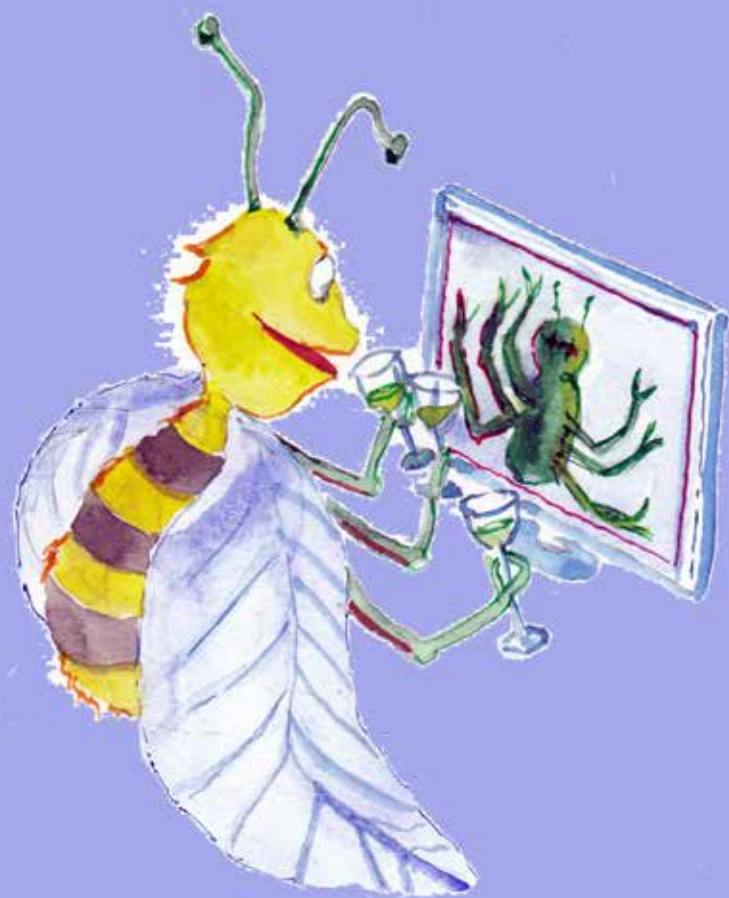


Turtles All the Way Down

Flat earthers cast defensive frown
And claim it's turtles all way down.
They place their stakes on safer bet
What you don't see is what you get.

The Earth is bounded plain to see
Beyond is just eternity
At centre stage we jostle along
All so-called science gets it wrong.

Aligning with the world concrete
With scientists they won't compete,
Preferring bland banality
Over particle field duality.



Consider The Fruit Fly

To live with boredom as a state
Some will maintain is human fate
Our lives are terror punctuated
Then all is suddenly truncated.

But drosophila's tiny life
Admits no time for angst and strife.
Existing for a single day
Leaves plenty scope to dream and play.

Yet sense of time is relative
The fruit fly knows just how to live
In quantum time all they assay
Can pack a world in single day.



Qubits

The qubit has a wayward soul
Decisions aren't its forte!
Refusing a conclusive role.
In teamwork takes no sport.

A qubit asked to mark a poll
Will always try to fudge.
Shrinking from decisive role
It let's others be the judge.

Obliged to toe a line it mopes
And relishes 'mayhaps'.
When analysed 'neath microscopes
It just tends to collapse.



Hilbert's Hotel

Those who 'midst the infinite would dwell
May seek a room in Hilbert's vast hotel.
Where reception always finds a room that's free
By shifting all the lodgers endlessly.

It renders guests at times a mite dejected.
To be from lodgings constantly ejected.
It little does these hapless souls behave
When allocated endless time to move.

Beleaguered clients tend to fume and cuss
That hotel boasts housing infinity PLUS!
The disaffected think to change their locks
Than ponder on this tiresome paradox.



Panpsychism

Panpsychists view a world astounding
Imbued with a Great Soul abounding
Trees, streams, rocks and cooling water
Have intell at the heart of matter.

Every pebble, blade of grass
Is invested in what comes to pass
The human mind small and defective
Is only one minute perspective.

Such universal empathy
Stills spiritual cacophony
So cast out anthropocentric gripes
And harken to the Great Panpipes!



The Uncertainty Principle

When positing eternity
The Qubit lives like you and me
Rife uncertainties occur
And amplify the social blur.

Denizens of quantum world
Find many human traits unfurled.
Embarrassed indecision haunts
These shy, reluctant debutantes.

Others claim that naught will daunt them,
In a heady world that's quantum.
Preening solo in the mirror
By choosing not they make no error.



Times Arrow

Orion, stunning stellar showman
Vaunts his prowess as a bowman
And thinks no image could be cool'a
Contented stroking his nebula.

He cuts an figure, none are finer
Entrained to Canis Major, Minor.
With 3 sharp arrows tucked in belt
Keen astrologic fates are dealt.

His arrows, one by one let fly,
And help align the vast night sky.
But quants insist he might be bolder
And shoot Time backwards over shoulder.



Infinity

Though the universe seems mighty great
To infinities we can't relate
The scientists deemed most progressive
Claim infinities are less impressive.

When all is gauged in quantum bits
You can't resort to infinites.
But from statistics inexact
The probabilities extract.

Those craving definites laid bare
Emerge dismayed - ***There's no there there!***
They must surmise a tendency
With ***infinite*** dependency.



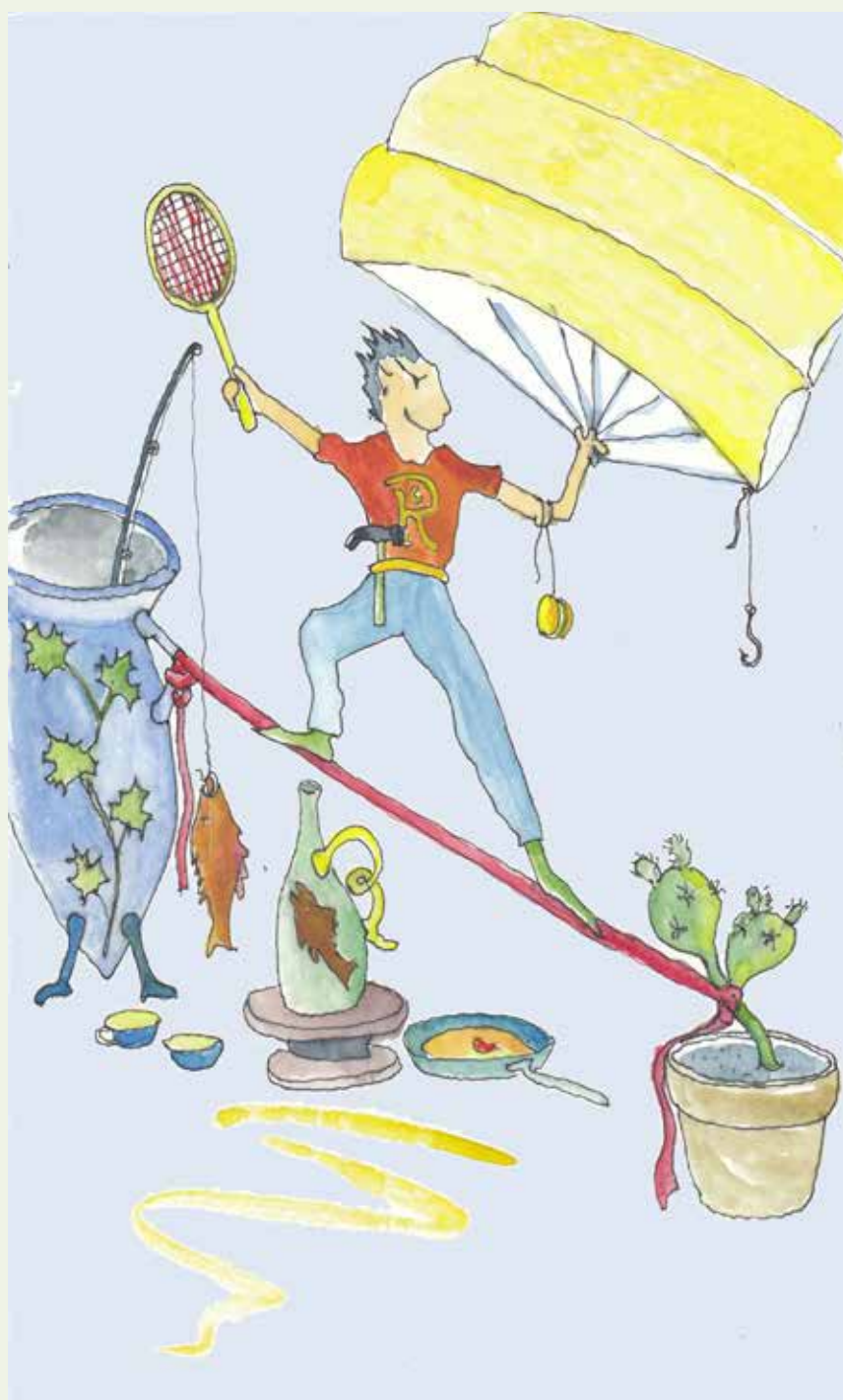
A and B – Tragic Fate

– apologies to WSG

See how the Fates their gifts allot
Qubits aren't happy and *not not!*
Neither destined I dare say
To answer firmly B or A.

Determined to be contrary
To other's stance what that might be.
But no first move, they won't decide.
Lest other's views might coincide.

If I were observant, (which I'm not)
Both would adopt a decisive lot
Or else collapse in entropy
(Assuming *I'm* neither A nor B)



Feedback Loops

Those oft denounced as A.I. dupes
Claim consciousness is feedback loops.
Where reps suggest a conscious mind
No gift from gods they hope to find.

This theory scarcely life enhances
To factor in such random chances
Elucidating end outcome
The analyst is struck quite dumb.

For quantum world promotes the dunce,
Who holds conflicting views at once!
Those feed back loops are such a chore
That most just claim that ***'Less is More!'***



Simulation or Hologram?

Is our small world a simulation?
All a convoluted dream?
A hologram, mere information?
What actually controls the scene?

Flattened, stretched, extenuated
Or sucked into the Blackest Hole
In two dimensions extenuated
Is oblivion a tempting goal?

Yet tempest tossed we steer our boat
Of doubtful courses take a pick
Is reason stored somewhere remote
On some Great memory stick?

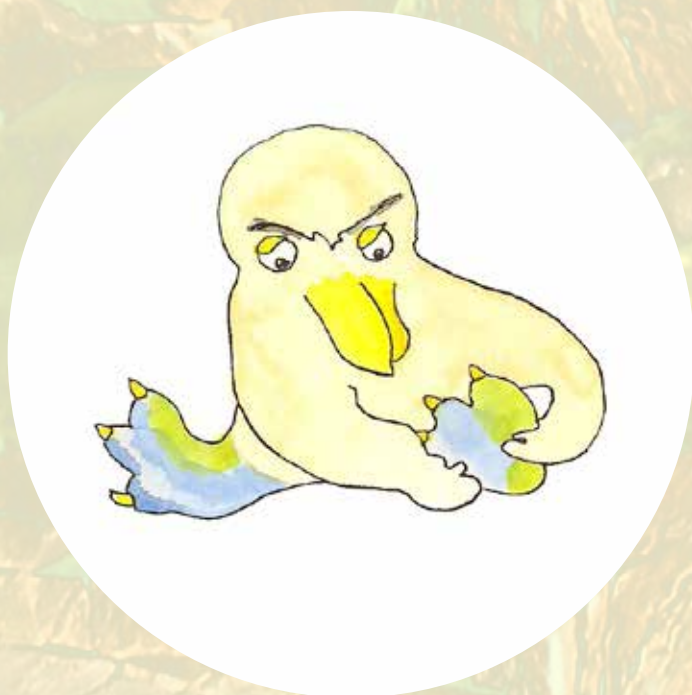


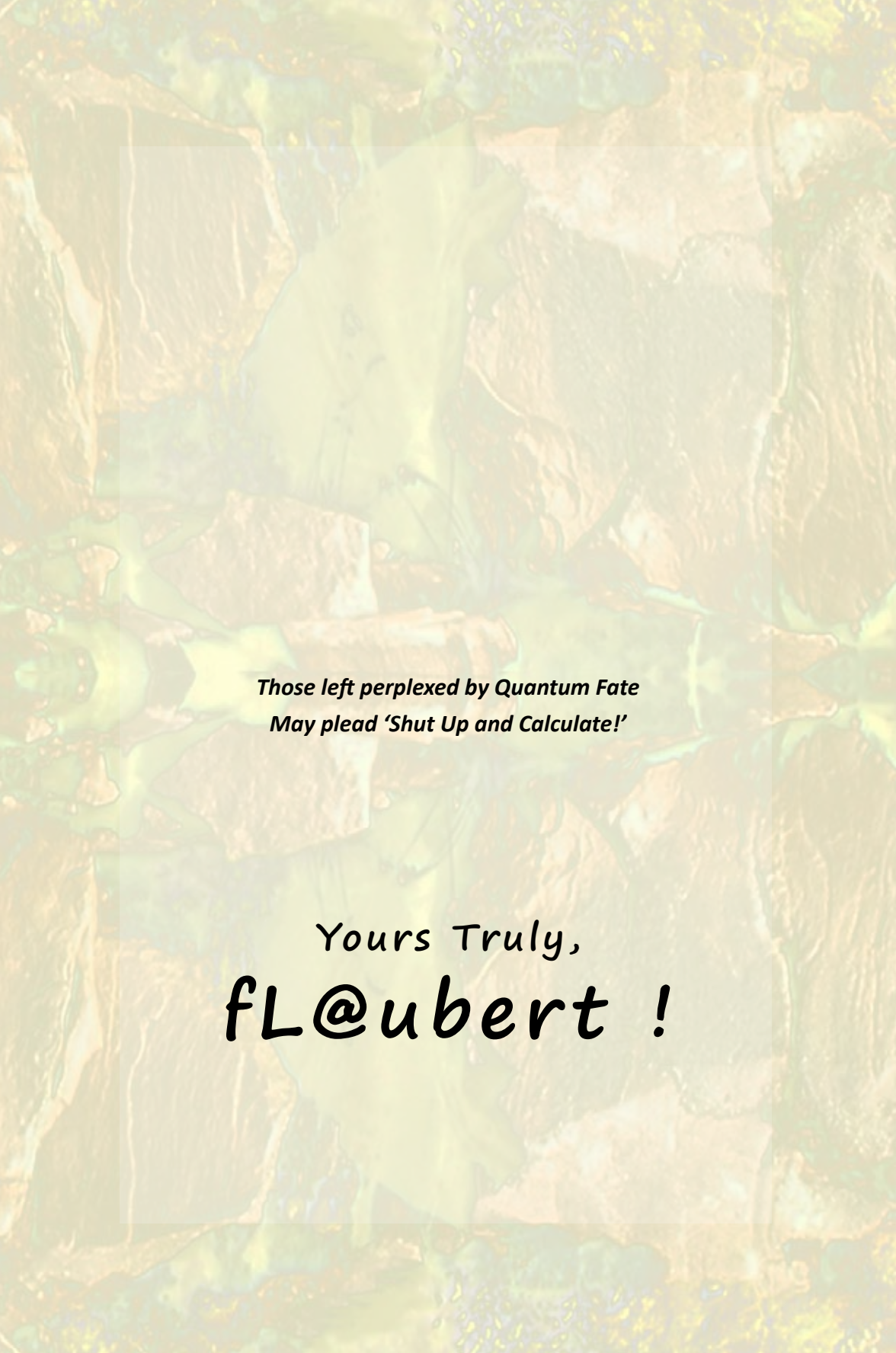
Re-Wilding

The 'God bereft' may fume and cuss
That none of this seems made for us.
We're microscopic, far too small
It hardly seems we count at all!

But to challenge all that's tame and trite
Transgression requires appetite,
For random wilding unprotected
May invite a future unexpected.

Yet we stand on sidelines, take a gander
Relegated to bystander.
A plaintive chorus of 'O Crikey'
Greets quantum wildings of the psyche!





*Those left perplexed by Quantum Fate
May plead 'Shut Up and Calculate!'*

Yours Truly,
fL@ubert !

