

Theatre

We think the world so big
yet the Earth a cosmic speck
we live in a world of randomness
yet harshly judge others
with outdated rules of sameness

We live in a state of probability
distribution engendering
possibilities statistical
mechanics unveiled
changing moments are faultless
life cares not of imperfection

Our life is a small stage
with a few backdrops
a few obscure shapes
Our minds fill in
the awesome happenings
deemed so certain
so well-founded and real

We make mistakes
standing firm is not a given
we act as we wish
It is humanity lingering
as deficient and marred