

Particle Waves

In Golden Gate Park
hours before darkness,
on this bright sunday
the light is a wave,
 the light is a wave
on this bright sun . . day

Then a flash . . .
 and the light
is a party of particles
diving and blasting
from out there to here,
it's either,
 it's both
like choosing reality -
it's something we do
searching for deeper truth

Can we ever be sure
that the ways we hold dear
won't shift in a flash
exposing the mirror,
of particle waves
 bringing particle haze
and nostalgia for days that once
 were so solid
they felt so,
 so solid
now drifting on past
 drifting . . .
 drifting on past
 on a river of light
 a river of light

a river of
particle waves

we hold on . . .

hold on,
stuck . . .

unsticking,

we hold on . . .

hold on,
then falling . . .

falling,
everything spinning
hold on

just hold on,

again to be born . . .

Alan Tower 8/91