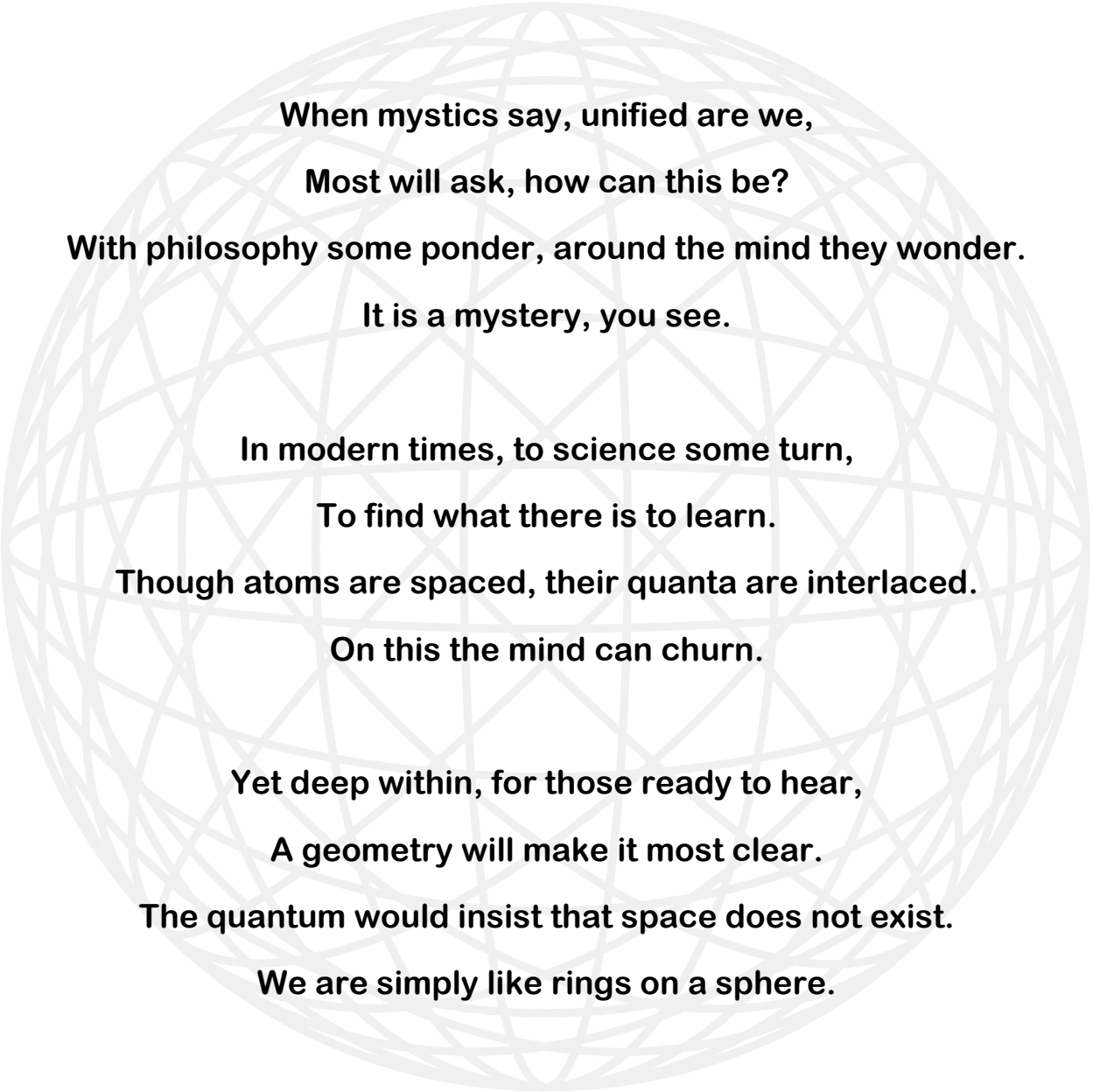


Like Rings on a Sphere



When mystics say, unified are we,
Most will ask, how can this be?
With philosophy some ponder, around the mind they wonder.
It is a mystery, you see.

In modern times, to science some turn,
To find what there is to learn.
Though atoms are spaced, their quanta are interlaced.
On this the mind can churn.

Yet deep within, for those ready to hear,
A geometry will make it most clear.
The quantum would insist that space does not exist.
We are simply like rings on a sphere.

Stephen M. Nanninga