

Uncertain Ramblings with a Quiet Attempt at Meaning

By Wendy Trattner

What's out there, what's in here, what's that?
Said the voice that went unheard.
It tried again and died again,
Regarded as absurd.

The voice resided in a cardboard box
And was tucked away inside,
Deep down in the basement
Where the other voices hide.

This one was called Uncertainty,
She was quite a curious voice,
But she asked the strangest questions
And the answers left no choice.

The humans which she served,
They were hesitant to listen,
For they loved their precious options,
And their reasonable intuition.

Why do not you listen,
For I've proved you wrong before!
Exclaimed the flustered voice,
Still dejected and ignored.

Remember all those quarks?
Anti-bottom to the top?
And remember Hooke's old corks?
And those poorly invested stocks?

There's something going on here,
That much is certainly true.
But the problem isn't my small voice,
The problem here is you!

Why have you stopped consulting me?
Why do you ask no more questions?
You've shut me away with Assumption,
And stopped letting me teach you lessons!

But the voice went unregarded

As the humans carried on,
Performing their daily tasks
Until the Phenomenon.

One sunny day like any other,
Though Uncertainty saw no light,
From the basement full of wonder,
She heard a sound of plight.

The aliens are coming!
They are taking everything over!
Run from your Assumptions,
They spell dangerous exposure!

And as fiery chaos ensued,
From the comfort of her box,
Uncertainty sighed "I told you so"
And died a sad paradox.