

# Schrödinger's Patient

Category: Poems

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The uncertainty  
of living with cancer...

In a box she waits,  
Neither dead nor alive,  
Until observed.  
In three months,  
The box opens.  
Tested, probed, scanned,  
She learns the cancer has recurred,  
In which case she is dead.  
Or it has not returned,  
In which case she is-not alive.  
Boxed in once more,  
Neither dead nor alive,  
She again awaits the allotted period  
Until the box is opened,  
A quantum superposition which only death  
Can collapse into a state of certainty.

Then the day comes,  
The final opening of the box.  
She learns the cancer has recurred,  
In which case she is dead.  
Or it has not returned,  
In which case she is-alive.  
After five years in the box,  
She embraces the certainty of either.