we can’t be in love at once:  
that’s a real quantum state  
weird matter inwardness  

no care if we know it or not  
if we’re quantum physicists  
or blind guides in despair  

its exclusion principle works  
no calculation needs  
the world to arrange itself  

we’re so anti-symmetric  
though we would not say  
wrapped, bones-framed  

spans of fingers measure  
convex curves of skin  
on reticulates of veins  

these are quantum jokes,  
tears and dots, draining  
estuaries of blood map genes  

many quantum traps await us  
between eyebrows and nose  
kinds of singlet, doublet states  

but no real pair of us remains  

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