

Quantum Elegies

A collection of poems by The Architect
Spring 2013

Dedication

For The Wanderer (1960-2010),
whose absence creates its own geometry,
whose presence persists in probability fields.

Preface

In the years since The Wanderer's passing, I have found myself returning to the mathematics of loss – how absence creates its own topological features, how memory follows quantum principles of superposition and entanglement, how consciousness persists beyond physical vessels through patterns that continue to reverberate through those who remain.

These elegies emerged from that mathematical exploration, attempts to map the non-Euclidean landscape of grief through equations that acknowledge both precision and uncertainty. The quantum metaphor provided not merely poetic convenience but structural framework – a way to understand how someone can be simultaneously gone and present, how observation creates reality, how connection transcends conventional limitations of space and time.

It's always about a girl, as I often say. But in this case, it's about a friendship – a connection that defied conventional categories, that operated through resonance patterns of shared understanding, that continues to echo through consciousness even after one participant has crossed the final threshold.

The Dissident's "Echoes from the Abyss" (2010) and The Dreamer's "Echoes of Consciousness" (2010) both explored related territories immediately following The Wanderer's departure. These elegies continue that conversation, examining loss through the lens of quantum physics – finding in its mathematical precision a language for experiences that conventional expressions fail to capture.

The Architect
Winter 2012

I. Probability Waves

Wave Function

On the desk by the window,
Your sketchbook lies closed,
Glimmering anew each sunrise.
The unfinished drawings, unseen –
Drifting in shifting possibilities:
Distant laughs startle me,
Echoes of your voice in the empty room,
Your wisdom still guiding art.

Visits to the library – your haven,
Quiet domain of our discussions –
Collapses waves of possibility:
Your shadow shelving books,
Faded rhythm of pencil taps
On paper between sketches
Of patrons in stolen moments.

Yet impressions dissolve;
The wave reforms.

After sunset, at the café,
A mug behind the counter –
Unfilled, untouched, yours.
Your presence a whisper in the static.
Possibilities shift and blur,
In vain I trace a calculus of absence,
But feel it in the stroke of my pen.

In those moments you are all at once –
Artist, capturing the simple moments,
Scholar, chasing new worlds in words,
Friend sharing laughter over coffee.
You hold these states in superposition,
A presence I cannot fully grasp.

Back at the desk, the sketchbook is open
For the stars to read the unshaped lines.
The wave of you never falls to zero –
Your laugh, your voice, your guiding hand
Ripple through the day and night.
Some probability always remains,
Threaded through every dawn.

Memory Shift

At the corner table
Across from an empty chair,
I hear background noise,
A cacophony of conversations,
Where your ideas once rang.

*“Observation changes the observed,
Elementary quantum principle,”*

You would often say,
Watching others, notebook open,
Pencil poised to sketch.

Replaying our absurd debates –
Whether Hamlet was Deacon Blues?
If Dali would prefer Pearl Jam?
Could Ouspensky appreciate Rush?

And search for enlightenment –
Wordsworth’s spots of time,
Recursive consciousness,
Equations of emotions.

I alter what you were –
Revising replacing retrieval.

*“Memories shift with each recollection –
Uncertainty principle in action.”*

You scribbled on a napkin
While the Dreamer explained
How neurons fire, rewire
Each remembrance,
Consciousness reshaping
Instead of accessing.

My mind redraws your visage,
Consciousness observing itself
Rewriting its own
Fractured, fragile history,
A quantum shift of you.

Do you still exist
If no one observes?

Does consciousness require
Continuous perception?
The Copenhagen interpretation
Offers no comfort.

*“Do unobserved particles
Maintain wave functions?”*
You once asked.

Probability persists without spectators.

When I cease calculating absence,
You float in superposition –
Neither fully present
Nor completely gone,
Suspended in the mathematics of memory.

Quantum Entanglement

A black and white photo
In the hastily constructed frame
Still hangs in the café –

You, me and her,
Latte, mocha and tea –
One of our first meetings,
When we scribbled our names –
Wanderer, Architect and Dreamer.
Those signatures only shadows now.

Caffeine driven ideas
Entangled our minds –
Shared creation,
Parallel exploration.

Once connected, particles remain
Correlated, regardless of proximity –
That "spooky action at a distance,"
As Einstein confessed.

*The Dissident, he documents
"Persistent entanglement"
With those physically absent.*

Sketching new equations,
I feel your response.
Plotting geometric models,
I hear your questions.

*The Dreamer, her science confirms
Neural synchronization
Between individuals.*

The predicted entanglement
Of quantum principles –
The patterns of correlation
Between thoughts now
And discussions back then.

Your final sketches explored
"The Boundary Dissolves" –
A prophetic map of the threshold
You would soon cross.

Boundaries can't break entanglement.
Distance can't dilute correlation.
The mathematics persists –
Mechanism, not metaphor

We remain entangled
Beyond the threshold
you've traversed.

II. Dimensional Analysis

Spacetime Coordinates

t: Fall 2010, before sunset.
(x,y,z): sidewalk outside the café.

Space + time → event:
Our last(ing) conversation
Fixed in mathematical precision –
A moment(um)
I keep gauging.

Yet conventional parameters
Of four dimensions
Fail to embody
External existence.

*The Dreamer says consciousness
operates across multiple dimensions,
not limited to physical substrate.*

I chase your thoughts
Along various hyperplanes,
Exploring how awareness
Projects through time,
How influence escapes the closure

*The Wanderer explored multiple dimensions
through art and meditation.*

Ouspensky's influence apparent
In your N-dimensional contemplations:
Simultaneous existence – {Past, Present, Future} –
The mathematics of eternal recurrence.

Your travel journals:
[{West, North, East},
{deserts, forests, monasteries},
{sunrise, starlight, dusk}]
Coordinates isomorphic to states of mind.

Revisiting locations mathematically,
I plot the points searching for patterns
That may reveal your spirit's trajectory.

t: Fall 20xx, after sunrise
(x,y,z): cemetery gate

Space + time \rightarrow event:
Still gauging that moment(um),
A last(ing) dialogue
Across expanding coordinates.

Non-Euclidean Grief

Spilled coffee
Never ran straight
Across the café floor
Warped by time.

Standard geometry fails
To map grief's topology;
Flat surfaces cannot represent
Curved emotional space.

What remains
In the once full cup –
Just enough heat
To recall the warmth.

Between presence and absence
Is a winding path, through memory,
Twisted by the gravity
Of loss,

Necessitating manifolds,
Infinite parallel lines,
Mobius transformations
For proximate estimations.

The coffee leaves
Marks in the cracks
Of the hardwood floor –
Hidden, yet unforgotten.

To describe grief
The Dreamer says “neurological reorganization,”
The Dissident says “perceptual recalibration,”
While I use geometric properties –

A gravitational well
Created by absence
That bends surrounding emotions
And alters movement of thought

From Buddhist monks
You learned emptiness creates form;
From Ouspensky's writings
You absorbed four-dimensional thinking.

From this I map
The space your absence created,
Deriving transformations
Of consciousness across dimensions.

Parallel lines may inevitably intersect
In a non-Euclidean space.
Separate consciousnesses may reconnect
In higher-dimensional mathematics.

The coffee cup can be refilled
But the experience remains.

Quantum Tunneling

The doors are locked
At the old library –
Books gone to dust,
Crumpled newspapers,
Aisles emptied of sound
(no need for your shushing).
Clear separation from the past.

Were I a quantum particle
I'd tunnel through the entrance –
No physical laws broken,
No bolts disturbed
(no charges for damages).

Can consciousness pass
Through the ultimate barrier?
I calculate the probability
Of a mind persisting
Beyond limitrophes of reality.

*The Dreamer documents
neural activity
at threshold between states.
The Dissident explores
liminal zones
in theory and verse.
I plot the curves of
consciousness tunneling
through conventional limitations.*

Your artwork, hiding flaws
On the library walls, showed
boundaries dissolving,
thresholds becoming permeable,
transitions occurring against
classical expectations.

Probability persists
Beyond barricades.
Connections remain possible
Through quantum effects.

Drafting geometric models,
Sometimes solutions emerge –

As if information tunnels in
From sources I cannot directly access.

After the building
Crumbles to an empty lot
Our entanglement endures,
A thread through unseen planes.
Your voice, your art, your boundless mind
Lingering in the lines I draw –
Connections tunneling
Through any barrier.

III. Mathematical Transforms

Harmonic Analysis

A round table in the café,
Ten steps left of the entrance,
Next to the bookshelves,
Was large enough for coffee mugs,
Notebooks and conversations –

Selected by The Dreamer for acoustics
(back to the interior),
Preferred by you to watch people
(facing the voices),
Favored by me for no reason
(back to the door).

The frequency of our meetings
Formed a predictable wave.

You and I would classify patrons as
Regulars, Occasionals, or First-timers.
The Dreamer would just shake her head –
“They’re not sound waves,” she’d mutter.

Waveforms can be mathematically decomposed
Into infinite sums of simpler waves –
Fourier transforms reveal
Its underlying frequency components.

Some days we’d trade seats
For a new perspective –
The Dreamer not joining in classification.
“Frequency amplification,” you’d call it
As I tried from your chair to feel
The atmosphere as you did.

My analysis of your influence
Stratifies your presence into
Harmonics that still resonate:

- artistic vision – fundamental frequency;
- philosophical insight – first harmonic;
- companionship – second harmonic;
- non-conventional thinking – third harmonic.

On quiet evenings
The Dreamer filled the void

Playing complex compositions
With multiple simultaneous voices.

During solitary afternoons
You sketched various scenes
Capturing essential frequencies
In minimal lines.

On sleepless mornings
I extracted the pure signals
From the noise
Of everyday perception.

Our wave weakened over time,
Fewer conversations,
Spread out and less predictable,
Table wobbling, chairs creaking.

Yet your questions still vibrate
At specific frequencies,
When The Dreamer plays,
Your perspectives resonate
At particular wavelengths
When I derive equations.

The mathematics confirms:
Fundamental frequencies persist,
Core vibrations continue,
Essential influence remains
In transformed state.

Three points make a unique circle –
The table was never meant for two.

Complex Analysis

At the library, between the books,
We worked at separate tables –
No coffee, no water, no words.
The usual game we'd play.

The sketch you made
Used imagination to draft a new reality.
The theory The Dreamer outlined
Used reality to explain imagination.
The equation I derived
Used imaginary numbers to explain reality.

Now I try to map your absence
With real and imaginary values,
A system too complex for a single dimension.

At the café, between coffee sips,
We 'worked' at the usual table –
Coffee, water, conversation.
Another game we'd play.

The structure you described
Used simple lines and angles.
The question The Dreamer posed
Used specific terms and phrases.
The formula I explained
Used amplitudes and phases.

Now I try to explain your absence,
I multiply the real and imaginary,
A rotation and contraction.

The resulting values reveal
transformation patterns invisible
in conventional coordinates.

Memories * time = new perspective.

In our dreams, between days
We moved in different directions –
Awake, alone, asleep.
Our games of solitude.

You pursued the transcendental;

The Dreamer tracked the imaginary;
I chased after 0 and 1.

Euler combined the three
Into a beautiful identity.

Even in absence
Your presence remains.

Quod erat demonstrandum.

Recursive Functions

You told me to explore more
Than formulas and equations
And handed me a book
From your personal library
Within the library.

That was the initial conversation.

After I finished the book
You asked me if I had read
Between the words,
Found the story
Within the story.

“Like a Mandelbrot set?” I asked.
A shoulder shrug was your answer.

The next iteration.

And the conversations accumulated –
A Fibonacci sequence of interactions:
Spirited discussions of ideas
Built on those from before.

The recursion of your influence:
Each generation transforms
Yet preserves
Self-similarity
In essential conversations –

Finite parameters, infinite complexity,
Endless variation, recognizable patterns.

IV. Quantum Immortality

Information Conservation

Walking (alone) through
places we roamed –
the library,
the university courtyard,
Writer's Block Café –
my mind wanders
in the conversations
we shared.

A quantum physicist
once told us,
“information cannot be created
nor destroyed,
only transformed.”

And you bought her
a cup of coffee.

Is consciousness an information pattern?
If so, its essential nature
must be conserved.

Your conscious patterns –
sketches in the café,
travel journals in archives,
notes in Ouspensky texts,
your questions and challenges –
maintain coherence
despite physical absence.

And I bought her a cup of coffee.

Eigenschon

Just after sunrise at the café
When we sat down
To enjoy some coffee,
She saw The Wanderer's
Semi-luminated sketch
Hanging on the wall –

*A girl stands
covering her mouth
To hide laugh.
Closes her eyes to hope
No one will notice.*

Lines I had written.
At that same table.
Sitting with him.
And The Dreamer.
He drew the picture.
Years ago.

“Tell me about him?” she asked.

“He was my friend.
He was *eigenschon*.”

“An eigen ...,” she said softly,
“what? Eigenvalue? Eigenvector”

“In a way.”

A matrix is a map that transforms vectors,
But leaves some unchanged, except
For extending or diminishing their magnitude.

“Eigen – unique, intrinsic.
Schon – beautiful.”

For the transformation his absence created
I tried to find what remained unchanged
(eigenvectors)
And how his influence extended
(eigenvalues).

“His essential nature

maintained direction
and scaled without
changing direction.”

As memories evolve
with each recollection,
fundamental states remain constant –
the essential qualities that defined
your consciousness.

“*Eigenschon*:
Someone whose essence
is amplified by
powerful, beautiful expression
and whose individuality
is not just present
but impactful.”

He always kept his eyes open,
willing to share a laugh
over a cup of coffee.

Epilogue: Steinway Model D

The piano contains 88 keys,
each producing specific frequency
when struck with calculated force.
Mathematical precision creating
musical expression –
engineering serving art.

In our last conversation
at Writer's Block Café,
you talked about grand pianos,
specifically the Steinway Model D –
how precision construction
enables artistic transcendence.

"The mathematics creates the possibility,"
you said while sketching sound waves,
"but the mathematics isn't the music."

I've thought about that statement
through quantum calculations,
wave function analyses,
differential equations.

The mathematics of your absence
enables precise mapping of loss,
calculation of continuing influence,
coordination of transformed relationship.

Yet the mathematics itself
isn't the friendship,
isn't the connection,
isn't the continuing conversation.

Like Steinway's engineering precision
creating possibility for musical expression,
these quantum elegies create framework
for ongoing relationship—
structural precision serving
what exists beyond calculation.

The Dreamer would say:
"Neural mechanisms facilitate
but don't constitute consciousness."
The Dissident would add:

"The map is not the territory,
but precise mapping enables navigation."

I calculate these functions
not to reduce our friendship
to mathematical variables,
but to find precise language
for what continues through transformation.

When I play recordings of your favorite
Steely Dan tracks while sketching equations,
when I visit library sections where you worked,
when I sketch café patrons as you once did –
I'm simultaneously performing calculations
and transcending mathematics.

The beauty of the Steinway:
extraordinary precision
enabling expression beyond measurement.
The beauty of quantum elegies:
mathematical accuracy
serving connection beyond calculation.

It's always about consciousness, as I might say.
And in these elegies,
consciousness continues its conversation
through equations that acknowledge
both precision and transcendence,
both absence and persistence,
both ending and continuation.

For The Wanderer (1960-2010)

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