

## Enlightenment

Winter has claimed this day for itself.  
In fact it's the third one in a row.  
Grayer than gray, raw winds, blue words hanging from the bare  
tree branches.  
Birds, squirrels, insects and souls hiding from the angry day.

Burt Goldman offers me an escape.  
Asks me to go Quantum Jumping with him.  
Ahaa! Intrigue for my numb mind. I am tired of myself thoughts.

Let's go but "Go easy," says he.  
Meditation takes some practice but if you get proficient the  
worlds open unto you.  
The substance of my reality is nothing more than changing the  
frequency of thoughts.  
Like turning the radio dial.

Parallel universes.  
My doppelgangers are waiting without the diacritic umlaut, as well  
as my ka.  
Look peripherally.  
Heck, the great poets, Dostoyevsky, Goethe and Lincoln all were  
quantum jumpers.  
Even Buffy the Vampire Slayer lept around now and then and  
experienced bilocation.

"Okay," I said to Burt, "but Downton Abbey starts in twenty minutes."

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