

Shroedinger's Cat

Shroedinger's Cat was not in a hat, nor yet in a shirt and a tie,
But more casually dressed in shorts and a vest,
And its whiskers were somewhat awry.
It farted and burped, it really was loud,
And gestured rudely to a gathering crowd.
Then, with a loud moan, it fell, really prone,
Half in and half out of death's door
And no one could tell, for certain, for sure
If the cat was alive or the cat was no more.
After lengthy discussion and hours of debate,
Sometimes quite measured, and sometimes irate,
They finally concluded, though really quite loth,
That maybe, just maybe, the cat could be both!

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