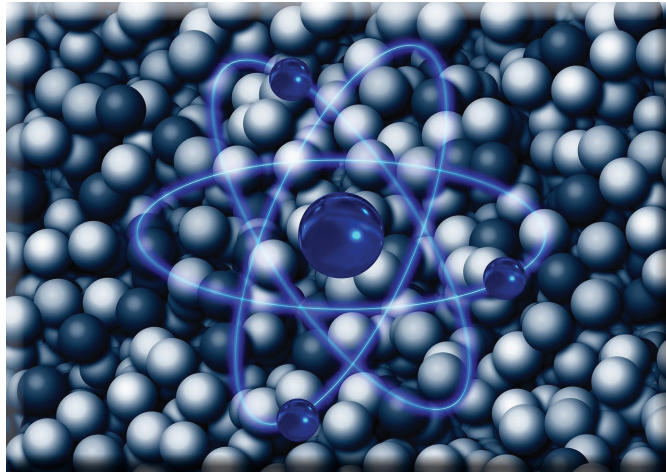

The Continuously Changing Illusion!

by Rickard Sagirbay, MSPE



Reality, a mercurial illusion, it seems,
Ever shifting, like a river of dreams,
Perceptions deceiving like ephemeral streams,
In this grand enigma, life teems.

Empty space, they whisper, claims most,
The atom's core, a cosmic ghost,
99.9% void, an ethereal host,
A cosmic dance where miracles can boast.

But accuracy eludes, the truth unclear,
In the depths of atoms, mysteries veer,
A glimpse of the infinite, whispers we hear,
The illusion of solidity, forever austere.

So embrace this ever-changing facade,
The dance of particles, a whispering squad,
Reality's mirage, it may seem odd,
In this swirling cosmos, we find our nod.

For reality's grasp eludes our clasp,
A shifting tapestry, beyond our grasp,
In empty space, a universe we unclasp,
Forever changing, within this cosmic rasp. Ω