ACROSS THE CURTAIN: Reflections on the limits of buman knowledge

Across the flimsy curtain of common "reality are spheres of existence we seldom conceive -Spheres where atomic clocks move in nano-rhythms each breath seems an eternity Dimensions in which galaxies last but a day & all human knowledge becomes a nugatory flame Realities in which a single snowflake appears as an elegant spaceship & others in which large planets are fleeting, microscopic blips Whenever people around you implore "be realistic" smile at them & reflect: What do any of us know of reality? Can we ken the depths?

