

The World Simply Is

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Abstract

I live a fantasy, collaborating with Hermann Weyl to write a poem.

Hermann Weyl is one of my heroes. I grew up on his books, and even now return to them frequently. I never got to meet him in person, since I was a very small child when he died. But a beautiful passage from his *Philosophy of Mathematics and Natural Science* has opened up an opportunity for us to collaborate, which I take up here.

The passage reads as follows:

The objective world simply *is*, it does not *happen*. Only to the gaze of my consciousness, crawling along the lifeline of my body, does a section of this world come to life as a fleeting image in space which continuously changes in time.

That profound thought always struck me as poetic. And so it occurred to me: Why not take the next step, and make it a poem?

Here is that poem. The first line is also the title.

The world simply is.

In my consciousness
Tethered to my brain and body
Fleeting images come to life –
Of the world, a section only.

The world simply *is*,
It does not *happen*.