

*This is meant as an allegory on certain aspects of the the New Modern Physics: the Big bang; the theory of Relativity (I think); Quantum mechanics (I think), and parallel universes (Believe it or not). All spiced with the X factor: love.*

Through the window they could hear her rummage about in the kitchen. The smell from the stove took a turn through the stomach, then rocketed to their fatigue and dizzy minds; intensifying an already wild and flimsy play. Any minute now, they knew she would lean out of the window and with a pretended harsh voice, order them to wash their hands and sit down at the table.

-Mom, who came first, me or Life? She turned around with a puzzled look. Their capacity to chew and talk at the same time was an everyday experience; still, it never stopped to stun her.

-so who was it Mom? Mom was it me or Love?

-no Mom; don't play with us! Yeah, life and I are twins, but not at the same time!

-now listen to me kids. They could sense a sudden seriousness in her voice.

Then there was nothing, and then I heard a baby crying; then another one.

I managed to sit up and started to fumble around in the dark;

got hold of you two and cut the strings. Then i leaned back, gave you my breasts and, feel asleep.

When I woke up, the leaves and the sun were playing on a floor through an open window; birds were singing and there was a smell of coffee and voices somewhere; and you two-she tousled them again-you two were asleep! She smiled, leaned forward and placed her head between Life's and Love's.

-so, you know what i did?

-no, what did you do Mom?

-I took my time to take a really good look at you two!

-so what did we look like Mom?

-you looked different; very different from now; just two small babies, you know.

Though it struck me so; you know what struck me so?

-no! Don't play with us Mom! Tell, tell what struck you Mom?

-it struck me so, that you looked exactly the same; identical! The two kids stirred as if they saw each other for the first time.

-what's that you said; that id-word? A restlessness got hold of them and they started to move a round on the chairs.

-you two, you looked as if you were one and the same; the very same person. She hugged them.

-and you are! Mom's two rascals, yes you two, you spring from the same egg!

-no! The kids started to beat on her arms.

-chickens come from eggs! We are not chickens, Mom; we were babies; we are humans and we come from your stomach!

The Mother drew them close again, and said, with an almost whispering voice:

you're so right there! But you know what; deep, deep inside of me, there was also an egg; a tiny, tiny very tiny little egg; so small and so deep within that no one could see it, and in that egg, there, were you both.

At first, nothing happened with the egg, although the egg was alive and well, and for a long time, in just lay there. Then I met dad, and we kissed, and you know what, you know what happened?

-tell at once, don't tease! What happened Mom; tell us, please!

-the kiss ignited the egg.

-what's that? How can a kiss do things?

-the egg started to grow; the kiss made it grow, and it grew faster and faster and bigger and bigger, and then, suddenly, out of it came you two; and here you are!

Love and Life jumped down from their chairs and stood restlessly moving from one foot to the other, in front of their mother.

-ok, but we are still different; we are two persons, not one. If I climb a tree, and Life plays with a ball, how can we be the same?

How should I know, the mother said with a teasing glint; though one day we will know. All I know is that although you are one and the same, that doesn't stop you from doing two things at the same time; and that's very convenient for you but quite a hassle for your mother, she said and smiled.

Life and Love sighed, looked at their mother for a few seconds and then said: mom can we go out and play now?

-of course you can! That's why you are here; off you go!

The sun, the leaves and the dust were there for them, as the played around on the yard. Through the window they could hear their mother rummage about in the kitchen; and behind it all, that low, constant buzzing from the radio.



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