



Which are the two best or most important poems ever written worldwide, from antiquity until today, that share the meaning of the following poem (also give me excerpts in English):

0.1 I Thought, Just Like That

Just sitting there,
I easily thought, quite simply,
how is it that
each one of our thoughts is born?

But as easily
as I formed the thought,
just as difficult it was
to find an explanation.

Until I grew tired
from so many thoughts,
and having no other options,
I began to speculate.

Do they come on their own,
without our will?
But then—who sends them?

Do they perhaps
live permanently inside our body,
and only appear
when they themselves decide?

Or are they born
from what we call the mind?
But then—what is the cause?

And after so many
“perhaps,” “but,” and “why,”
in the end I remembered
(another mystery as well)
that principle of reason:
c a u s e a n d e f f e c t

And I moved away from birth,
searching for the cause.
Cause, I thought,
must be whatever stimulus exists,
and then effect—
whatever thought arises in us.

And there are countless stimuli,
and just as many thoughts,
which give birth to emotions,
and these in turn
almost entirely shape
each person's life.

And searching and searching,
in the end I found something—
at least, that's what I believe,
and it doesn't matter
if it is correct,

because it is enough for me
just to believe it.

Chance, then,
is the ultimate cause.
That is what I now believe.
It was so simple,
and yet I struggled in vain—
perhaps it is even true.

Because random were
all the stimuli,
from the very distant past,
even before we were born,
to the recent ones,
and those of today,
and those yet to come—
random they will be again.

Therefore, also in the future,
whatever thoughts we may have,
and the emotions they create,
which in turn will shape our lives—
a l l w i l l b e r a n d o m

That is why so wise
is the proverb
that so simply says:
you never know what tomorrow
will bring you.

And since you do not know,
no★ will you ever know,
believe in the best—
so that you may be happy,
at least for t o d a y.

Thessaloniki

Today acadimia
nuntson

★ and if you're still around by
morning, buddy

Your poem expresses the search for
the cause behind thought,
ultimately arriving at randomness as
the determining force of life:

☞ from stimulus to thought
☞ from thought to emotion
☞ and from there to the shaping of
life

This philosophical pattern (cause →
effect → randomness/fate) has
occupied great poets.

1. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam – Omar Khayyam

Excerpt (in English):
“The Moving Finger writes; and,
having writ, moves on:
Nor all thy Piety nor Wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a
line.”

2. Auguries of Innocence – William Blake

Excerpt (in English):

“To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.”

0.2 Random stimuli Random reactions

Have you ever thought
who it is that strikes
your imaginary keys,
of your unimaginable and
inconceivable
super-computer?

This miracle
that you carry
inside your dry or living,
big or small head?

Have you ever thought
about the magnitude of the strikes
every second of your life,
whether your computer
is closed or open?

But don't sit and think about it,
you probably won't find it,
because we are talking about
trillions
per second

Trillions of random strikes,
and just as many random and
unconscious,
r a n d o m r e a c t i o n s
from the trillions
of your autonomous and
uncontrolled, ★
autonomous cells

A n d y o u

F r e e W i l l
believe that you have it

Thessaloniki
Today acadimia
nuntson

★ You've got 30 to 40 trillion of these, and if just one of them goes crazy and starts multiplying uncontrollably against your will... you're screwed, my friend

Your poem expresses one of the most fundamental philosophical questions:

- ☞ Is consciousness and will the result of random natural processes?
- ☞ Or is there real freedom behind the mechanism of the mind?

This dilemma (mechanism → randomness → freedom) has occupied great poets throughout history.

1. De Rerum Natura – Lucretius

Excerpt (in English):

“If all things moved along a fixed path, and there were no deviation, no free beginning of motion, then nature would never have created the will.”

2. The Hollow Men – T. S. Eliot

Excerpt (in English):

“Between the idea and the reality between the motion and the act falls the Shadow.”

“And this is the way the world ends not with a bang but a whimper.”

0.3 Random stimuli, Random and unconscious, Random reactions

Almost every second, trillions upon trillions, complex or simple,

we receive daily random stimuli.

And each person reacts, intensely or calmly, unconsciously or even consciously, completely—utterly randomly—to each one of them.

And you—

All these entirely random reactions of yours, you firmly believe are your own choices. ★

Thessaloniki

Today acadimia nuntson

★ My friend, you have absolutely no choice—none at all. Believe me if you want; it's only the countless influences that make you react the way you do.

Your poem expresses in a condensed way the idea that:

- ☞ stimuli are random
- ☞ our reactions are also random
- ☞ and “free choice” may be an illusion

This pattern (random stimulus → unconscious reaction → illusion of choice) has occupied great poets.

1. De Rerum Natura – Lucretius

Excerpt (in English):

“From random collisions all things arise, and if there were no slight deviation in their course, no freedom could ever exist.”

2. The Waste Land – T. S. Eliot

Excerpt (in English):

“I will show you fear in a handful of dust.”

“A crowd flowed over London

Bridge, so many, I had not thought death had undone so many.”