

## **Anyon, Anyon**

Anyon, anyon, where do you roam?  
Braid for a while before you go home.

Though you're condemned just to slide on a table,  
A life in 2D also means that you're able  
To be of a type neither Fermi nor Bose  
And to know left from right --- that's a kick, I suppose.

You and your buddy were made in a pair  
Then wandered around, braiding here, braiding there.  
You'll fuse back together when braiding is through  
Well bid you adieu as you vanish from view.

No one can say, not at this early juncture  
If someday we'll store quantum data in punctures  
With quantum states hidden where no one can see,  
Protected from damage through topology.

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