

Theory of Nothing

“*Why does the universe go to all the bother of existing?*” — *Stephen Hawking*

you say	in this universe	<i>girls should be flowers—</i>	wispy-eyed,
delicate; but	I say	you ogle women	you call <i>trash</i>
(too much sun)	I want <i>delicate</i> I want	<i>to be a living thing.</i>	call it by its name
(cheeks splotted)	cherry lips yes	no crow’s feet.	I hate it
when	girls hate each other;	you see,	I used to dress in
crayon colors,	once scarlet—	bittersweet brown,	cornflower blue;
now shoddy	now drab as	I blend into walls,	I stay up late, stare at
shadowstuff,	the popcorn ceiling.	and soon it’ll all go, even	creature comforts
dissipate—	light filters through	baby’s breath on the sill—	(greasy windows) and
in the mirror	my thumb crooked,	my crooked body,	objects untethered.
the yellow chair floats,	dust motes jostling	the claw-foot tub—	things let loose:
let loose by whom?	—I wonder about	outside,	the universe,
giant bodies of light,	black holes.	we are dying,	collapsing stars;
millions of nothings;	but nothing can be	taking up space;	nothing can be alive,
that moment	when you resign yourself,	eyes rolling back	in your head,
in your skull—	and nothing can be	not looking at your love	in the morning—
sun shining	birds chirping—	(you tell her you’re there)	(when really you’re not.)