My Kind of Nothing

Elizabeth C. Williams
Gettysburg College, willel03@cnav.gettysburg.edu
Class of 2013

Follow this and additional works at: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury

Part of the Poetry Commons

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

Available at: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2011/iss1/19

This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.
My Kind of Nothing

Keywords
creative writing, poetry

Author Bio
Liz Williams is a sophomore majoring in English with a Writing Concentration. She enjoys Red Sox games, late night shifts at the library, New York bagels, and Russian novels. She was born and raised in Clinton, NY and her favorite band is the Super Furry Animals.

This poetry is available in The Mercury: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2011/iss1/19
MY KIND OF NOTHING

LIZ WILLIAMS

You say you feel nothing;
I can say that, too.

If you cut out every word on every page
of my favorite book
and let the half-inch slivers of inky white paper
flow softly in the breeze,
leaving me with a wordless book,
(I would still know every line.)
I can feel nothing like that.

Or if you collected on the tip of your finger
all the antimatter and imaginary numbers
taking up space in molecules and calculators,
fueling (in their non-existence)
theories and methods, answers and laws;
I can feel nothing like that.

Or if, perhaps, you counted the spaces
between every spindle
comprising each snowflake’s intricate web—
weightless, invisible, linking and vast,
descending in millions on frostbitten grass—
I can feel nothing like that.

You say you feel nothing;
I can say that, too.
I can feel nothing like that.