My Kind of Nothing

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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.

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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)  
thoughts 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.