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)
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.