

Nothing
Everything is opposite
Just behind the mirror,
Ready to surprise us
With what we can't see.
Nothing isn't emptiness
It's crammed full of something
Waiting for that Big Bang to set it free.
It was the friction of opposites
Set off the explosion
That shattered the rhythm of eternity,
But it keeps expanding
There's no way to stop it
Like it or lump it we're condemned
But just to grow behind the mirror.
Patient as the desert
Is the opposite of everything
We think we know,
Nothing isn't nowhere
It's everywhere around us
Waiting for the Universe
To come and go.

Henry Woolf