

## Nothing, Something, and Everything

Let your poem deal with nothing, something, or everything. Go anywhere you want with this

February 10

cloudy, cool and very still

Sometimes at night, my old dog Hattie  
will lift her head to bark at nothing,  
as if that nothing were silently  
crossing the yard in the darkness,  
and then she'll listen hard and bark again  
until it steals away. This morning  
I woke at three o'clock, and nothing  
was standing there, silently watching me,  
holding its breath at the foot of the bed.  
I must have made some little noise  
because my wife turned toward me and asked,  
"What's wrong?" "Nothing," I answered,  
and suddenly nothing was gone  
and from below us Hattie barked and barked.

Ted Kooser  
from *Winter Morning Walks*

## The Night, the Porch

To stare at nothing is to learn by heart  
What all of us will be swept into, and baring oneself  
To the wind is feeling the ungraspable somewhere close by.  
Trees can sway or be still. Day or night can be what they wish.

What we desire, more than a season or weather, is the comfort  
Of being strangers, at least to ourselves. This is the crux  
Of the matter, which is why even now we seem to be waiting  
For something whose appearance would be its vanishing—  
The sound, say, of a few leaves falling, or just one leaf,  
Or less. There is no end to what we can learn. The book out there  
Tells us as much, and was never written with us in mind.

Mark Strand  
from *Blizzard of One*

Nothingness spreads around us. But in this nothing we find what we  
did not know existed. Susan Griffin

### Nothing, Something, And Everything

Grace would pooh-pooh it,  
but I think she's a mystic.  
I read some place  
that mystics are apt  
to be off in an alcove  
laughing at nothing.  
Well, she does that.

Always wanting  
to be more like Grace,  
I squat in a quiet corner  
chuckling to myself.  
Some folks are mystics,  
me, merely batty.  
Imagine stepping on through

the empty fluff of NOTHING  
out into the luminous swirl of

EVERYTHING.

Why not  
make like Grace and laugh  
at ourselves or SOMETHING  
here in the corner of nowhere.

jch 10/10/2022

Outside of God, there is nothing but nothing.

Meister Eckhart

In the beginning  
there was nothing  
and everything  
and they were  
undivided.

In the end  
there will be everything  
and nothing  
and they will be  
One.

jch 4/7/2013

A thousand times I have ascertained and  
found it to be true:

The affairs of the world are really nothing  
into nothing.

Still though, we should dance.

Hafiz/Ladinsky