

All of Us Are Getting Older, and By “Us” I Mean Atoms

Watch the June bug evening
its score against the sliding door, or the billowing octopus
scattering to all its possibilities
as the volcano shakes—
it's one fullness against another,
each aiming to be emptiness.

They say

that in the great balance
we are the full and the empty
is a thing we cannot hold.
But could it be
we are the temporal eternal memorable forgotten void?