

Nothing

As for me, I expect that my gold teeth will be ripped out of my head as soon as I hit the ground, by ghouls in long coats with snapping steel pliers, drooling in the shadows, who have been waiting for years to devour whatever it is in me that hates mankind, and it won't matter.Â Slit me side to side and I'll be grateful.Â I am tired of having a body, carrying around this stupid piece of meat like a bag of soggy groceries, having teeth to brush, a face to shave, fingernails to cut, just being tired of being anything, anybody at all.Â I want to be nobody, nothing.Â To have never been.Â Why this responsibility of having been that I must be?Â It is far better to have never been.Â I never asked for this, and yet, I am, when I would rather not to have been, to never have been, to have been nothing.Â

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Nothing, no thing is by definition, without definition, being that it is, by definition, nothing.Â Nothing is there, but because nothing is there, it must be something, rather than no thing.Â Nothing must be something because it exists. Nothing is the completion of all contradictions, the void, nothingness.Â A separation from God, no conscience, yet what can nothing be if not something?Â

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Does not the darkness define the light and the light the darkness? Everything is something yet nothing must, by definition, not be something.Â Nothing can not be something because then it would cease to be nothing.Â The void is something, not nothing.Â The waves, the pulse, the velocity, the hidden whisper, is something. Even if nothing is only the space between something, it too is something, the space between something.Â

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The molecules that make up the universe are something, and that space between the molecules is also something, though it is nothing, containing everything.Â Gravity is a force and although seems to be nothing, is something and all that is must be subject to the force of it's emptiness.Â What then is nothing?Â

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Is there something in our perception of what is, to understand what is not?Â Can what is not be defined, and if so, compared to what? Nothing, what is not, nor has ever been, nor will ever be, has gravity and draws what is into itself becoming what is not something. Nothing cannot exist or it would be something.Â

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Death, too, is something: decay, rot, a returning to the elements to become something.Â At no time can something become nothing because there can not be nothing, since even nothing is something. Yet there also can not be something without nothing to define what that something is.Â No thing is nothing, but if there is truly no thing, what can it be that occupies it's place?Â It must be something. Something can be intangible.Â The warmth of a breeze, the fragrance of perfume, the knowledge that it will rain soon, a hazy dream in the morning, the spin of the earth, the passage of time.Â

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Nothing cannot exist because by it's very existence, it must be something.Â Something is here.Â It is defined by it's thin membrane of what is, compared to what never was, but osmosis exists and nothing becomes something by its proximity to something, which was nothing, but became something.Â Memory is nothing but the imagined picture of something in time, which becomes nothing when there is no longer anybody to remember, something.Â Nothing becomes something when draped over a phantom, a vapor in a mist. In a fog, smoke curling into the air, something dispersing into something else, which was or may have been, but is not any longer, and yet is still something. But then, what is nothing?Â

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As Shakesphere said in "Macbeth," "nothing is, but what is not."

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