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Everything is Nothing

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Everything is Nothing

Author Note

In addition to my Biology and English studies, I'm a classical violinist of 14 years. My ultimate career aspiration is to serve my country as a physician in the U.S. Armed Forces. But I also hope to pair my knowledge of medicine and science with my love for literature, and someday write about these topics for magazines, newspapers, television, and hopefully even author novels of any genre.

Everything is Nothing

My mind went blank again.

When I don't have a pen and I'm all alone with my thoughts sitting heavy in the air,

The brilliant words in my head, that come and go quickly, fall away into nowhere.

They wilt, they grow quiet, and pretty soon retreat like a tide,

They hide away in a place so deep, I'm not even sure it's still called my insides.

All is silent, all is still, and disturbingly calm,

Moments like this leave me in a stupor, every sensible idea gone.

But when I sit like this, without a thought in my head, with absolutely nothing to do,

I remember science says everything came from nothing, in one sudden and unlikely "boom."

So my empty head and long lost thoughts, the ones I couldn't reach even if I called,

Maybe aren't as useless as I thought; I may be on to something after all.