

No Particular Night or Morning

I heard myself screaming

'Where am I?

Where am I?'

'Where have I been?'

But it was nothing and worse than nothing.

I liked the idea of nothing on top, nothing on the bottom, and a lot of nothing in between, and me in the middle of the nothing.

"It tried to kill me."

Space, Space, with nothing on top,
nothing on the bottom, a lot of empty nothings between, and me falling in the middle of
the nothing, on his way to no particular night or morning