



Nothing

Searched my whole being
my self my inner sanctum
for a power push to throw open
my doors of perception
no there isn't anything inside
burning and sending sparks flying
to ignite my pristine thoughts
no incense no fumes no fragrance
just emptiness plain vacuum
argued from the fundamentals:
isn't nothing a thing in itself
a noumenon of ravishing beauty
a creator of fantasy and myths
a landscape of imploding imagery?

K. Babu Joseph