

The Big Bang

by Sarah Karowski

I'm in a daze
floating above reality
not alive, not dead,
but somewhere in-between—
this hazy stage of nothing.

Words,

they drone around me
peripherals blur indistinguishable,
no awareness of limbs
focus—too hard—on the heaviness
of my eye lids, the drawl
of my breath, this soft
coolness on the back
of my neck—

What did you say?

Are you real? Because nothing
around me feels like anything—

yet we collide

like a feather brushing a cheek,
strangers bumping shoulders,

like an explosion of a star,
light years away from life—
we are bound.

I'm not anything, but you are.
We blend together, our entities,

but—your cheeks, they've dulled—
You've got my nothing.