

Dark Matter

by Dennis Saleh

Mostly everything
is composed of nothing
I read, and then look up
around me at what
I believe I believe in
things objects pictures
colors arrangements
and sigh for it all,
for myself, for the fact
that very probably
and in all likelihood
even I am not here
entirely altogether
but am mostly missing
if not already gone,
and what did I think
I was anyway a
thinking something
a blink a breeze Why
I suppose I would drop
to my knees if I had them
but instead just stare
at the air which stares
back at me empty