



11-15-2015

A Simple Disquisition About Nothing

John Graves Morris

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Morris, John Graves (2015) "A Simple Disquisition About Nothing," *Westview*: Vol. 31 : Iss. 1 , Article 22.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol31/iss1/22>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



A Simple Disquisition About Nothing

by John Graves Morris

Allow me to talk awhile about nothing,
what a man feels burning the letters
a woman whose name he will never
again permit to be spoken in his presence

once sent him declaiming her love,
the flames smooching her calligraphy,
smudging it back to the ashes from which
and to which he would happily consign her, too.

This is the same nothing a woman feels
before collecting all the letters
her father ever scrawled to her,
page-protecting them in a folder

in the order of their composition
to begin her exegesis of his messages
that have placed her in the binder
of his ambivalences about women.

What does nothing have to do with
the way an airplane's contrails
are backlit by the early morning sun
as it attains cruising altitude,

mirroring a man's heart rate rising
with the light of Saturday morning,
his free breath streaming all the way
out and up to a plateau of exultation?

What does it have to do with a man
during his late afternoon walk in the park
learning to see and learn anew
with myopic eyes creating out of lights

suddenly bursting as dusk rises into
a garden of anchored dandelion seeds,
pointing him a different path, newer wisdom
as if the stars had been strewn before him?

Logically, nothing is as nothing does,
and nothing will naturally be in between,
but how can it all result in Our Nada
who art in Nada when the tangible world

keeps unstoppering its daily cork
and spilling out nothing less
than a liquor fragile, but intoxicating,
if we can only learn how to drink.