

The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is made of a light-colored, textured fabric, possibly linen or cotton, with a subtle pattern of large, irregular, light-colored shapes that resemble water stains or organic forms. A central rectangular label, made of a slightly different, smoother paper, is pasted onto the cover. The label has a thin, light-colored border and contains the text "NO THING" in a bold, black, serif font. The book is bound on the left side, with visible stitching or staples.

NO THING

NO THING

To Sherry

No Thing is book zero of Decapoiema. Decapoiema is a series of 10 works of poetry, each based on one of the elemental numerals 0-9.



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No thing is a series of concentric poems tracing the flow that moves in and out of our lives. Like a seeker casting off attachments, the circle poems move ever inward until they converge at a singular point of nothing or no thing. This nothing may sometimes be felt as an emptiness of despair but when seen from the perspective of these circle poems, I hope that it can represent the commonality and fullness of all things.

It is no coincidence that a circle also stands as a symbol for nothing. The zero of our language is marked by a symmetrical arc with no beginning and no end. So it is with nothing. It is free from limits because it has cast off everything and within its void, we often see most clearly.

The poems themselves are a bit tricky to follow. The first series of ten poems are written as circles that get smaller as they go. They are meant to be read around the circle in a clockwise direction, starting with the upper left word. When the tenth poem of nothing is reached, the next set of ten poems begins. The circles now become larger and are meant to be read from left to right, line by line. The circles grow by adding the corresponding “descending” circle to the previous “ascending” circle. This building of poems from other poems, illustrates that the descent into nothing can form the building blocks for our re-emergence into fullness. Just as we are the sum of all our experiences, each ascending poem contains all the poems that precede it. The titles of the poems also reflect this rippling effect. An initial Return makes its way through the titles until it becomes the ending Return, a complete cycle.

The final section of the book presents the nothing poems once again, but in a more standard poetic structure. These are easier to read but it is through the circles that one sees how the poems contain each other, all the way down to nothing and all the way back up. The final poem, Calls To Return, contains every other poem within its words and the simplest poem, No Thing, contains every essence.

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NO THING

Circles Descending

Return

To Hold

All

things

hold.

return.

takes

Subtle

shift

doubt

denying

will

never

glance,

Its

long

times.

flashes

over

cry,

9

now

“Yes,

9

They know

come.”

to.

Awake

come

morning,

I am

are

truest.

you

are

fast

chances

enough

their

for

All

nothing?

Embrace

what

you.

colors

marking

bring.

love

Hours

feel

golden,

always

days of

grace,

green.

water

These

8

tears

we know,

8

When

and

allow.

an instant,

gently

scattering

shining,

hues,

they,

calling

the steps

so

near

free.

spirits,

Arise

Lean

into

new.

aches

like

closer.

things

Every

rising

peace

feel

can

always

be

7

so

ours.

7

and

Nights

heavens

then;

as

the

dawn

first

will

break

along,

coming

fully

home

Season's fall

forever.

arrives,

will

hiding,

thing

chanting

no

quietly

reflect,

nothing.

6

still

“Know

6

they

peaceful

Gently

sleep“,

.in our

it sings.

is it

Years

carry,

feel

our

descent,

“If never,

I.

no one,

will

nowhere,

as

waters

drift,

regret,”

5

They

we

5

love.

softly

turned

whispered,

dream

“share

like

longing.”

them

Home

Come nearer,

view.

sitting

in

still,

they shift

arms

4

fall,

beside.

4

their

Hold the

key to

silence,

follows

then

light

calm

Empty minds

this moment

dissolve

into

struggling.

3

remembering

Our hearts

3

changing

fear

be still

others.

will

It

Hope's

never

now.

stop.

to

Hold

us

us,

bring

rest,

1

When we
breathe. can
angels see,

1

No

0

no thing

0

Circles Ascending

Thing

0

no thing

0

Thing In Sight

1

When we
breathe no thing, can
angels see?

1

Hope's never
now. When we stop
to breathe, no thing can hold
us. Angels see us,
bring rest.

Empty minds

this moment. Hopes never dissolve

into now. When we stop struggling,

remembering to breathe, no thing can hold our hearts.

Changing us, angels see us fear.

Be still, bring rest, others

will it.

Come nearer,
view empty minds sitting
in this moment. Hopes never dissolve, still
they shift into now. When we stop struggling, arms
fall, remembering. To breathe, no thing can hold our hearts beside
their changing us. Angels see us fear, hold the
key to be still. Bring rest, others' silence
follows. Will it then
light calm?

If

never

I come

nearer, no one

will view empty

minds sitting nowhere,

as in this moment. Hopes

never dissolve. Still waters

drift, they shift into now. When

we stop struggling, arms regret

5 they fall. Remembering to breathe, no

thing can hold our hearts, beside, we

love their changing us. Angels

see us fear, hold the softly

turned key. To be still, bring

rest. Other' silence, whispered

dream, follows. Will

it then share

like light

calm, longing

them

home?

Seasons

fall

forever. If

never arrives,

will I come

nearer? No one hiding

thing will view empty

minds. Sitting nowhere, chanting

no, as in this moment, hopes

never dissolve. Still waters quietly

reflect drift, they shift into now. When

we stop struggling, arms regret nothing,

6

still they fall. Remembering to breathe, no

thing can hold our hearts. Beside, we know

6

they love their changing us. Angels

see us fear, hold the softly peaceful,

gently turned key. To be still, bring

rest. Other' silence, whispered sleep,

in our dream, follows. "Will

it then share?", it sings,

"Is it like light?"

Calm, longing years

carry them

home. Feel

our

descent.

Lean into
new seasons.
like forever. If
things will. I come
rising thing will view. Empty
feel no as in this moment. Hopes
always reflect drift, they shift into now. When
so still. They fall, remembering to breathe. No
and they love their changing us. Angels
heaven's gently turned key. To be still, bring
as in our dream, follows. "Will
dawn, "Is it like light?"
will carry them
along our
fully

into
Fall aches
never arrives, closer
nearer. No one hiding, every
minds, sitting nowhere, chanting peace,
never dissolve. Still waters quietly can
we stop struggling, arms regret nothing, be
thing can hold our hearts beside. We know ours
see us fear, hold the softly peaceful nights,
rest. others' silence whispered sleep. Then,
it then share it?", sings the
Calm, longing years first
home. Feel break
descent, coming
home.

Break Calls

Embrace

you lean

marking new season's

love like forever. If

feel things. Will I come

always rising thing will view. Empty

grace feel no as in this moment. Hopes

water always reflect drift. They shift into now, when

8 tears so still they fall, remembering. To breathe, "No

when, and they love their changing us. Angels

allow heaven's gently turned key to be. Still bring

gently as in our dream, follows. Will

shining dawn, "Is it like light,

they will carry them

the steps along our

near, fully

"Spirits,

what

into, colors

fall. Aches bring

never arrives, closer hours

nearer? No one hiding, every golden,

minds, sittingnowhere, chanting peace, days of

never dissolve still waters. Quietly can green

we stop. Struggling arms regret nothing. Be these

thing can hold.", our hearts beside. We know ours, we know 8

see us fear, hold the softly peaceful nights and

rest, others' silence whispered sleep. Then an instant,

it then share it? Sings the scattering,

calm longing?" Years first hues,

home. Feel break calling

descent, coming so

home free.

arise!"

Calls To Return

All
hold embrace,
takes you? Lean
shift, marking new seasons.
denying love like forever. If
never feel things. Will I come
its always rising thing will view. Empty
time's grace feel no as in this moment. Hopes
over water always reflect drift, they shift. Into now, when
9 now tears so still they fall, remembering to breathe. No
They know when, and they love their changing us. Angels
to allow heaven's gently turned key. To be still, bring
come gently. As in our dream, follows, will
"I am shining dawn." Is it like light,
truest, they will carry them
Are the steps along our
Chances near, fully
Their spirits
all

things
what return
into color's subtle
Fall aches bring doubt,
never arrives, closer hours will
nearer no? One hiding every golden glance,
minds, sitting nowhere, chanting peace. Days of long
never dissolve, still waters quietly can. Green flashes
we stop struggling, arms regret nothing. "Be these", cry
9 thing can hold our hearts beside. We know ours, we know yes.
see us fear, hold the softly peaceful nights and come
rest. Others' silence whispered sleep. Then an instant, awake,
it? Then share it. Sings the scattering morning,
calm, longing years? First hues are
home. Feel break calling you.
descent coming so fast?
home, free enough.
arise for
nothing.

Circles As Poems

Return To Hold

All things return.
Subtle doubt will glance,
Long flashes cry, "Yes, come."
Awake morning,
Are you fast enough for nothing?
All their chances are truest.
I am come to.
They know now over times.
Its never denying shift takes hold.

Hold The Mark

Embrace what colors bring.
Hours golden, days of green.
These we know, and an instant,
Scattering hues, calling so free.
Arise spirits,
Near the steps they, shining, gently allow.
When tears water grace,
Always feel love marking you.

Mark The Rise

Lean into aches closer.
Every peace can be ours.
Nights then; the first break
Coming home fully along,
Will dawn as heavens
And so always
Feel rising things like new.

Rise And Fall

Season's fall arrives, hiding,
Chanting quietly nothing.
"Know peaceful sleep", it sings.
Years feel descent, our carry.
It is our in.
Gently they still reflect,
Nothing will forever.

Fall To Drift

"If never,
No one,
Nowhere,
Waters regret,"
We softly whispered,
"Share longing."
Home them like dream turned love.
They drift, as will I.

Drift In Silence

Come nearer,
Sitting still,
Arms beside.
Hold the silence,
Then calm light follows
To key their fall,
They shift in view.

Silence The Memory

Empty minds dissolve struggling.
Our hearts fear others.
It will still
Be changing remembering
Into this moment.

Memory To Now

Hopes never stop.
Hold us,
Rest,
Bring us to now.

Now To No

When we can see,
Angels breathe.

No

No thing

0

Thing

No thing

0

Thing In Sight

When we breathe nothing,
Can angels see?

Sight To Rest

Hope's never now.
When we stop to breathe,
Nothing can hold us.
Angels see us,
Bring rest.

Rest Is Still

Empty minds this moment.
Hopes never dissolve into now.

When we stop struggling,
Remembering to breathe,
Nothing can hold our hearts.

Changing us,
Angels see us fear.
Be still, bring rest, others will it.

Still So Calm

Come nearer,
View empty minds
Sitting in this moment.

Hopes never dissolve,
Still they shift into now.
When we stop struggling,
Arms fall, remembering.

To breathe,
Nothing can hold our hearts
Beside their changing us.
Angels see us fear,
Hold the key to be still.

Bring rest,
Others' silence follows.
Will it then light calm?

Calm Longing

If never I come nearer,
No one will view
Empty minds sitting nowhere,
As in this moment.

Hopes never dissolve.
Still waters drift,
They shift into now.
When we stop struggling,
Arms regret they fall.

Remembering to breathe,
No thing can hold our hearts,
Beside, we love their changing us.
Angels see us fear,
Hold the softly turned key.

To be still, bring rest.
Other' silence,
Whispered dream, follows.
Will it then share
Like light calm,
longing them home?

Longing To Feel

Seasons fall forever.
If never arrives,
Will I come nearer?
No one hiding thing
Will view empty minds.

Sitting nowhere,
Chanting no,
As in this moment,
Hopes never dissolve.
Still waters quietly reflect drift,
They shift into now.

When we stop struggling,
Arms regret nothing,
Still they fall.
Remembering to breathe,
No thing can hold our hearts.
Beside, we know they love
Their changing us.

Angels see us fear,
Hold the softly peaceful,
Gently turned key.
To be still, bring rest.
Other' silence,
Whispered sleep
In our dream, follows.

“Will it then share?” it sings.
“Is it like light?”
Calm longing years
Carry them home.
Feel our descent.

Feel The Break

Lean into new seasons.
Fall aches like forever.
If never arrives, closer things will.
I come nearer.
No one hiding,
Every rising thing will view.
Empty minds, sitting nowhere,
Chanting peace,
Feel no as in this moment.

Hopes never dissolve.
Still waters quietly
Can always reflect drift,
They shift into now.
When we stop struggling,
Arms regret nothing, be so still.
They fall, remembering to breathe.
No thing can hold our hearts beside.
We know ours
And they love their changing us.

Angels see us fear,
Hold the softly peaceful nights,
Heaven's gently turned key.
To be still, bring rest.
Other' silence whispered sleep.
Then, as in our dream, follows.
"Will it then share it?" ,
Sings the dawn, "Is it like light?"
Calm, longing years
First will carry them home.
Feel break along our descent,
Coming fully home.

Break Calls

Embrace what you lean into,
Colors marking new season's fall.
Aches bring love like forever.
If never arrives, closer hours feel things.
Will I come nearer?

No one hiding, every golden, always rising thing will view.
Empty minds, sitting nowhere,
Chanting peace, days of grace
Feel no as in this moment.
Hopes never dissolve still waters.
Quietly can green water always reflect drift.

They shift into now when we stop.
Struggling arms regret nothing.
Be these tears so still,
They fall, remembering.
To breathe, "Nothing can hold.", our hearts beside.
We know ours, we know when,
And they love their changing us.

Angels see us fear,
Hold the softly peaceful nights,
And allow heaven's gently turned key to be.
Still bring rest,
Other' silence whispered sleep.
Then an instant, gently as in our dream, follows.
Will it then share it?

Sings the scattering, shining dawn,
"Is it like light, calm longing?"
Years first hues, they will carry them home.
Feel break calling the steps along our descent,
Coming so near, fully home free.
"Spirits, arise!"

Calls To Return

All things hold embrace,
What return takes you?

Lean into color's subtle shift,
Marking new seasons.
Fall aches bring doubt,
Denying love like forever.

If never arrives,
Closer hours will never feel things.
Will I come nearer no?
One hiding every golden glance,
Its always rising thing will view.

Empty minds, sitting nowhere, chanting peace.
Days of long time's grace
Feel no as in this moment.
Hopes never dissolve, still waters quietly can.

Green flashes over water
Always reflect drift, they shift.
Into now, when we stop struggling,
Arms regret nothing.

Be these, cry now tears so still they fall,
Remembering to breathe.
No thing can hold our hearts beside.
We know ours, we know yes.

They know when, and they love their changing us.
Angels see us fear, hold the softly peaceful nights
And come to allow heaven's gently turned key.

To be still, bring rest.
Other' silence whispered sleep.
Then an instant, awake, come gently.
As in our dream, follows, will it? Then share it.

Sings the scattering morning, "I am shining dawn."
Is it like light, calm, longing years?
First hues are truest, they will carry them home.
Feel break calling you.
Are the steps along our descent coming fast?
Chances near, fully home, free enough,
Their spirits arise for all nothing.