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by [John Petrenka](#) in the [October 4, 2011](#) issue

In the realm of nothingness
there are no boundaries.
Circumferences do not exist,
there is no middle.
Horizons are broad,
never reached.
The stillness frightens
yet calmness abides.
Unheard—harmonic sounds
linger, echo-like,
sensed as an undertow
in an ocean's depth
—a Siren's call.
In the realm of nothingness
there are no boundaries,
It is a birthing place.

Read "[After](#)" and "[Matins](#)."