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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](#)."