

The universe begins again each time I brush my teeth

Am I that girl in the bathroom mirror?

Right now?

Right now?

Right now?

I am

different

from a

moment

ago. I am a

new person

now.

Millions of my cells

have just died and

millions more

have been born.

My toothpaste cap turns,

time trickles through my palms as it melts

like ice-cubes to the floor,

restarting to the faint tap-dancing of my

bumbling cells that are pirouetting

across my veins and leaping through my body -

tumbling and creating and becoming.

My toothbrush bounces in the construction of atoms which I call
my mouth, unaware of the particles, of the photons bumping into it,
ricocheting off

in new directions,

their paths forever changed

by my sleepy, lumbering self.

I have successfully altered the arrangement of the whole
universe as I spit out my toothpaste, its rhythms and energy
will always remember me as it begins again.

Perhaps, as my toothpaste springs against my sink, my atoms remember
the explosion they came from 13.8 billion years ago.
Something out of nothing.

Does that mean I am made out of nothing?

No.

I am concrete
and real
and alive. I must be,
for I am brushing my teeth.

Perhaps, in a thousand more years I will bounce
off
someone's smile,
my path forever changed as I lumber
around this universe for eternity -
tumbling and creating and becoming.

But right now, my bundle of atoms is here.
Standing in the bathroom.
Walking to my desk.
Sitting on my chair.
Holding a pen.
Pressing each word into the page of a to-do list.
Creating something out of nothing.