

NOTHING IS WHAT IT SEEMS

“Nothing is what it seems.” Morgan had said this to me the other day. It sounded profound, but I doubted the true wisdom of it. I mean, I know there is a lot of illusion in the world, but the shoe store is still the shoe store, my razor is just a razor, my hat is a hat. Morgan had probably been reading a Zen book. He’s like that, goes off on these weird jabs and comes spouting off to me. I don’t mind it. It gives me something to think about. Once he told me that ghosts were real, and that I shouldn’t be afraid of them because they are terribly lonely and just want company. I said I had never seen a ghost, and he said I wasn’t looking in the right way. He never told me what the right way was. I suspect it involves a spectrofluorometer, and I don’t have one. But neither does Morgan. I like to sit out and watch the stars at night. There are billions in the Milky Way. Of course we can only see a few thousand, and that is plenty for me. Every now and then one of them falls, out of hydrogen after twenty-five billion years or more. I often wonder where they are going at such tremendous speed. Our sun’s going to go out in twenty-five billion years, what then?

A perfect poem about the things we know and don't want to know, the brilliance of the life we live that is barely half of it. "And that is plenty for me."

- Arlo Haskell