

A Lesson From My Mother About the Origins of Life

My mother tells me all things

are cheaper than they're worth

because we all came

from the same dusty asteroid,

eroded from space, spinning in the ether.

Everything built from stardust

& helium borrowed from the heavens,

molded like clay, dead or living,

we are as expensive as air.

It is stupid to believe

anything belongs to something

when all we own are electrons

orbiting a nuclear mass

suspended from the laws of physics.

After we die, and our bodies become

hollow like logs, organs rusted like shells,

& muscles weak like sand, where will we return?

Only up, she says.

Only up.