

# The New Criterion

## Poems

October 1997

### Nothing

by [Robert Pack](#)

If knowing I know nothing comforts me,  
That out of nothing sudden space commenced  
In time to cool and bring forth stars, a galaxy  
To mother us and call our own, immense  
By our brief human lights, and yet just one  
Rotating structure among multitudes,  
Then who will notice nothing when we're gone;  
Can nothing comfort when there's no one left to brood  
That out of nothing cooling space commenced?  
Perhaps some enterprise beyond our need  
For solace in the face of nothing might be sensed  
In nature's unrelenting laws which heed  
No animal or human cry, some yet to be  
Vast consciousness, for which I am the seed,  
Nurtured from nothing by the light of stars to see  
If knowing I know nothing comforts me.

Robert Pack

[more from this author](#)

This article originally appeared in The New Criterion, Volume 16 October 1997, on page 41

Copyright © 2009 The New Criterion | [www.newcriterion.com](http://www.newcriterion.com)

<http://www.newcriterion.com/articles.cfm/nothing-pack-3274>