

# Everything, Nothing

by Matthew Lurette



Swaying, the insouciant trees  
gather up their leaves  
and release.  
every breath—a breath among us.  
the natives of the ball that spins.  
less than that really.  
more than that surely.

people appear in brushstrokes  
rippling in the blur of the window  
shining in the glare of the street  
the rain has changed nothing—  
the rain has changed everything.

everything changes nothing,  
changes everything.