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I Thought Not of Insignificance

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Taking a break from my summer reading
to lay myself out on the lawn which had seduced me
from the air conditioning and couch. Now,
I am on my back, terrain:
a plateau of skin, hair, and 100 percent cotton.

But when I look behind the clouds
into the invisible universe, I suddenly remember
that the earth is being hurled through space
at 67,000 miles an hour, is turning on its axis at
a thousand miles each hour, and I sink my
fingers into the grass and lodge myself into the dirt,
thinking I might be able to feel the rotation.

And then I, twenty years old, wonder
if each of us is always dizzy
from all that spinning,
and if feelings of nausea
are epiphanies in disguise.