**Questioning**

Arya Ramesh

nature of our existence

mystery of our reality

where do we come from,

and where do we go?

i open my science book

the brown stain of chai

over a mitochondrion

the diagram of fading ink

i whisper my thoughts

to the wrinkled pages,

scribbled with black

it responds in rustles

my questions evaporate

into plain nothingness

metaphysical abstract

seeping into the atmosphere

greedily clinging onto

stray air molecules.