

# NOTHING

Por Pilar Zúñiga Suárez

We call it nothing
when we don't know how to name it.
Yet somehow, deep down,
we always know.

It was everything once,
then turned into something strange,
a shadow of what it used to be.

We tried to hold that nothing,
hide it, paint it over,
pretend it doesn't hurt.

Maybe that nothing was beautiful,
but also heavy,
and in the end,
it breaks you
quietly, in ways you didn't expect.

Why is it so hard to understand nothing?
Maybe things happen for a reason,
maybe not.
But sometimes nothing feels like nothing,
even when you know it's everything.

It stayed like a blind memory,
a dream you wake from
but never forget.
Because it was real.
So real.
And sometimes,
you pretend it still exists.

Something that never fades.
Even if you deny it,
it's still part of you.

So why...
if that nothing truly means everything?
Maybe because it really was everything.
MAYBE BECAUSE IT STILL IS.