

# The Day Everything Became Nothing

NoMeansNo

The day everything became nothing, I was standing underneath a  
Streetlight, wishing I had a cigarette. I can't recall anything  
Unusual about it. If there was something in the air, if the ski  
es had  
Clouded over, I wasn't aware, I was too bored to care. No thund  
er  
Roared. No lightning cracked. No missiles rained from the sky.  
This  
Was no sneak attack. There was just suddenly this awful lack. T  
hings  
Had changed, that's for sure.  
The day everything became nothing, you couldn't put your finger  
on  
What had gone wrong. The alleys were still dirty; the garbage s  
till  
Smelled; there was no panic in the streets; just a lot of grief  
--in  
People's faces, in their eyes--a mixture of horror and total su  
rprise.  
This was no apocalypse. No one heard a voice from the sky, ther  
e were  
No miracles at the 7-Eleven, no one screamed, no one even asked  
why.  
It was just like everything had somehow, quietly died. So let i  
t die!  
I can't recall much of what happened next. I was on my way to v  
isit  
This woman I knew. All we had in common was good sex, and now I  
Couldn't even remember her address. A group of us, just strange  
rs,  
Got together and we formed a committee to discuss the problem.  
We  
Talked about things like assured mutual destruction and emotion  
al  
Responsibility. I couldn't remember my name, so I called myself  
Bob.  
It's weird being a Bob, but I'll get used to it. I have to.