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## Age of the Universe

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## Age of the Universe

If matter cannot be  
created or destroyed  
then I am the same age  
as the universe.

My bones are faceted with the same  
calcium as the marble veins  
in the ground I stand upon.  
My sodium levels pulse with the same  
ferocity as seawater churning  
deep with the unknown.  
My blood burns with the same  
iron swirling in the molten  
core of the Earth.

If I looked through a telescope  
I would see everything  
and nothing  
Would I even be able to recognize  
my own reflection  
in the constellations?

It feels like my soul is imploding  
with the remnants of reincarnated stars:  
is this recognition,  
or just a splintered memory?

If every cell in my body is reborn  
every seven years  
in the echoes of a celestial jigsaw puzzle,  
if the universe is 13.8 billion years old  
then so am I,  
and I wonder when I'll run out of pieces.

*Temet nosce:*  
a truly dead concept  
in an even deader language  
if you don't even know  
how old you are.