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.