I used to believe that if you wanted something, it was sure to come. Sure enough, Christmas and birthdays came every year. And then I grew up and went swimming a lot, enough that I realized I had a body and other people had bodies and that swimming with other bodies meant that someone wanted to swim in my body but not necessarily with my body. I wanted to be a dolphin. I believed. I never became. So then I believed the opposite—that thing my mom used to say, “you’ll never find love it you go looking for it” —so I kept my eyes on the ground and didn’t look at anyone and stopped swimming entirely. Then I believed in mind over matter again because I’d read Adorno and though I wanted to fight it I couldn’t. Poetry was over because no one believed that anything small and beautiful could happen if something so big and awful had happened. That poetry was the art of wonder and no one wondered anymore. Everyone had been vaporized and there was no mystery to that. But then I believed, once, when I was digging up worms to move to my herb garden, that perhaps the mind didn’t matter. That perhaps matter made its own course. And the wind, vapor as it was, small particles of matter beating against my body, turned my hair this way so I turned my head that way, and that was wonderful in its dark and faithless way. I could believe in worms. They have bodies. Which is at least something solid to believe in.