

Poem

What do you wish to know of me?

I am of too many words,
and there is too little time.
Look around me,
and you shall see other masses,
jumbles of words, stories,
what differs me from them?

I am of too many words,
but so are those who surround me.
There is too little time,
and I lack the will to tell such stories.

What do you wish to know of me?
That I am not of books,
despite my desire to paint with words,
That I despise technology,
despite the countless hours I have spent typing words,
that despite I possess a love for history,
I wish to paint fictions?

I am not of your society.
I have too long observed what it has done to others,
It has starved the stomachs of the insecure, and it has trapped minds within constructs,
It has ended lives of few, broken the hearts of many.

Yet I long to be a part of it.
Long long ago,
I felt my greatest enemy was those around me,
It was myself,
as I chose,
to veil myself,
in a cloak of darkness.

My story differs little from others,
There is little but darkness.
Only an everlasting desire to know,
even that which will harm me.

What do you wish to know of me?

That I am a coin?
Easy land on anger or peace?
That I have spent countless nights crying?
Longing for a love which I knew would end unfulfilled,
Longing for those who would surround me,
Longing for those who I had lost long ago,
Longing to tell my story?

There is little to see here.
I only know that I will grow with age,
grow with knowledge,
but there is little to grow from now.

I wish to only die after having told my story,
not with me, but with different characters,
a different place,
a different time,
a different world.
I only know that it will end,
in darkness.

Perhaps this entire time,
I have satisfied your hunger,
your desire to know,
with only fictions,
conjured by the mind.
Or perhaps,
it may have spoken truth.

There is little more to discuss.
My life is a closed book,
It is protected with a seal of pain,

surrounded by a mist of obscurity.
You will learn little from me alone.
If you do not like it,
Why are you here?