

Who am I

By myself

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Compelled, I endure, as I search for a single love to share the known and unknown.

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Who am I Sexual, abstract and poetic, complex and centered, I am the warm light that's kindled inside me. With each morning's awaking, as the world begins to stir a sound and a shade of light at a time, I am rejuvenated. In spring showers, pulling weeds and planting new in soft soil, I am happy in my garden. Contented, I watch the new strengthened, as nurturing sprinkles wash over, before the sun's season begins. Determined and practiced, I communicate with animals and master them. Alive in assemblage, I am shown; from other's points of views, I learn. Calmed by aloneness, in clearness, I am selfish. Compelled, I endure, as I search for a single love to share the known and unknown. By myself which is a state of mind, I am removed. Darkened, I cringe at the sight of poverty and deprivation from within and without. Saddened by despair of ones lost dreams, I age. Lucky, I am blessed, to have been given life complete with possibilities. Who am I? I am myself, unafraid.