

I am

I am a book, a volume of the past,
I am knowledge,
And I am your reality,
I am your version of the world,
And yet I am
So
Very
Mortal
Compared to the truth.

I am flowing ink,
I am the ambassador of words,
From mouth to paper, paper to mind,
Black as night,
Black as death,
I am the ambassador for words,
Yet I am just
a brittle cover for the dull grey of reality.

I am a quill,
Gliding across the parchment,
Creating worlds,
Creating images,
I am the translator of thoughts,
Emotions,
But I also create falsities and lies
That come from your longing,
But most of all,
Your desire to escape this reality
That you have made.

I am a lantern,
Illuminating the darkness,
Allowing you to see,
What you think is the Expanse,
The whole world,
But in actuality,
It is just a small cavern I bathe in my warm light,
During the cold night in the real world,
I create a false dawn
in your small cavern.

I am an illuminating star,
Glowing as bright as I can,
But I am just one among Infinity,
One among them all,
You only see me as another light
blinking on the midnight backdrop,
But I am really calling for someone to hear me, see me,
So that they can realise
How I am so very different at my core,
But I am just one among Infinity,
One among them all,
So I fade back into silence,
and my light fades too.

I am a whole planet that has not been found,
Braving the bitter cold
In hopes that a warm breeze
Would come and
Help.
But instead, what greets me
Is black night and endless nothing,
And in the distance
Are leering faces
And mocking gestures
From the large celestial entities and
Drifting pieces of metal.

I am rippling water,
Gliding across the stones and sand of the ocean floor,
Winding through streams
And gushing through rivers,
But then you came along
And built dams that blocked the flow of my favoured rivers,
Contaminated me with rubbish
And loss of life,
But what pains me most are the questions,
And as I draw cursive patterns with my currents
The way you told me to,
I think,
Why do I have to comply?
You force me to discard things I enjoyed,
You slaughtered all I loved and cherished before,
And you threw things into me that made me think your way.
Why do you do this?
But in the end, I realise.
Life isn't going to make it out of here anyway.

So I send my limbs out onto land,
Killing some,
Injuring some,
But all for the sake of life.
The result is more pain, so I lash out further, in anger,
And then I resign myself to the fate that you gave me.

I am a brilliant bird,
Soaring in the heavens,
I created this world,
This galaxy,
This universe,
But I also created humans.
I made your emotions, your bodies,
But one thing that hounds me through the skies
Is the desire I gave you that was an ounce too strong,
The intelligence I gave you that was so limited and tunnelled that you
Thought it was everything,
And the sight I gave you that only allowed you
to gaze upon the surface
Of this beautifully
vicious
World.
But then I realise, when I feel pain in my chest,
and see darkness coating my vision,
That the thing I regret giving you the most was the
arrogance and
pride that led you to think
You
could
Live
Without me.

Then I realise that I am a child,
That I am just
Mortal,
Only another corpse with life breathed into it,
With only so many opportunities that are laid out to me,
If I push myself
To my very limits, though,
I know I can create a tiny dent in the happenings of this world,
But about the workings of even just this galaxy,
I know I have no hope.
So I slug through the days
Just like everyone else,
Trying to do something,

Anything,
But I am a child,
With a life where the spotlight always seems
To be on anyone
But myself,
So I slug through the days,
Like everyone else,
And can't help but know that my fate is decided,
And will be gruelling and flawed,
But I can only attempt to smooth out the path there.