I am

Zahidul Naim Zakaria

I am a desert.
I am bare and void and fruitless.
I am thousands of acres of desolated estate,
a purgatory ablaze of fire that burns flameless.
I am utter nothingness.
Composed of innumerable grains of sand...
Zero possibilities lie within my hopefulness,
radiation of a hellish aura is my only brand.
I am potentially only death.
Life become inanimate, around me only a few survive.
I am a widespread miasma of ceaseless dearth,
Countless attempts of my vitalization misfire.
I am an ocean.
I am wide and open and blue.
Even though life replenishes from my domain,
to what dangers lurk amidst me, there is no clue.
I am a giving and donating spirit.
Inevitably I fulfill every crevice,
What alien form lays within me? None knows it.
None knows fully what treasure I possess.
I follow cycles according to atmospheric feasibility,
Water vapour become droplets and then it rains...
Sometimes things go awry; I give way to unpredictability,
and create storms and typhoons and tsunamis.
I am a mountain.
I am huge and high and stationary.
I see the globe, but cannot browse my own terrain,
as I am too heavy for this world to carry.
I am the perfect setting for an accident,
But I am also a sanctuary of scenic beauty.
Being innately strong and resistant,
I shun outsiders from the riches that lay beneath me.
I grow cagey due to apathy,
since passers-by never cross me.
Sometimes I fear immortality,
When I see them going around me to avoid me.
I am an iceberg.
I am cold and ruthless and steel-nerved.
Since most of my qualities hide under the surface,
From my appearance, you only know my vanguard.
I am undiscovered, a victim of gravity.
But never am I an example of foolhardy.
So much to deliver, so much to make a part of my destiny,
yet I cannot step up as my own pride bears down on me.
I could melt so easily,
Everywhere around me, warmth is ubiquitous,
But it doesn't care enough to touch me.
Eternally, I await the arrival of my quietus.
I am a tree.
I produce and provide, but mostly stay unappreciated.
I whimper in silence for my futile fantasy of mobility,
and watch seasons that bewitch my leaves to grow faded.
I am used and abused,
and finally stripped away of my consciousness.
With metallic parts and nails, I am fused,
in spite of my natural selflessness.
Each day passes like a monotonous and tedious breath,
and my life unfolds slowly and steadily.
Redemption surely comes along with death,
which remains a distant flight of fancy.
I am an enigma.
I am uncharted and unknown and a mystery.
Some know me by my charisma,
Others, by my inherent humanity.
I am a dynamically changing vortex.
Like a chameleon, I blend and I adapt.
In my endless quest for myself,
I run in circles in a boat with a broken haft.
I try so hard to maintain my own personality,
and somehow that bitter strife makes me better.
I fear my life being over before I figure out my identity,
sooner than I need it to be, sooner than I can go hither.
I am a human being.
I am tender and dangerous and limitless.
Of all of His creations, I am the supreme.
Only I can comprehend the magnitude of true love's caress.
I am the sufferer, the enjoyer, the narrow and the vast,
a sleeping possibility and an open can of expired fruit.
I am the progeny of broken promises and misplaced trust.
I am the rotten, the barren, the compassionate and the brute.
I am granite, I am stone, I am an unbreakable obstacle,
forced out of hate and mould out of difficulty.
Because of society, I am nevertheless shaped by revel,
But sometimes when I try to be polite, I come off as needy.
The world around me takes away my possibilities,
It leaves me as a stereo-typed mass produced creature.
It forces me to lose my innate qualities,
and all the essence of life in me could be lost forever.
I am an atom. I am positive and negative energy sources.
I attract and repel, I drive and destroy, I create and kill.
I watch intermolecular forces determine my courses,
and inexorably hope that what I feel is real.