

Books

Fingers dancing in between the weight of crisp pages
words baptized in ink and stamped into reality

Stories

breathing dust into the air,
certain books should come with warning labels that these words carry revolution
they have a tendency to leave world changing legacies in their wake

grief

joy

passion

carved into the skins of dead trees immortalized

pulling skeletons out of their determination to live

just so, they can bind their body together in order to remind humanity
that it will always live on

specifically within the pages of its literature

Present Reality

Sometimes, I forget that I'm real.

It's almost like I move with the wind, like the state of matter I'm in is mostly gas.

Sometimes, I feel simply like a composition of atoms combined together to take up space.

I know, this feels really dark but I swear, it's really not supposed to be.

I look at it as self, being a composition of particles joint to become a miniscule compartment of the otherwise very large solar system.

I am a galaxy with diasporas weaved into my layers

I am child of the universe first and foremost

So, as someone whose spent their entire life creating a reality where I belong

Being a composition of atoms that's sometimes a galaxy and other times a state of gas really helps me deal with the fact that I have multiple homelands.

m.hb