

The poetry of Ehsan Anam

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Part 1: Existence

Born in darkness.

I am that one soul that was created inside another soul, provided by another soul.

Both of which set out to find something to call their own.

Living everything behind their only remaining memory was the sound of a ringtone.

Last words spoken with their kinfolk, last words written in their hometown, last breath taken in their country.

To find purpose one must break through the boundaries.... they were one of the lucky ones.

They were cold and alone on the outside, whilst I was filled with warmth and comfort from within.

Through their pain and suffering, I felt serenity and calmness.

I was immortal I couldn't die nor was I truly alive at the same time.

Their abyss was the world they lived in; my paradise was encased in a meaty dome.

I started to grow, my soul was encased inside a wall of bones, organs, tissues... I had a body... I am now mortal.

A few months has passed, and the walls I have grown accustomed to, slowly.... violently started to tear away.

I don't know who they are, but they took me out.... took me away from my paradise

The light blinded my sight, the air was thick I started to gasp for it... I was completely paralysed

Vocals started to project out my body, I gave out a scream, then I started to cry

It wasn't out of emotion but only through impulse, then I realised

I was held close to the soul that made me, it was her and through her skin I felt warmth, comfort, security

But it wasn't the same, this was only temporary because from that point on fate left me out in the cold to fend for myself.

Part 2: Experience

Growing over time I couldn't tell if I was pure or was I vessel filled with impurities

I saw what was known to be the abyss, a place filled with hate, animosity.... Fear.

I saw people commit atrocities, sin, delve into corruption.

Some souls were darker than coal and some were sold to the highest bidder.

I witnessed love, kindness, happiness.... Perhaps it was paradise?

There were souls that was brighter than any populated city in the world... there were souls that was brighter than mine.

I played their tedious game, what they called "life" was a matter of winning or loosing

I gave more to people I cared... then to myself

I felt hate and sadness, I wanted hurt "people" ... I wanted to hurt myself for not meeting their expectations

I fell in love, an emotion that is balance between obsession and compulsion

I found her and she found me.

I saw the world in her eyes, I saw the shape of her soul... I understood why she existed.

She saw an endless void through my chest, a constant struggle between light and dark, she wanted to help understand my existence.

the cycle repeats itself, tiny souls were yet again born in darkness

They came from her

provided by me.

This was being human.... the price of mortality

Part 3: End

Time changes people, cities, land.... the world

I am growing older, the light in my eyes is set to dissipate

This body is started to wither away, skin feels like old leather

Bones starts to creak...like old ships sailing in the deep blue sea

She was no more, the one I saw the world in, her soul that was trapped inside the body has long ascended.... she was the lucky one.

I am surrounded by this white light; the air was thin as I took my final breath.

My vocal cords are numb, I don't speak, I just smile.

I felt a rush of emotions, it was then I realised...

Why have I existed?

Was it because I had a purpose? God spoke to me in whispers, he told me that I was created to experience life the way he intended.... Funny, she told me the same thing

It wasn't because I hated the way I lived. For I have struggled to find peace between my inner demons and angels, only to find out that they were one of the same.... They sit and wait

The world was never my home.... I never belonged here in the first place

The room is quiet, no one around to see me

I am lonely, but me and loneliness are old friends.... we are together at last

My breath is slowly starting to run away from me.

Eyes starts to dilute

The noise fades.

It is dark

Finally.... Paradise.