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I

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I

Jalyn Gilmore

I Am the collection of pieces that define me
A unique individual in every way
A carbon copy of everyone else

I am the manifestation of good and evil
Walking the tightrope between Heaven and Hell
Bewtixt the narrow space known as Humanity

I am the pool of tears in which I drown
The valley of cocksure grins and cheeky eyebrows
The indiscriminate breath of listlessness
And the flooding rush of fresh sunrise

I am that which has no wings yet soars into sunsets
Hairless beast of no name, always aware
Always hungry, always roaming
The upright monster of dreams and nightmares, biding time
The hunched creature of fear and anxiety biting its ankles
The ruler of all and the master of none

I am the soft peach of summer waiting to be plucked
The blooming rose encased in a shroud of thorns
The swan with its clipped wing and broken leg
The luxurious pelt hanging by the fire
The stolen tusks carved into fine jewelry

I am the tomorrow waiting in today
The harvest Moon illuminating the night on borrowed light
The beads of dew on each blade of grass
The glittering stars that sparkle in their graves
The muddled words caught in throat
I am that which I am
That which has no name
That which has been named
That which is as it is now
That which will not always be
I am [...]