

# I Am

*Nicholas McKay*

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I am silent. I am still.  
I am a work in progress.

I am undiscovered lines  
of poetry.

I am your unwritten  
tax evasion form.

I am an unconscious  
consciousness.

I am life before death  
and death after life.

I am the absence of perfection  
and perfection's notice.

I am immortalised  
and unfortunate.

I am before morning  
and after midnight.

I am the opposite of love  
and hate combined together  
into one.

I am frequently remembered,  
but so easily forgotten.

I am a cosmonaut, lost in space,  
without a planet to call home.

I am the definition of loneliness,  
but the apex of compassion.

I am trapped between regret  
and the prospect of futures  
yet to arrive.

I am sanctuary. I am danger.  
I should be left alone  
and kept close by  
in equal moderation.

I am your dream.  
I am your nightmare.  
I am your will and your resolve  
and cannot be demolished  
with a single wrecking ball.

I should know,  
I am one of those as well.

I am a battering ram, I am a splint,  
two opposites masking themselves  
as a singular object.

I am an empty plate,  
as often as I am a banquet.

I am this paper  
and I am this verse.  
I am what you have just read aloud.