

# I Eat Breakfast to Begin the Day

By Zubair Ahmed

I create time  
I cannot create time  
I'm frozen in place  
I cannot be frozen  
I'm moving but don't notice  
I notice me moving, I pay attention  
To the small yet immense yet  
Small movements that guide  
My limbs, my hair growth, my joint oils  
I don't think about it  
I don't feel it either  
I don't have emotions right now  
I see films of divine quality  
I don't see any films  
This black  
This not black  
To me I am  
I am not to me not  
I walk with this hollowness  
I walk with this blooming  
I'm moving outward forever  
Onward eternally inward  
I create all objects like shampoos  
And cats, I create nothing  
Like space and antimatter  
I resign to the clocks that keep time  
I surrender to the clocks that don't keep time  
I'm sure about it, the color white  
I'm not sure about it, what is word?  
Oh, the loops and unloops  
Destiny unfolds in my knees  
I eat breakfast to begin the day

Source: *Poetry* (July 2017)