

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)