

Part of my creativity / My will

Written by Esther Yasmin, April 1st - 2nd 2014

April 1st 2014

I don't have negative attitude.
Nor do I see the world bleakly.

It's just,
sometimes I feel so empty,
when the world's beauty
stares me right in the face.

I've identified
with almost everything
that could give one's life
meaning.

And,
I've let it come
and let it pass.
Enjoyed when it did last.
Life goes by so fast...

I think,
it's myself I miss the most...

You have an expectation.
That's the problem;
identify with my emotion
when I ask you to just let me be.
I'll allow my heart to come to me.
But I sometimes just need
some time
to accept myself,
to let myself
be whatever feels right for me.
It's part of my creativity.



April 2nd 2014

I struggle with my will.
My will to live the way I wish,
my will to accomplish...
At times I find it hard to breathe.
A weight on my chest
from which I long to be
relieved.

My mind disheartened by the things that
lead me to think I was deceived;
those ideals in which I believed...
I see that this is not where it ends
and I'm at a place where I will learn anew
though,
that does not mean that my old experiences
held nothing true.

What is a life after a life already lived
beyond a new reason to continue to breathe?
If life is still what it was before,
then put me back to sleep.
No,
I am awake and so,
there is so much more than what I've come
to know.
Then to be alive is to
discover how I will grow.

Photograph: 'Cemetery Path' by Esther Yasmin, Fulham Palace Road, London