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MICHAEL SHIRZADIAN

May 24

did i matter any more than i do now?
was i more or less important,
squirring in the darkness of my mother's womb:
one of a thousand midnight moths
congregating round the rusting city lamp?

was i more kinetic,
pushing, screaming, clawing, crying
from one cold darkness to the next?
why did i search so frantically
for a place to dig my fragile feet?

propelled by existence?
oh to tell that struggling babe
of his external ambiance!
to whisper in his forming ear;
to persuade him not to cry,
not to move,
not to come,
to remain in his lesser darkness.

condemned, i sit here in another darkness
striking at an old keyboard.
you read my notes.
you exist with them.
do i equate to any more than these?
we both exist.
we both form.
like my mother rounding,
we were made.

from dust we came
the mirrors say we cannot change,

guiltily,
i wish them all a happy birthday.