

I Am

An identity without a face,
no name to be known.

Never had a mother,
nor a father either.

Never had a sister,
nor a brother.

Never had peers,
nor a best friend.

Never had a friend at all,
just a second hand life.

Living in the attic of isolation,
never learning about being.

Like an autistic child,
struggling to understand.

So many years alone,
sliding into the abyss of time.

No one will know,
when I have passed on.

Not a tear will be shed,
never known nor missed.

Just an identity without a face,
no name to call my own.