

The Weight of Being Human

Poems by Aahana

These poems were never meant to answer a single question.

Looking back, however, they all seem to ask the same one.

Through memory, love, contradiction,
wonder, identity, and empathy, they return
to the quiet, persistent question of what it means to be human.

Each poem stands on its own.

Together, they become a conversation.

Sonder

to be a person is to breathe air and pass the time surviving.
it is to walk by the boutique store on the street corner and pay no mind.
it is to be in existence, but never in light.

to be a human is to live.
it is to walk into the store and smile at the clerk,
to open the eyes to the world of work that goes on behind their own.
to love every moment, even the sad ones.
to feel it all.

it is not human to be perpetual.
perpetually angry, complex, or even kind, is inhumane to be.
humanity is to fluctuate
between feelings that do not always have names yet.
it is human to feel them.

but sometimes we don't.
sometimes, we feel the pressure peel away from our lungs
at the notion of not feeling.
numbness.
but that is a task for any person to achieve.
emotions can go so far as to tell us that the burn on our tongues
is a touch of spice,
but it is only seeping to swell the lips of those who do not believe
that they can handle it.
being human, I mean.

whoever said surviving was only for the fittest
clearly hadn't met humanity in all its

emotional, imperfect,
severely unfitted glory.

they passed me on the street.
I stopped.

because they were a person.
and we were human.

The Universe

the negligible pirouette of
our magnificence of blue and green
almost deprives me of noticing
that it is the earth that moves to the beat of the cosmos,
and not the other way around.

it reminds me every once in a new moon,
that the borders of this entity we discover
is only an ever expanding one.
and it begs the question,

Why can't we do the same?

surely we don't have the same powers as
she who thrived for billions of years,
whose life force is so powerful,
that the explosion of her heart,
removes traces of the last timeless pieces of beauty from all of existence.

we're powerful, you know.

to be able to witness a creation, everlasting
and ever growing until one day,
much after we are around to realise,
it implodes into millions of beautiful, yet

broken pieces.
reminds you of us, doesn't it?

the supernova of our emotions took
inspiration from every atom that existed
before it, to passed down through every one
after it. That's how it's always been.
and it begs the question,

Does the universe speak to me?

Or do I embody it?
Do I stare into the stars searching for a piece of my soul?
or do the stars wish to represent my heartbeat?
beautiful, stable, but implosive.
That's who I am.

Because I am a product of the universe.

Sides

she'll stare through the window for any trace of life,
counting down seconds until she can breathe, until escape becomes
inevitable. but when the door opens from the prison of reality,
she only finds a cage called love who sealed her heart away
to him.

he'll stir even the cradles of rain at a funeral to
life, no matter how it seems, he's the source of energy for everyone
but himself. darkness only craves light to drag it
into its vicious ways, watch it ruin, and yet she only craves
his comfort.

her smile cuts inches deep, and his can heal any wound.
she's not painful, only in pain at the sight of his everlasting smile
fade away with her absence so she stays closeby
to this source of light even though all she wanted was to freeze the sun,
if only to have a moment of peace before the universe fell to its knees,
but she was his universe, and in the darkness of space, time was everlasting.

watching them now, across a picket fence laced with poisoned apples
awaiting their own charming kiss, i wonder if
a love so contrasting
could ever be traced down to one thing.
skeptic, but they prove me wrong
in their slow breaths. they exist. both of them.
together.
I guess love really does play both sides.

Love Plays Both

I can set the scene with none
But the memories of seconds past.
Crystal pours from thine eyes,
Thou tempt my heart with smokes of gray i hold.
Looking, but never what is to be,
Thunder scolds my attention draw
Toward the new-esque behind me
In the porcelain shelter the rain forbade.

Thy love can only draw
Blood of clear skies from my blue soul,
As they call it.
Of course I'm only imagining the white lines of lightning,
Thy keys dance along.
The piano crackles only below my feet ever feel;
I, imprisoned to my ears if I stay.
Wish only I for the ground to be me,
Thy tears i die to feel; the thought of it.

Grates me your presence, only for it is not everlasting,
And lives on as a temptress i can only ever glimpse
Before my iris motions to your disappearance.
As I grow, you stay young,
I sang wishes for your departure
When thoust days were mine.
The notes yearn for higher
As I play along with your goings,
Time stood still when thou life grace.

If be emotion for naught in these words,

I swear by love in the hands that wrote it.
I learn to be your only devotion,
But thy stare is visible from heaven's gate,
Must you gain more.
Because how must I learn to love no other
When every other can love you?

I Despise You

I despise you. with every fibre of my being.
every inch of my soul screams at me to pull away,
to run and hide from your piercing eyes, your sharp mind,
your perfectly smug smile,
the sound of your heartbeat, your everlasting warmth—
Oh, wait. no. I despise you. or I am meant to.

I loathe you. your love makes this world turn and the world
could use a break from spinning and rotating circles like my head
every night thinking of you, and your despicable... charm.
no. I despise you. do I not?

i swear to you, we'll stay enemies for as long as i breathe.
I'll live to hate you, but I live with love, so how can i?
I'll die to escape you, and this heartbeat of mine that beats so hard
that maybe i shouldn't breathe for a while.
maybe thats how we stop being enemies.

for as long as I breathe, you're hell,
but if i stop maybe i'll go to heaven... but why, oh why,
do i only see you there?
no matter the case, i despise you.
i despise every fibre of my being for loving you.

i'd love to hate you,
but the shallow breaths of my consciousness gasp for air
at the thought. it's more underwhelming to realise
than i originally believed falling hopelessly in love
would be, but that's just what it is.

Hopeless.

because somewhere in the bright chambers of my heart,
a darkness named Doubt seeps into my veins.
it tells me you're only a tool for piercing
through my heart the knife which would've passed through me anyway.
maybe i do despise you.

god, i don't know how to feel,
but you somehow always know what to do.
how might the man i love be staring
into my eyes through a mirror have so much
deception? fury? hatred? loyalty? love?

maybe i should just learn
to despise you.