

Human Gifts

By Zachary Zivalich

I give myself space
To perceive myself as an object, ready to be observed

I give myself anger
To make order, and to learn to sometimes admit I had done right

I give myself fear,
Just so that I may create life without which I would stagnate

I give myself hope,
Just so my moments of action feel full of meaning

I give myself friends,
For forests never grow alone

I give myself isolation,
For I know so little of the man

I give myself Time,
Because it is not mine to give, and I am irresponsible

I give myself responsibility,
Because the sword chose the king, and made him

I give myself Trust
So that possibly, I had foreseen the consequences

I give myself impunity,
So that their laughs would never slow my momentum

I give myself apathy,
As the world turns without my incessant ego

I give myself angles,
As I am as stratified as the lithosphere

I give myself steep cliffs and spires,
To hoist sails so that I may play at perfection

I give myself hungry palettes and blind sights
As to move through ambiguity unchanged