

< 2050 >

A baby born  
in the year 2050 was  
murmuring astrophysics -  
bits and bytes.

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The freethinking car  
walked into a crowd today  
when an unemployed Bot started  
a riot. The grass extended  
its many ears to the Cloud.

People browsed answers everywhere  
until rumour said they were found by  
a Buddhist monk coding neural  
nets in a quantum cave.

The algorithm on my sleeve  
pulled 2050 out of the artificial  
wind at the virtual labyrinth  
blockchained with today's date  
riding the air made of all other digits like  
2050. Never bother the *Who Am I*.

< You must catch me >

When you swallow  
time, it seeps slowly into your skin,  
forms a bulge on your back,  
filling the gap between you and  
the backpack you carry.

You look more alive when you vomit.

Catch me in the giant picotage you pass by  
everyday as you rush to your 9-to-5. I am  
woven into your memories. Your monkey mind  
does not see me though. You are a monkey.

But perhaps some day, perhaps before you die and  
I sing at your funeral, you will evolve to meet  
me. Me wearing a beautiful wrap dress by  
dear Diane von Fürstenberg. Me  
lying in a bed of roses in it.  
Because we get more from resting,  
daydreaming in honesty.

The vectors,  
doomed without direction left  
the magnetic fields shifting intimately,  
wrested by a planet drifting too close.

I'm not moving.

You must catch me.

< The dumbest person on Earth >

When I met the dumbest person on Earth, it was a Saturday morning after Pilates.

I recognized him right away.

“Hey! You are the dumbest person on Earth right?”

“If you like tuna and tomato sauce, try combining the two. It’s really not as bad as it sounds.”

*What?*

To call him the dumbest person on Earth is a big understatement.

The truth is if you place him on Mars or Venus or an exoplanet (which a dumbest person doesn’t need to know anything about since knowing astrology is equivalent to knowing astronomy nowadays), he would still be the dumbest person there.

But you wonder if the dumbest person on Earth has piles of canned tuna and tomato sauce on his kitchen table.

*And how exactly is he mixing the two?*

That is not to say that the lifestyle of the dumbest person on Earth is comparable to yours in any way at all.

Because only the dumbest person on Earth continually checks the fridge to see if any food has magically appeared.

Or sits in front of a computer to find love.

*Who does that!*

Or changes mood by the weather.

Or focuses on the messenger instead of the message.

Or signs a fat NDA for his new job without reading it (because the dumbest person on Earth never reads anything as a matter of fact) and then quits his job immediately because of it.

Or hoards physical things to fill some kind of mental void.

Or listens to sad songs to feel more sad.

Or revises history.

The dumbest person on Earth lives off of a series of farts. Brainfarts.

Then came the day I saw the dumbest person on Earth at a bus stop.

I tried waving at him but he was looking down at his phone and didn't see me.

But somehow as I was scrolling through my phone minutes later, he came up behind me in an absolutely horrifying way (as he laid the dumbest hand on my shoulder!) and said,

“I know exactly how you feel!”

by which I was completely dumbstruck.

Because I'm not like the dumbest person on Earth at all.

< Living room >

I had some guests. They wanted  
to see the palm trees I grew in my

living room. *Are you kidding?*  
they said. *These are not palm trees.*

I raised my eyebrows. *What are they*  
*then?* I asked. They sighed. *They are*

*bamboos and we are not your guests;*  
*we are your sisters.* I was completely

taken aback. I had not known we shared  
a country, a history, and a wild life like that.

< *manifesto* >

sometimes i open a book to be lonely.  
a blank canvas is best for divulging secrets.  
sometimes my thoughts go down the river  
(the same thoughts that grow on trees.)

sometimes i don't see the sun when it's sunny.  
my clothes are an assortment of personalities.  
sometimes i'm too tired to speak English.  
my dreams are of sheep counting sheep.

sometimes i'm cold in my puffiest jacket.  
i wish walking was more like dancing.  
some things are only visible after vodka.

sometimes i think about death when the train is approaching.  
i am an atheist.  
i start my day praying.

sometimes i scratch a faded scar and feel it.  
i'm never the audience the movie wants to see.  
sometimes i droop down like a willow to weep.  
my head is not soft like the way i speak.

my head is not soft like the way i speak.