What Are You?

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Text - Poetic description

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

What Are You?

What am I...but a person trapped within myself? One with bones, muscle, skin, and the essentials to a body just as you...yet we differ. Where inside of myself lies the me that makes me like and dislike? Where do my interests and thoughts lie? Are they located within one place, or are they scattered pieces of cremated corpse throughout myself? Is it an essence that travels with me like the 'Z' button on Nintendo? Or am I derived to be the way I am as an embroyo within my mother's womb? Is the way others perceive me already filed away in their minds earlier and the matter is of locating their thoughts? Or is there some Jiminy Cricket within us all helping us reason out our decisions? As the seconds pass are ourselves already ahead of the clock? Or do we transform the second of? Am I a transparent reflection of myself that is yearning to push beyond the outer membrane? Or am I the shadow trailing behind the body dictating my every jerk? Do I instinctively know when to turn my head to adjust to comfort? Or is some disturbed and confused me internally directing the symphony of my movements? Where does boredom creep to that stimulates my fingers drumming upon this table? ...What am I, but a person trapped within myself?