

My Name Means Universe by Shristi Nigam

My self-hating guilt is,
Being the firstborn female of immigrant parents.
Where I,
Have to put the struggle of my family before my emotional stability. Where I,
do not want to display my emotions,
and be deceived by life.
Where I,
hope to encounter challenges,
Advancing closer to my fluttering destiny;
and further from this sense of reality.
A film production starring, the necessity of human love.
Which for me is limited.
Rather,
halted in the presence of responsibilities.
Portraying the versatility;
the desperation of my human soul.
As my desires melt into deferred dreams.
Floating away.
And sinking.
Into the very pool of my subconscious.
Perhaps if I reached,
Into the surface of my heart, I could give life to those futures.
I could become one with the universe.
I could be,
In some way,
Shristi.