

## **On identity.**

Who am I? A question with no real answer.

My train of thoughts wanders everywhere, faster, and faster

A Korean to Germans, a German to Koreans.

On the journey of finding where I belong, the train travels deeper and gets lost.

I overthink. I visit my brain too much. Trying to understand: Who am I?

If my life were a movie, I'd be the protagonist, talking on roles like an actress.

I can be shy. Most times too silent.

Obeying the rules. I try to be kind.

I'm scared of people, but I try to like them.

I can be loud, wrong place, wrong time, goofing around and screaming.

An insane human being.

I can be violent, passive aggressive. Slamming the doors, slapping the walls.

Get out of my way? Try to stay quiet!

There are things I can't control, like how I laugh or when I fall.

A crying whale, a clumsy mess, what funny traits that I possess.

If I know who I am, no longer exist will my lonely train.

For now, I know my current self, through shifting scenes and changing roles,  
what remains even when I'm old: I AM ME