

Existential Musings

By Miriam Manglani

Why am I here?

Who am I?

There are days when I look around
and feel trapped in a foreign existence,
surrounding walls creep
on stilted legs towards me,
closing me in.

I stare at my hand
as if seeing it for the first time,
as if it belonged to someone else,
marvel at its ability
to fan its fingers and then
close into a tight fist,
at its lines, creases, wrinkled skin,
and the scar on my pinky
from the time I tried to fix a flat tire alone.

Why I am here?

Who am I—really?

Questions we live to answer
and answer to live. [1](#)