

The Arts of a Human

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I am a human
But most of all—a poetry
For I seal the world
Within my bounds of verses.

I am a human
But most of all—a painting
For I embody my suffering
And turmoil within this canvass.

I am a human
But most of all—a sculpture
For I am detailed in every inch
For each sight is made with contact.

I am a human
But most of all—a dance
For the rhythm is more magical
With steps I hold, and moves I sway.

I am a human
But most of all—a writing
For every word inked
Constitutes to my composition.