

The Comfort of Being Unknown

We love new places for a simple reason:
there we exist without a definition.
No past to carry, no role to play,
no eyes that know us well enough to stay.

We walk unnamed through borrowed streets,
a living ghost with steady feet.
Alive, yet free from claim or proof,
untethered truth beneath no roof.

No weight of shame, no scripted face,
silence settles into place.
Without an audience, we are spared
the tiring art of being compared.

Even the mind loosens its hold,
forgets the stories it once told.
No broken parts, no need to mend,
no start demanded, no forced end.

We hover between what is and was,
unfixed by rules, untouched by laws.
Unseen, unmeasured, undefined—
both state and absence intertwined.

A paradox the world can't prove,
perfect
because it doesn't move.