

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.*