I was born proudly wearing red and white, with green singing in my blood. A plaid of two flags stitched onto my heart.

I found deeper meaning at a young age clearing my head by prostrating, five times a day.

Cheeks flushed and bellies rumbling, I stole giggles from the mouths of my most solemn companions.

Committed to my craft I string similes on pearl necklaces worn by queens of faraway lands. An intergalactic jeweler, my creations break the confines of reality.

I was an artist with a dream. Learning the world was flawed, but still could be beautiful. I strived to paint a utopia. Watery strokes seemed to barely make a change, but I had learned, betterment was a long-term game.

November 11th, 2019 my voice reverberated through the otherwise silent gymnasium. Clear spoken and decisive were my words but my heart was anything but steady.

Walking through bustling hallways I am always the millionaire in exchanged “hellos”. The ability to see the sunshine in every soul brightens and lightens the burdens of the day.

A charged sphere of black and white is all I see as I take to the field. Adrenaline pumped through my soul as the crowd shouts, “GOAL!”

Her tears are coming too fast and heart about to snap, so I grab some crazy glue and fill in the cracks.

I see a future of crystal skyscrapers and green bold arrows pointing to the sky, the only limits those of my mind.

In my writing piece I touch on many topics and personality traits that are deeply connected to who I am as person. My first stanza speaks of connection to my culture, the red and white symbolizing the flag of Canada and green and white combining for the colors of the Pakistani flag. The process of being “stitched onto my heart” speaks to the heartfelt, deep connection I have to both these countries and their cultures. I talk about my religion next, Islam in which we pray 5 times a day. Speaking to my humorous nature I talk about how I always lighten the mood and am ready to laugh with others. Writing is what I consider my craft, speaking of how the poems and pieces that I write tackle topics that are often new and out of the box. My visionary nature of always seeing the possibility of a better future and working to create one, however slowly. The date of November 11th, 2019 was the day of the Rememberance day assembly that I was the MC for despite my fear of public speaking that I am working to improve. My social skills are attested to and how I see the best in everyone even total strangers or mere acquaintances in the hallway. My favorite sport, soccer has been part of my life for 11 years and is deeply connected to me. My loyalty toward my friends and dependability is shown as I repair the cracks in my good friend’s heart. My last stanza is about my aspirations and ambitions for my business future where I am a marketer for a large multi-billion-dollar company.