Who am I

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I am a flow. I don’t want to "become" anything, I am not in a race with anyone, I don’t want to "reach" anywhere. I am a flow, started many years ago, don’t know, and don’t "want" to know, when and where I stop. Like a river. It is like asking "what is a river?". Is river the bed that the water runs through it? Is it the water that makes it a river? Or there is more? There should be the body, the water, and the flow. And yet still it is of our ignorance to look at water as a whole, while it is made up of millions of molecules. I am one of those traveling tiny pieces. It is meaningless to take a snapshot of a river and ask "what is it?". Because you are taking away the flow and the passage of time. Yet you can freeze the time, and look at the picture and try to describe it, but that is not the river. I am a time-series, a collection of experiences I had, people I met, places I have been, things I have done, the geography of the environment, the politics of the countries, the war, the economy and wealth, laughters and cries, the rush of love, the strike of fear, the anger, the frustration, achievements and failures. I am things that I have been taught by others, learnt by my own imagination, deductions and inductions. I am the collection of things that I have eaten, the air I have breath, and the water that I have drunk. But all of these have made me the way I look at this moment, the way I think, the way I look at the world, and the way I process the information. Above all of these, I am a flow. Feeling the current, makes me feel alive. It’s ups and downs makes me surprise all the time, and makes it worth living every second of it.

And if you want me to tell you who I am, I can only sketch you the road I have traveled, and show you the things I have seen and tell you about my feelings at each turn of the road, and at the end you become part of me who has seen some, but not all, and can only describe me at the moments that you remember me. Unless you see the truth, that I am "nothing" but an evolving flow of ideas, emotions, ideologies, and opinions convolved with a heavily correlated process of my history.