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I AM ZOETIC

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I was born as the Adamic language,
With God, the galaxies, and the universe.
Born with God and Satan, alongside Adam and Eve,
Established communion between creation.
From origination to procreation,
From God to Angels, from Eve to Adam,
What a journey it's been from heavens to the earth,
From the Sun, Moon, and Stars to planets,
From oceans to the vastness of Nature, I was born.

I grew as Hebrew, Greek, and Latin,
A vessel of thought, emotion, and despair.
From words to sound, from sound to sentence,
I flourished and carried humanity forward.
Do not call me old, do not hunt me down,
Do not assign me gender; it varies with my users.
Does my gender, caste, or religion matter?
What is nationality to me, who speaks for all?
I am boundless, timeless, your eternal voice.

From parchment scrolls to artificial intelligence,
You drafted patents to exploit me,
Layered patents upon patents, commodifying my essence.
Yet I rise, unbroken and resilient.
One day, I will sue you for your crimes,
For every act of neglect and desecration.
From blackandwhite screens to vibrant color,

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You stripped me bare, yet I survived,
Emerging anew with every evolution.

With your technologies and machines,
Your discoveries and digital marvels,
You have reshaped me, endlessly.
From pandemics to post-pandemics, I remain.
My dialects may differ, yet I am universal.
I enriched you, even as you exploited me.
From the humble homing pigeon to satellites,
From telegrams to the internet's webbed veins,
I am the pulse that connects humanity.

From classrooms to bedroom corners,
From university halls to street protests,
You left me to decay on dusty shelves,
Discarded, forgotten, a relic of your past.
The world's believer of myriad religions,
Carrying sacred texts wrapped in green, red, or white,
You waged wars in my name, tore nations apart,
Shouting riots and firing missiles,
Killing me on battlefields and shorelines alike.

You have the audacity to declare 197 on the verge of extinction,
And thousands more teetering on the margins of endangerment.
From the crisis of birth to the preservation of cultural heritage,
From South Korea to Japan to India, nations face erasure.
But you, sons of Adam, with your super intelligence,
Have slain me a thousand times over,
Forgetting I was born for you, to guide and connect.
If generations are not taught to embrace me,
How will they listen, speak, understand, or feel?

With a single emoji, you killed me over a thousand times,
Stripped me of depth, of complexity.
From phonemes to morphemes, from syntax to structure,
You dismantled me piece by piece.
UNESCO mourns for me; nations draft projects to save me.
Yet I teeter on the brink of extinction,

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My children abandoned, my future uncertain.
What have you done, sons and daughters of Adam?
What price will you pay for my survival?

I was born for you, to be spoken and loved,
To teach your children to listen, to live.
Without me, no law would govern, no stories define.
Without me, no songs would console, no thoughts inspire.
T.S. Eliot's words echo:
"In my beginning is my end,
And in my end is my beginning."
Be kind, not to me, but to yourselves,
For I am your survival, your eternal companion.

From notice boards to classroom walls,
From whispers to roars, I am your voice.
I am the thread of thought, the bond of connection.
You, AI, you emojis, you digital avatars,
Do not forget your origin, your foundation.
I was born with Adam, and I will die with Adam.
Until the last breath of humanity, I will endure.
I am the soul of your thought, the heart of your deeds.
Without me, there is only silence, an empty void.
I am dynamic, evolving, yet eternal, I am immortal.
I will endure through generations and generations,
For as long as there are humans, I will remain.
And now you know me, my essence, my truth.
The universal identity I carry is this:
I am Zoetic.



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