



...december 28, 2009...

**i tell you now there is no other world  
than this one we try to understand  
weaving spider webs across our skin  
and tracing curious pathways into time –**

**but even as i speak – loose memories  
defy me – and i sense a hundred thousand  
layers traveling within each cell  
that restructures me in space and time –**

**phrases fill my waiting vocal cords  
without a pause – until i'm saying things  
i can't remember thinking – whose are the thoughts  
that mingle so audaciously with mine?**

**who is the me that focuses on words  
pretending that i know where thoughts are born?**