



...february 24, 2015...

**so perfectly my selves expand
out of my consciousness –
a walking self – a laughing self –
a self that writes this page –**

**a drawing self – a talking self –
a self of solitude
watching cherry blossoms dance
in bees and hummingbirds –**

**i am all this that wraps my eyes
and ears and writing hand
echoing the wild range
of people that i am –**

**sometimes – i call myself a name
although that isn't me –
there is no word that can embrace
my true infinity.**

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