



...december 1, 2003...

i walk home from work
a damp december night
crossing streets
and passing passers-by –

lights flash christmas trees
but i am somewhere else –
my thinking gripped
inside another space –

where do i go
when thoughts do not recall –
my movements through
these avenues of cars?

an inside self takes over
couching me
while consciousness escapes
to somewhere else –

i walk but do not see
christmas shoppers or the shops –
or posts or vehicles
angling different routes –

when gradually –
my thoughts return to me
i wonder where i go
when not myself.