

....december 11, 2008...

*eyes fill the computer screen  
and fingers chat with keyboard keys  
until work hours slip and merge  
as if i am not really here –*

*the aging roses on my desk  
have withered into burgundy  
with pale scents of otherness  
that the moment cannot place –*

*i crystallize each sudden now  
into vivid consciousness  
while yesterdays – like photos – fade  
into to a blur of sepia –*

*my thoughts slip in and out of time  
through breezes i can scarcely touch  
slithering across my mind  
then flying into outer space –*

*so if i'm not these thoughts that vault  
the hemispheres inside my brain –  
am i still me when lost in sleep?  
or am i someone else's dream?*

*am i a fragmented ghost  
from someone else's backdoor mind  
moving through this fog of days  
to reawaken in each now?*

*if i dream i'm someone else  
are they me or am i them?  
and if i'm my reality  
who is the source creating me?*