



...august 12, 2007...

**how strange –
how strange this walking path –
i sense myself split into selves –
all me – yet not the me i am –**

**there's the me that stayed behind
to sit a sun-warmed bench and read –
and there's a me watching raccoons
hissing a quarrel over food –**

**and there i am – somewhere ahead
moving past reflecting swans –
while another almost me
has never left apartment walls –**

**like a dozen silhouettes
in worlds almost parallel
exploring choices made and not
i am myself – in multiple.**