

interview of the small voice in the head

september 16, 2008

who are you?

i'm someone who you think you know
always here though never seen –
always near but never clear
and i know just where you've been...

that doesn't make sense...what's your name?

my name is your's and yet it's not
almost known – almost forgot –
just when you think you know yourself
it's really me and no one else...

but where do you live...why don't i hear you all the time?

i'm anywhere and everywhere
that is not far from where you are...
just when you think that you're alone
you catch me chuckling in your brain...
and when you're not sure what to do
i try to encourage you...
although you only sometimes listen
dismissing me as intuition...

ok – here's a test then...

if you're really that close to me, what's your favourite colour?

now what a test! – if test it is...
the colour that reflects our bliss -
sometimes it's purple – rainbow hued –
or the sunshine gold at dawn –
or the indigo that slips
out of sunset into dusk –

ok, ok i get the message...but who are you really?

i am the self you think you know
who never has to play a role
and knows you from the inside out
and outside in – and then again
i am the self of once upon
that catches you inside a dream
and through the magic mists of time
i am the you you will become...

become? what do you mean become? i am who i am...

you speak as if you cannot change
and everything that you are now
is all that you can ever be –
but you are more than you can guess
or dare to let yourself believe
so i am still that other you
that you sometimes listen to
prompting you invisibly...

