

TELL ME WHO YOU ARE

On a three day enlightenment intensive

Tell me who you are,
he said.

I am the person before you,
who has taken your measure,
(knows how to make you' like me)
is watchful, protected,
alone.

Tell me who you are,
he said.

I am numbered in years
too many, judiciously placed
in a context that shrinks
the chest tightens the muscles
of the hand.

I am a nimble tongue trapped
in worn grooves;
an idiot voice unceasing.
I am caught like a fly in the web
of my own words.

Tell me who you are,
he said.
I am one who hides
behind my image of your image
of me. I am layered
with images of images,
they keep me warm,
help me stay as I am.
Let me be what you want, expect,
so only you will not touch me.

Tell me who you are,
she said.
I am an endless grief,
flowing,
channelled through the remembered event
back to a source I cannot reach.
Let me weep.
Let me weep.

Tell me who you are,
she said.

I am totally and absolutely different;
backless, faceless,
the space you fill;
no here, only there,
only you.
I am you.

Tell me who you are
she said.

I am the question 'who am I?'
The answer the question,
the question the answer.
Answers are timed, cased
in words, fists closing
on space.
Questions are dateless, open,
uncaged by word or gesture,
never were not.

Tell me who you are,
she said.

Derick Wright