Please Stop and See



I am me.
I am not you or her or him or it.
I am me, see.

(Please stop and see.)

I am slow, I am forgetful, I am often wrong.
I am silly, and sad, and afraid. How wrong is wrong? How sharp a tone? How dark is night? How alone is alone?

(Please stop and see.)

I am a thrill—touch and be—the rock, the lizard, the butterfly.
I am a question—how far to the star; why mow the lawn; how do I yawn; why a haircut; why do you say "yes, but—"; there's a fair in town you know; will I go?
I am me, but what will I be?

(Please stop and see.)

I am a story told, a picture seen, the flash of a swing, a flip on the bars, a smack of a ball—I did it all! That's me!
I am a messy room, a voice too loud, a turned-down lip, a cry, a frown—I did it all. See!
I am in need to know; how far is out and up and down—how far can I go. I need to know.

(Please stop and see.)

I am in need to be free. Accept me, love me, understand me. Set me free for
I am me—and I am in the process of becoming.

(Please stop and see.)

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