

Shift

a poem by Francis Rosenfeld

My mind revs up full speed at intersections
And every day is from a different life design
No continuity, no breaks, no preset lines
As if I'm thrust into the heart of Time
With arrows going out in all directions.

It could be good this unfamiliar realm
This odd 'here' that I poke and pokes me back
That is impossible to be, and yet it's not
Where one can't tell reality from thought
Or fantasy from time.

If I can't tell whether I'm you or me
Then maybe we were always just one whole
This one thing that was never me at all,
unless I'm wedded to the whole wide world
and that is what it means for me to be.

I'm different and the same, dead and alive
And old components of my life feel off
Like they've been placed by strangers on my path
But they're not me, they're not what I'm about,
And I can only tell what I am not.

I love the freedom to express my thought
Without the duty to explain its craft
Which makes no sense, defies logical paths
But when the walks of life appear so tight
It's easy to forget that they are not.

While I was slow to grasp the rhythm I tuned in
My life as always took me to the mat
And I'm not sure when changes came about
Or, mercy me, if I was born like that
But I can tell that I'm no longer human.