

Myself

I fell
comatose
floored
unconsciousness or
was it a shut door
Mind is my Apple
mind is my Mac
So indicate Minsky
and Skinner
especially the latter
Try as I might I cannot
find it in matter
Metaphors of the age
only define place
While myself lives
in mind-space
In the mirror I see
not myself
I see my face
My watching face
is watching me
Gently falling rain
washes mountains away
Solidity is being
Dissolved with math
relationship in space
We must all be losing
our minds
Falling rain
cannot wash me
Myself is sandwiched
between yesterday
and tomorrow
Life is being aware
I can only be aware
of what I know
I know only what
I have been taught
I'm taught only
by my experiences
I is a question
without answer
I is an empty
lidded glass jar
I is without identity
and brother to me
Myself has a beginning
has a future
and is now