

all we are is

a collection of experiences

from our beginnings, tough to summon the lot
but they are inside of us; the good, the bad, the indifferent
rolling around, paying no attention to time or place
only halting for brief moments of recall
before receding back to concealed position

a collection of thoughts

changing with our seasons, changing with our state
deep, shallow, convergent, divergent, creative, sexual, abstract
does not matter—a thought is a thought
most drift off course and fail to right
but all are fleeting by life's measure

a collection of feelings

formed from our place of humanity
trust, surprise, anticipation, happiness,
disgust, jealousy, loneliness, anger, sadness,
and those who are lucky, or perhaps have suffered more,
have discovered their capacity to domesticate

a collection of connections

which link us to society, link us to our meaning
through love, friendship, blood, or hatred
by choice, by consequence, or by force
strong, weak, and passing
evolving with time, ceaseless until death

all we are

is this distinctive collection
that defines our beings

imparts our foundations
assigns our symmetries
renders us exclusive

we are no more, we are no less
even so, we are
. . . until we are not