

Shrinkage¹

Living in each moment—choosing parts I'd like to keep
To recycle and reuse them when their origins are gone
Renderings of feelings, visions, words the bits I reap,
Shaded-being, self made-phantom—I move on.

Next, the present brings new vistas that my shades won't let me see,
As old phantoms shimmer strongly and new moments are occluded
—even those that otherwise I might have liked and taken in—

I, the bane of my existence, sing a strangely random song
About meaning as a patchwork so deluded,
That I cannot quite decipher what I had desired to be.

From the bastions and ramparts of my predetermined fate—
Reminiscing good old days—I have pity for the ones who don't know how.
Alongside siblings in this state,
I watch others bask in magic of the now.

Thus they dream a golden journey—going nowhere I can see—
Unprotected from the present much too open, unconstrained.
Whereas I am papered-over, well defended, sealed tight shut.

I reuse my previewed moments and rebuild them when I must.
Long decided, I'm a being made of self-created mist,
Happy in its wrinkles, as an ever-shrinking fantasy.

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¹ Owen Flanagan, *The Problem of the Soul*, page 9. “*The story we come to accept sets the terms of what we believe is true, normal and good about us.*” [Nice theory for those who haven't heard the fire-and-brimstone preachers. They'd substitute “...normal and bad about us” LVP]