**A poem without i**

lately it’s all been about me

i this i that

my horizons have shrunken to the size of my head

let me talk about you

your hair is tendrils to another place:

the attic of life

where are kept the instruments of completion

i have never heard you play the flute

you have a storehouse

of loves and desires

you have kept in a cool dry place

that it spills out now

is your surprise and your contentment

you never say no to a good thing;

you say have me

wait -

i have missed something:

a longing for finality,

when the bag you pack will contain only

the best of what was