**In the heart of summer**

in the heart of summer

i changed my mind

it was not a good idea

it’s never a good idea

i did not know how

my mind would change

only that I was changing it

these small coloured objects

in the palm of my hand:

how much of me is them?

without them, i am another me

which one is the real me

is a question i cannot ask

a step from the summit

of a hill of grease

still, i am sad sometimes

there were once so many mes

a me of summer, a me of winter

a me of you

now there is only me

and part of me is these objects

they are the talismans of my power

the eye of newt in the potion of my intellect

the toe of frog in the steaming cauldron of my emotions

to change my mind

to decide that they are not me

is to not be me

is not to be me

is to be not me

the me that i am

the me that is not that me

but is this me, the me here now

is my me

the other me

not of these coloured tokens

is not me

and you will never love him