Myriad Creatures

the way

is not the only way

for every corner not turned

for every road not taken

there is another me

who turned that corner

who took that road

and who is slowly vanishing

down that hallway of mirrors

that constitutes the illusion

consensual or not

that is the world

i may

or may not

live in

there are mes, somewhere

who combed their hair this morning

who got up early

who are studying instead of writing

there is a me

who is loving you

whoever you are

and another

who is not

and for every choice you have ever made

including what you did in the bathroom this morning

there is another you

perhaps those mes, those yous

fail to develop

are shredded by shadow

and recycled in the way of all things

or twist small

and hide in the tiny dimensions

whose inside we never see

who cares?

they belong only to themselves

and the strings that connect us

are stretched so thin

the way

is not the only way

but for the you

who sees the me

that i presently am

there was no other

and the road not taken

belongs to him who shared my past

if i could

i would reunite

with my other

when our paths cross again

close ranks with the army of his memories

and know twice what i have learned

the way

that can be named

is not the only way

and the myriad creatures

i am