

Sometimes I can't tell if I'm real
I mean, I know I am
I am real, all living and fleshy and stuff
But I can't tell if I'm *real*
If my soul is me, or just a million and one characters
All swirled together into a people soup
Just a cast and crew all stacked atop each other in a comical trench coat

I think, sometimes at least,
I am more story than person
More words than flesh
More stanza than bone
Of course, one could argue that personhood is marked by just that
Our ability to make stories
To share feelings
To speak and write and sing
So perhaps I am so human I cannot grasp it all
But it doesn't feel that way

Sometimes, it feels as though I am inside out
My insides simply swirling words
No longer contained by the barriers of skin and bone
And the words stay in place
Not very liquid
But they glitch and don't look quite right
And who I am to the world is pushed deep down
Too unimportant to be the focus

And I never fall apart completely
I turn myself right again
But there are moments
When I feel formless
And all I am and all I will be
Are my words

It's not such a horrible fate
But being inside out isn't the most comfortable
So I keep my words in place
And I learn my name again
And at the end of it all I wonder if this is a symptom
Or I just need to go to sleep

- Cairn