

THE LIVING DEAD:

Reflections on Identity Disintegration

Was I once a handsome, young poet
in love with many things?
Perhaps that might have been . . .

Was I once a carefree explorer
enjoying many discoveries?
Now that seems like a dream . . .

Was I once passionate lover
regarding my partner as a marvelous mystery?
Perhaps, but now that surreal seems!

After hours & hours of television,
& many decades of work,
I can't remember who I was:
all former certainties have unraveled
& the notion of a unified identity seems berserk.

Who am I?
Please forgive the lack of a clear reply.
However numerous facts suggest
I'm a zombie who has already died.

Ron: (shaking his head) Who wants to read trash like this? I'd rather read about great heroes and become inspired - not about feckless wimps!

Lis: If you look at most people honestly, I fear there are few heroes.

Lex: Agreed. We are vacant ghosts in so many ways: very few people who breathe are actually living.

- T Newfields

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