

Who Am I.

I walk just outside you.
Around the perimeter.
But always there.

You try to pretend I'm not.
Turn your head the other way.
Hoping no one else will see.

We used to walk hand in hand,
when you were young,
but not today.

At times at this I laugh.
At times at this I weep.
I want to be One once again.

You think I will harm you,
But I would never.
It is I that makes you real.