

Missing: Myself

My ad in Sunday's paper will read: "Missing: myself—
Reward to be issued—please call."

What if no one gives my plea a second glance?

If I don't get a reply, I will cease to exist!

But what do I really have to lose?

Placing an ad is free.

Last week, I attempted to free
my mind by immersing myself
in Shakespeare where I could lose
all sense of reality before a call
beckoned me to exist,
instead, in the land of the living where I could glance

no further for true happiness, but my active glance
cannot find where I last placed my free
will, intellect, or emotions, which only exist
in the location where I originally lost myself.
My friend Despair told me I have no one to call,
nothing to gain, and everything to lose!

Tracing my steps back to Shakespeare, where to lose
is a misfortune, I stole a glance
through the tiny print, but a musky Shakespeare did not call
my name and therefore could not free
my guilt-laden mind from the pangs of misplacing myself,
all because I took for granted the privilege to exist.

To no longer exist
is quite foreboding, to lose
that small piece of my soul, referred to as myself,
hastens me to glance
into the crooks and crannies of society whose free
will often tempts itself to call

me by no name or to call
me by one that does not exist.
Such vile blasphemy does not free
me from the desire to lose
my temper and kill this thief with one glance
before reclaiming the stolen treasure of myself.

I call in earnest to myself
out there as I glance around the free
world who is determined not to lose sight of where I now exist.

CARMEN GOFF