

“Everything but us”

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What are we?
I would like to think
that our skin
is not
entirely ours and that
we have dust of
other’s skin too absorbed
in our pores.

We pick bits of paper
and make them
into our chapters
and
from a web of thoughts
hanging in mid-air
we pick some threads up,
tie a few knots
and call them ours.

We are a reflection of hundreds
of wandering souls.
what are we?
we are everything but us.