

The "I"



Kay Nielsen, *Enchanted Vision*, watercolor, Boston, The Museum of Fine Arts.

The I is an observer,
Seeing, processing, analyzing,
Piecing together an endless stream of external cues
To complete the puzzle that is the world around her.

The I is an overwhelmed student,
Mind spinning from the infinite complexity of adulthood
Hidden by the mask of a poised, young scholar.

I am no natural talent-
There is no prodigy hiding in my skin.
I am nothing if not my work ethic,
My self-discipline.

The I is a first generation American
Who did not earn her privileges
Parents an ever present reminder of her winning lottery ticket at birth
So she works harder-
Trying to make up for all she was handed.
But does it make a difference?

The I was once hypnotized by acceptance
Of unchanging power.

She was entranced by the woods that nourish a world of wrongs
Through their gray roots of oppression.

But wanderers in the woods caught the I's attention
And soon she noticed the lumberjacks around them,
With axes pointed at gray roots
So a path can be cleared for those searching for equality.

And now the I is learning
To use writing,
A haven where her thoughts are gods of the page,
To illuminate the woods of wrongs for all to see
Without attracting money-sucking mosquitoes,
Or leaving the world worse off.