

who am i really?



Written by bubba



Someone in music class last week asked me if I was a writer. I guess I was honest because I said I didn't know and that I thought it could probably be debated. She didn't care, which indicated to me that I'm closer than I thought to really being one. I wanted to tell her that, if I ever was one, 'writer' wouldn't be a title I'd take with great esteem. Because I know how painful it is to be something that doesn't exist yet. Later I was thinking about how I would know if I was one when I heard about pensions and how great they are and how I could even get one if I wanted, reportedly a good one. Then I saw the division of labor – mine/theirs – and got nervous. It was the path to finality - that being the bartender in Dayton and the looming shadow of permanence and the endless self-analysis that follows, realized and numbing or unrealized and dripping into everything...making a mess really. Kind of like me. So then I thought about a baby and attached some ironies and wondered how I can make all these numbers add up to a life I'm happy to be in forever: 401k, 529. One for me, both for kids. Ambition and opportunity. One for me, both for kids. Then the balance with the ability to answer 'who are you?' with the insider smile that says no one ever sees...*'who knows?'* Where is that supposed to come from?

This skin of mine is weird today. Soon to be important/front row. Soon to be a tragedy/visiting hours. Just past being an intellect/having all the answers. Just returned to being elementary/nothing but questions. What am I doing today? I don't know. I guess kind of riding the seam. So I put my writer hat on.



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