

Why I Write

I was born alone
who am I? and who are you?
I will die alone

in-between, I yearn
my hungry newborn blank slate
craves to be inscribed

I dig for life's gems
you-in-me's and me-in-you's
nuggets of pure gold

my haiku implore:
here am I, do you see me?
do my words join us?

art soothes gnawing ache
existential solitude
am I still alone?



Photo: Susan in the Atacama (northern Chile), 2016