

I am the Universe

by Ann Marie Davis

I am the journey
I am that which is searching
and searching to see itself.
I am that illusion of
the existence of
the world

that illusion
of there being anyone here
other than me

I am the illusion of someone
walking towards me
lying beside me
sitting next to me
caressing me
yelling at me in traffic.
I am the traffic
all of it.

There is that strange man
in that land
strange to me
on the other side of the world
and when there is a tear
on his face

I am that tear
and every molecule of water in those tears
with its cloud of wandering electrons
I am the wetness
and the saltiness

that he feels on his cheek
I am the heaviness in his heart

I am his heart
beating
I am what is left
when his heart is done
and I am that spark
that still resides in some other place.

I am the love
that I have been seeking
or waiting for
when I am not seeking

I am the object
of my own
furious mad agony
of jealousy
for my own self
as I am the love
that holds the spirit together
as the world

and I am everything
that happened after that

I am everything
that has ever happened
so that I can pretend
that we just met
in the illusion
that I now call yesterday
or last month
or this morning
so that I can be the love
of our lives

of my life

so that I can be the love
appearing to appear
out of an ocean
of seven billion separate faces

I am the love
that is the flower's fragrance
that I bring to myself
when I am that illusion
pretending to be
some other one
that has just brought me flowers

I am this sweetness
that I am inhaling.

I am
after the flowers have crumbled dry
the illusion that there is
another love
out there to find

I am that, too

so that I can now be
the same love that embraced me
as when we first embraced
one another

and I am the love
that now embraces me
as we embrace each other
one last time

as I am the illusion
that the embrace has ended

I am the object of my own desire
that I have been longing for
all along.

I am and have been
the object of my own desire
from the start
of the illusion
all along.
I am the illusion
that there was an all along
all along.

I am both
you and I
as that reflection of myself
that I fell in love with

as I have been
the universe
as I have been the journey
as I have been the foot
and the stone in the road
as I have been the road

as I have been the
all along
and the absence
of an all along
as I have been the road
and the illusion of the road

as I am
as I have always been
as I am
the universe.