

What's on your horizon?

Morgan

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"The Note"

When we lose control of our 'self'
a note appears before us.

It was my hand, I know, I saw it,
but the thought was definitely 'US'.

But who is 'US' I ask of you,
and who are you, while I ask of me?
And me? I know, me is me,
no question here . . . I think.

And while I'm thinking, why am I asking questions,
I'm alone . . . who's there to hear me?
Am I alone? Evidently not, because,
before me appears a poem in the form of a note.

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