

## 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.