Selfie

by Gary Hardaway

What do I have
but inherited patterns
of an ambiguous language,
a few numbers
and a handful of their operations,
the enchantments
of music and paintings,
and a legacy of architecture
that decays before my eyes?

Besides a sliver of slivered time
and a fleshy sack of chemicals,
what am I but the sum of old ideas
and the way I play
at rearranging them?

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