

# I am, I am not.

*by* Jim Ward

I am—  
a plan in progress.  
I am motion in motion,  
a direction headed in the right direction  
by way of an off beaten trail  
of misdirection.  
I am lost  
when I think that I have been found,  
a vibrating remnant of sound  
unheard outside the boundaries that are bound  
by the physics of that which is physically bound  
to echoes...  
of that which is all around.  
I am a continuance  
of a discontinued lifespan  
of a thought provoked by the absence of thought.  
I am leftover reserve  
of a speech not yet spoken  
on the clarity of ignorance  
as guidance.  
Misunderstanding the meaning  
to that which I stand on firmly  
which cannot become settled.  
I am a plan in progress.  
I am not—  
quite exactly what I am;  
I am not the progress  
of a plan.  
—Not motionless  
in the wrong direction  
of that which directed the aimless.

Not found  
in thought that is lost  
or echoes heard of unbound sound  
vibrating in the canal  
of undistorted clarity  
of meaning meant.

I am not a lifespan of thought  
continued unprovoked  
to the diluted concept  
of thinking.

Not remnants of guidance simply spoken  
in only that that can be said  
through structure and compliance.

Not meaning to be misunderstood  
while standing unsettled in my stance  
on understanding...

I am not—  
the progress of a plan.

