

I-Identity Crisis

I am more than a letter.
 Who I am does not fit between H and J.
 I am intricate, infinite, incomprehensible—

A mystery even to myself.
 Yet I recognize “I” as a representation of me.

I am unique, individual,
 Distinctly different from anyone before.
 So, I is me. Yet you are I,
 And I am she if you are me.
 Are we all together?

I am more than the sum of the parts.
 In part, I am that singular slim character—I.
 In part, I am a full name spread over the page,
 C a r l e e D e o n M a b r e y.

In part, who I think I am,
 In part, who I intend to be,
 In part, who you perceive me to be,

In part I am not whole.

I am more than the sum of my parts,
 Yet I can't add up the sum,
 Let alone factor in the “more.”

In total, I am never seen.

If no one can see me,
 The whole me,
 The real me,
 Do I exist?

Carlee Mabrey