

THE CUTTING ROOM

I have spent my working-life
in darkened, hired rooms,
documenting the lives of others.

Once in a while, someone whose story
I am still in the process of splicing together,
is brought into the cutting room.

It is not the first time I have seen them.
I have been watching them, hour after hour,
day after day, for several weeks now.

I joke, 'I already know you.'
They smile uncertainly.

As for my own life...
there is no finite footage of film,
neatly logged and labeled, and
stored on a shelf above my head.

Rather, it runs endlessly, randomly,
through my head.

No easy way for me to log and edit
that endless footage: to sift and select,
to cut and paste, to re-instate.

No easy way to make of my own life,
anything so professionally complete –
with a beginning, a middle, and an end.