

POETRY

Space

Micah James

I feel theoretical,
An idea or notion.
The rough draft,
A plot yet to find resolution.
If life's a stage, I'm in the audience.
When the lights come on
And the crowds meander away.

Why do you look at me
As if I exist?
Like I'm here and now,
And this isn't all some narrative.
The kind I'm used to,
Like movies and books.
Am I not a spectator
In this interplay of stories?