

[Home](#)[Derrick's
Books](#)[A-Z Index](#)[Book
reviews](#)[Spiritual](#)[Adullam's
Cave](#)

Identity Crisis

a pained cry from a man seeking wholeness

WHO is the person inside this flesh –
Choreographing the stage movements of the man I call me?
WHERE is that soul-centre...
The real me
The true I
The one who bursts out occasionally
When the player fluffs his lines
And the audience boos?

THE player I see in the mirror;
The one they think is me;
The controlled one,
The stage-managed one –
 is a front;
I know he's connected to me;
Under my control,
Acting to my directions;
Playing the parts I worked out in the scripts.

BUT, he isn't really me:
The string puller,
The manipulator,
The puppeteer in black clothes, hidden in the darkness.

I'M in there somewhere –
 up - down -
Out there in the wings;
But I can't see myself.

WILL someone switch the light on PLEASE?

© Derrick Phillips 1992