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Identity Thoughts

Ari Newcomb

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Identity Thoughts

Ari Newcomb

Am I the most deluded character of my family, or the most sane? Or just a happy amalgam? Yes, that is possible. Ah, I have it. I'm not relative, I'm me, and should be taken as such. I guess that's the one I was looking for. If I weren't so frantic to compare and contrast, I'd remember this. Is it only relation that gives us meaning, I wonder as people have, but I also wonder in my room late at night when everyone else has retired, with my pen, paper, and whimsy all hanging out together and into it, if this moment is a pure drop of unadulterated identity. Did Descartes have an actual nibble rather than a grandiose bite when he talked of "I"? Or did heredity decide my innards long ago, skipping across time and forming new-added permutations with each conception? I'm mulatto. Most people are afraid to be, or else "they'd be just a sponge soaking up all points of view from the crossfire of MIDDLEGROUND." A weakling observer whose identity is everyone's. I know that is what I'm not, but I'll admit to being influenced within reason since I know that the things I'm drawn to are particular and add up to something. Something to consider?