

# Forces

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## Me

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Me

A teacher of words -

A lover of life -

I speak, I write, I draw, I arrange, I put  
together.

I read, I listen, I think, I watch, I ask.

I feel...

I see.

I touch, and I embrace what is life - knowledge, wisdom,  
dreams, and you.

I sing in the night.

I am free - barefoot I run in the grass. In the moonlight I  
dance, lost in the beat, moving in time like the grass to the  
wind and the tide to the moon. Experiences dictate tempo.  
Variant notes of emotions make the melody - my spirit moves,  
sways and swirls as I step in and respond to my life.

If you don't really mind, I should like to inquire, "Who are  
you? Where have you been?" and "Tell me your name."  
"Come here, please. Stride out and look; lean forth and  
touch and see what you feel. Fly like a bird. Sing to the stars  
and stand by yourself! Then perhaps we shall step together,  
and in unison we'll sing, and the universe can dance to our  
music that together we make.