



Who I Am

From an early age
I pretended to be
someone else,
imitating my uncle Igo
with those bushy eyebrows
and exaggerated facial features
and heart of a teddy bear.

I'd have our family rolling
on our linoleum floor as I became him.
Then there was that hunchback lady
who shopped on Thursdays
at our A & P dragging her cane
and blind mutt behind her.

On our street and far from where
she could see me, I'd do the same
until her husband stopped
to inform me of my cruelty. I
apologized and told him
that I don't know how
to go back to who I am.

Diana Raab