

Beating with life you promised like, security, happiness.
Unfortunate son cornered, cowering in the pit of circling panes
of glass that
surround and reveal the ever present "it."

"It" is my move, my every look,
interpreting gestures,
informing others
what's undercover and lurking beneath my mask
of this year's featured model.
Is this too much?
Close your eyes.
Care to look inside? I AM I!

What may appear
might easily be explained,
but given the situation
of info saturation,
what you feel can never go away.

Steering perception? I AM I!
Inviting contradiction? I AM I!
It's my insistence
you keep your distance
from the glare behind my stare.
So this is the way
the game is played.
You can leave now,..
but I think you'll stay. I AM I!