

## **I Am The Universe**

**by Ann Marie Davis**

I am the universe

I am the journey

I am that which is searching

and searching to see itself.

I am that illusion of

the existence of

the world

that illusion

of there being anyone here

other than me

I am the illusion of someone

walking towards me

lying beside me

sitting next to me

caressing me

yelling at me in traffic.

I am the traffic

all of it.

There is that strange man

in that land  
strange to me  
on the other side of the world  
and when there is a tear  
on his face

I am that tear  
and every molecule of water  
in those tears  
with its cloud of wandering electrons

I am the wetness  
and the saltiness  
that he feels on his cheek  
I am the heaviness in his heart

I am his heart  
beating  
I am what is left  
when his heart is done  
and I am that spark  
that still resides in some other place.

I am the love  
that I have been seeking

or waiting for  
when I am not seeking

I am the object  
of my own  
furious mad agony  
of jealousy  
for my own self  
as I am the love  
that holds the spirit together  
as the world

and I am everything  
that happened after that

I am everything  
that has ever happened  
so that I can pretend  
that we just met  
in the illusion  
that I now call yesterday  
or last month  
or this morning  
so that I can be the love  
of our lives

of my life

so that I can be the love

appearing to appear

out of an ocean

of seven billion separate faces

I am the love

that is the flower's fragrance

that I bring to myself

when I am that illusion

pretending to be

some other one

that has just brought me flowers

I am this sweetness

that I am inhaling.

I am

after the flowers have crumbled dry

the illusion that there is

another love

out there to find

I am that, too

so that I can now be  
the same love that embraced me  
as when we first embraced  
one another

and I am the love  
that now embraces me  
as we embrace each other  
one last time  
as I am the illusion  
that the embrace has ended

I am the object of my own desire  
that I have been longing for  
all along.

I am and have been  
the object of my own desire  
from the start  
of the illusion  
all along.

I am the illusion  
that there was an all along  
all along.

I am both  
you and I  
as that reflection of myself  
that I fell in love with

as I have been  
the universe  
as I have been the journey  
as I have been the foot  
and the stone in the road  
as I have been the road

as I have been the  
all along  
and the absence  
of an all along  
as I have been the road  
and the illusion of the road

as I am  
as I have always been  
as I am  
the universe.