

# the biggest lie

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first you get born. "is that really me?" the one in the mirror, "is that really me?"

i'm separate ... apart ... physically.

there' a piece of food. "i want it", i said.

if i take a bite, do you get fed?

i hug you. i hold you. "now are we one?"

"no. i'm sorry. although holding was fun."

our bodies are separate. and so are the trees.

and the rocks. and the raindrops. and even the breeze.

when you come right down to it, it's all come apart.

nothing's connected. and right from the start,

it's been that way. the whole world is waiting,

for this loathing and longing and terrible hating

to finally end. to come back together.

where you and i and our moods and our weather,

re-join and stop being separate parts.

the way we remember somewhere in our hearts.