

I'm a stranger here myself

I'm a stranger here myself,
being both strange and estranged,
not quite at home except
in the space which is not
a territory, the space
which is hospitable to
all strangers, all the strange
who stray.

This space subverts the possibility
of being estranged by its
ease of offering the actuality
of always already at-home-ness.

So where exactly is it that
I am the stranger, both strange
and estranged? Ah, it is here in this
site cut off from its own ground
by the tidal wave of thoughts
alienated only by the surplus of my
own effulgence; creativity enveloping
itself in itself; the isolated, apart, abject
is but a fold in the unfolding flow
of the myriad ways of being at home
as openness, field and specific moment.