

## 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.