

Cycles

by stylus *Tuesday, Aug 18 2015, 10:38am*

international / poetry / post

roughly, every eleven years
i shed my skin like a serpent
and my life is completely re-directed
without conscious volition

each new phase has no relation
to the previous skin that was me
and so i must accept cycles as reality,
change as a constant
and regeneration a necessity

i have often wondered why
serpents shed their skin in season
and emerge shiny and new,
though a serpent seems to have
an advantage,
it knows it will emerge as itself
while i have had many lives
in the same body though each presents
the new