

Stranger

by Fran Duffield

I am infinitely strange
to myself,
sometimes opaque
as ancient clay,
sometimes translucent
as the golden eyes
of the boy I remember
leaning slender
on the Roman ruins

Looking back
at myself I seem
even more a stranger,
lit up with laughter
that I can't remember,
gazing at some future
that I've forgotten,
clinging so easily
to a stranger

I have had so many
faces, so many names
I have evaded
definition,
the butterfly collector's pin,
I have become
a stranger
unrecognisable
to myself