



Gavin's Bones

Many times, when very young I've thought a thought that's strange
I don't know where it came from, but I suspect it's in the range
Of 'It's easier to think I think', than to try and explain it easily
So here it goes, well the point is that, why is it I am me?

Some other folk are either posh or in other ways are gifted
The parents rich, or talents abound, or with hair that never shifted
They have their view and say their piece, they are their single minded
But how come that the mind they have is theirs, and I can't find it?

All the atoms that reside in me have formed my flesh and mind
They form my heart and all my bones and all my thoughts they bind
So, I can think only in my head and not live in the head of others
Behind the wall that is my mind alone, a space not shared with any brothers

So, if 'Gavin' with his lovely home, flash car and gorgeous wife
Exchanged at birth his mind with mine would we have swapped our lives?
Would I be flashy-rich and smiling with a circumstance much better
Or would the 'Gavin' that is 'me' be the same 'me' as 'me' forever?

Would all the thoughts that my mind has had, that make my mind my own
Still be mine and only mine if I were alive in Gavin's bones?
What makes a mind, what forms its shape, is it always bonded to the qi?
I'd really like to know you understand, why is it that I am me?