

I Almost Disappeared

Author: Ronald Starmer

I almost disappeared. Sometimes that happens. This is where I went: I used to pride myself on how organized I was. Man, Oh Manischewitz, those days have turned to dust and fog. I am now a quiet room full of mischief and unfinished sentences, a library of questions still learning how to be asked. I have been becoming both the storm and the shelter, the match and the unlit candle. I carry old versions of myself like pressed flowers in a book— fragile, faded, but proof that I have bloomed before. I am not finished. I am a vision of a revision, a margin note. I am ink still drying, a draft becoming braver with every line, with every thought, a rumpled “to do” list lost in the clutter of my own pockets.