

Loss of Identity

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Things I carry with me.

Practical use. Physical and psychological necessities.

Sentimental bonding to my things.

Bonding. With my possessions.

Banalities. Things that apparently have nothing but material value.

Value. How much of our value do we measure by our possessions?

My possession belongs to me, belongs to me – is: me. A part.

They are me or have I become them?

And if all this is true, who or what am I?

What remains?

