

The Death of Who I'm Not

Dearly beloved,

We gather here today to mourn the passing of our friend
And though I know your hearts are torn at his untimely end
It seems to me appropriate we gather to allot
Some time now to commemorate the death of who I'm not.

And on this sad occasion, why, the task given to me —
Despite my reservations I must give my eulogy
Before we say farewell to me and lay me in my plot
We recognize, respectfully, the death of who I'm not.

I'm not my reputation and I'm not my don't and do's
I'm not my situation and I'm not my peer reviews
I'm not the plaudits people give, I'm not the lies some say
I'm not the 'postcard' life I live, I'm not my resume.

I'm not the fear of missing out, I'm not the clothes I wear
I'm not the assets that I tout, I'm not the me I share
I'm not the twisted story line assigned to me by foes
I'm not the things I say are mine, I'm not the way I pose.

I'm not the cash in my account, I'm not my dream career
I'm not the stories I recount, I'm not what I appear
I'm not my 'likes' on Instagram, I'm not my abs of steel
I really am just who I am and who I am is real.

The socially constructed me we lay to rest today
It woefully obstructed me from living anyway
Survived by me, the part of me that actually is true
And begging just to be set free and live his life anew.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, we offer up our prayer
I'm sorry but we really must entrust me to God's care.
Though tearful we, determinedly, resolve to stop the rot
We celebrate the end of me — the death of who I'm not.