

# *Whose Am I?*

*N*ot “Who am I?”  
But “Whose am I?”  
In belonging lies the secret identity.

Who belongs to me  
To whom do I belong?  
Who accepts me  
Whom do I accept?  
Who has claims upon me  
Upon whom do I lay claim?

Who knows my failings?  
Who knows the meanings of my angers and ambitions, my fears  
My cries for love sometimes hidden past recognition?

Whose am I?  
True, the umbilical cord must be torn, incestuous ties severed  
Untied, I seek renewed connection  
Beyond the womb.

Who am I?  
Whose am I?  
My name, my people, my God.

