

## Number Me?

Oh numbers, numbers what do you mean?  
 Could it be that I am not as I seem?  
 Are my thoughts and hopes as I lay awake  
 Something you with symbols can calculate?

And my mind, the thing I think is pure Me  
 Obey equations? You mean it's not free?  
 My silent me-ness, my intimate life  
 Is no more than a fancy traffic light?

As enzymes and atoms concatenate  
 Or catalyse to keep my steady state  
 Are you there, in shadows, calling the shots?  
 Directing towards the most probable plots?

And what of that thing I once called my soul?  
 Have mechanisms too this from Me stole?  
 Have love and mercy and hope no more worth?  
 Am I resigned to emotional dearth?

If Me results from my neurons and brain  
 With no spark, no soul, no God at the reins  
 How could I hope for a more perfect dawn?  
 For justice? For peace? For life when breath's gone?  
 And how will my children know good from bad?  
 And where now is my balm of Gilead?

It's just not fair numbers! Out of the way!  
 I like Me; my me-ness is here to stay.

Keep on your work, but you had best pipe down.  
 Count quickly, smartly, but without a sound.  
 Yes, some things you'd better work faster at,  
 Like treatments for cancer and heart attack.

Go quantify disease, drugs and what-not;  
 But Me and me-ness, would be best forgot.

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