identity crisis

it wasn't me
small child in the air raid
shelter
gasmask in a box
fifty years ago
's a film
late nights entertainment

hard to believe
myself
solitary in an aeroplane
swinging across the sixties

the sequel
secondhand sympathising with
passionate farewells and
separations
when the set's turned off
I watch
clutching for long seconds
a lifetime
while you walk away

that wasn't me either

p. n. w. donnelly

(Editor's Note: The second line of this poem regrettably was omitted when it was first published in *ARIEL*, Volume 26, Number 3, July 1995.)