We never know who we are

We never know who we are
(this is strange, isn't it?)

or what vows we made
or who we knew

or what we hoped for
or where we were

when the world's dreams
were seeded.

Until the day just one of us

sighs a gentle longing
and we all feel the change

one of us calls our name
and we all know to be there

one of us tells a dream
and we all breath life into it

one of us asks "why?"
and we all know the answer.

It is very strange.

We never know who we are.