

## SELF-DELUSION

It is difficult to calibrate your internally presumed physical appearance with what people actually see when they look at you. (How do you know what they see when they look at you?) From within you perceive a world out there, which you know includes you and many other people, some of whom see you, may even watch you. (Very few do.) What do those who watch you see? Is it some version of what you glimpse in passing by a plate glass window as you walk briskly down the road? Is it a version of a selfie you took with one of your Maltese students after the graduation dinner? Pulling back into yourself, closing your inner windows, the reality of all washes over you. You are no stable identifiable thing on the landscape. You are hardly more substantial than one of those floaters constantly in motion through the aqueous humour of your eye.

In daily life, as you breakfast, go to the University, gym, finally home again to the family, you live the reassembly of all the kaleidoscopic fragments of your whole person. You put yourself together when you meet Tom and Betty, for whom you are just old high school friends, and for whom, no doubt, you are over this familiar cup of coffee the whole cloth entirety of old Fred, unfissured and unfragmented, though they may have to do some reassembly work on themselves, before they can see Fred whole.