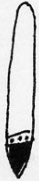
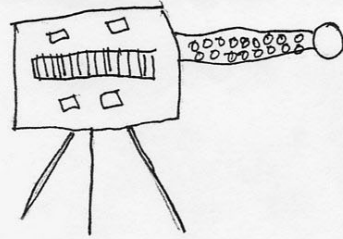




# I AM



I am a Renaissance workaholic.  
 I wonder if my autopsies on corpses will help my knowledge of the human body.  
 I hear my bicycle invention clanking down the street.  
 I see a paintbrush moving across paper.  
 I want to replace my paralyzed right hand.  
 I am a Renaissance workaholic.

I pretend to be a bird soaring though the sky like the ones I have studied.  
 I feel a roar under my feet by a tank built by my design.  
 I touch the mind of the artistic world.  
 I worry that my submarine sketch will fail.  
 I cry because I have no one to share my success with.  
 I am a Renaissance workaholic.



I understand that the circulation of blood causes blood to touch every muscle in the body.  
 I say my development of the machine gun will be completed some day.  
 I dream of my parachute creation slowing my descent.  
 I try to envision the Mona Lisa on a gallery wall.  
 I hope my helicopter innovation will glide through the air.  
 I am a Renaissance workaholic.

