

# Invisible

Words fail miserably  
to capture a spark  
of the flame,  
that is the depth  
and complete expression  
of the human emotions.  
Maybe if you could  
touch it,  
see it,  
maybe then you'd feel it,  
your eyes would hear  
and taste my pain.

Alas, all I have  
are words  
and with them we must  
make do.  
So you'll have to be satisfied  
with whatever little of me  
through these words,  
is filtered down to you.

Every word you write  
is like a blow,  
hard, unrelenting  
cold and bitter,  
cutting deep and cutting slow.

I could cry.  
Yes! I could bawl  
a bucket of tears,  
but it wouldn't remove  
the stain of my years.  
It wouldn't change a damn thing!

"Big boys don't cry," they say.  
So, we don't express our pain,  
who will be a listening ear?

It just ain't manly to admit  
I feel, and that I too have fears.  
If society has an ass,  
prison is it's toilet,  
here lies the refuse  
and who will come to our rescue?

So, I guess  
that I too am lost.

Would you be surprised to know  
that I have fears,  
and have feared



things of which I was unaware,  
things that brought me here?

Can you hear the ticking away  
of my soul  
about to be extinguished  
as it implodes?

How many times will Humpty Dumpty  
have to fall,  
for all eyes to see,  
that he will never again be made whole?

Such is the toll.

There is to me  
far more than you see,  
many influencing factors,  
many encounters,  
many actors.  
My life, our lives  
are like a scroll, the story is  
in the process of simultaneously  
being written as it unfolds.

If you think hard,  
deep and long,  
you will realize  
That a dying dream  
is akin to losing  
a loved one.  
What right have I to say,  
"I've suffered?"

Is anyone or anything  
for that matter ever-  
truly original?

We all stand  
on the shoulders  
of our individual  
and collective experiences.

We're all in it  
and it sticks hard to you  
          doesn't it  
that stench... that stink?

Lost in this world  
of walls, barbed wire, frosted glass  
and the consuming gray,  
I've been looked at  
and dissected by you  
and another billion pairs of eyes.  
They look  
I reflect,



they speak,  
I pondered,  
you spoke,  
and I listened,  
and I've come  
to the realization,  
that I am invisible to you  
for you cannot see me.

If all that I am  
were somehow made visible to you  
would you alter your point of view?  
Then again sister, I think  
Mr. Cosby is correct,  
we are left behind.  
So, flee -sister- flee!  
Run fast and far from me!

This is the process of elimination  
what you put in is surely  
what you get out.  
Boy, isn't that the truth.  
Every woman that bears a child  
isn't a mother!  
Every dick that ejaculates  
isn't a father!

Tell me,  
have you ever  
looked at your fingers,  
and despised them?  
For in them  
is a vitality,  
a hunger for life so raw,  
the need to create  
that remains unsatisfied,  
a dream deferred,  
a life frustrated?  
I look at my fingers and  
I -despise- them!  
For they laugh at me in mockery.  
They whisper  
amongst each other,  
"wasted talent -is as good as-  
having no talent at all."

This shitty situation  
I tell ya,  
we're all in it,  
and it sticks hard to you  
doesn't it  
that stench... that stink?

04/05/07