

Being Invisible

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I was invisible...
Why? He ne'er
Said hello
Or looked at me.
He was retiring today
From his old job
a psychiatrist he was
In a correctional centre.
I am invisible
Still... In this society
Of people breathing
Not oxygen but
Noxious isolation.
Fragmented visions
Myopic minds I get
Surrounded with
And remain I
Invisible to 'men'
Who 'bed' with women
Only to 'know' her...nay
Skim her and discard!
I remain invisible
For my 'body' is not
An open book
Nor it has given access
To 'men' to 'read' it.
I fear
not
their beings
I am
Nobody and invisible.