

INVISIBLE

Don Thompson

Watching a tree with the wind blowing through it,
I think of the Invisible Man, that empty suit,

That invalid who wrapped his thoughts in gauze
Like wounds, open secrets, or shameful flaws.

Though stripped naked to hide, wherever he went
Irony exposed him like a wet footprint.

The tree's thousand fingers all reach for the wind.
No one tried to touch him; he had no friend.

And the girl he still loved, who knew he was there,
Undressed before him as if he were air.

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