Invisible Girl

By: Hanifah Johnson

I’m my own consultant
My lips are stapled shut
I sleep with my pen in case my thoughts try to run away
From what I can’t speak (no voice)
I’m so disconnected from “them”
I’m not able to be seen like a disclaimed child of a mother
Who wants nothing to do with her
Disconcerted I sit at a lunchroom table
Hearing kids laugh around me
But I play no part
If it was a skit I’d have no script
I cradle my head in my flooded hands
I wish to be with the “cool” kids some day
Hopefully Monday or perhaps Friday
So I’d have something good to roam my head
I have to be discreet though, if I even clear reach out
I’m afraid to be embarrassed again no one knows me
Anyway my friend mind is so distraught I never really
Knew strength till I had no choice to be strength
I am the Invisible Girl