

Invisible

By Miah Shull Olmsted

Can you see me?
I've put myself out there,
tried to open the door.
But I should be honest,
I don't want to use Facebook anymore.

Have I become invisible?
Now that gray hair lights up my crown,
combined with 40 menopausal pounds,
I'm easy to see.
I can be found.

I love to read, to cook, to ski.
I've spent thousands of hours under the seas.
I cry at sloppy movies
and tap dance in my sleep.
You don't even need to swipe right for us to meet.

I walk around in full view.
Sometimes; I even hum.
Have I become transparent now that I'm no longer young?

I've put on the kettle.
Cracked open the whisky.
Slow down. Sip your tea.
I am around; come discover me.