

invisible man

what is to become of me
a man seen as
 without value
in the brutal marketplaces
of money and love.

behind the curve
over the hill
sleeping in silence
gray and fading
mister invisible
one more blip
 in a sea of blips.

I still pull my weight
I still pay my way
I still pay my taxes
I train my replacement.

I still see the women
 but they don't see me
they look right through me
they walk right through me.

loving and being loved
wanting and being wanted
 a rush of desire
 a shared breath
a place in
 another's eyes
 another's heart.

once worthy of such things
 all long ago and far away
was that really me
 or someone else I knew
at what point does a memory become
 a fantasy
at what point does a man become
 a phantom.