

## 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.