

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

The Dichotomy of Being Seen

by Mari Syrad

They haven't seen me yet.
I am a chameleon,
Blurred vert behind the spring leaves,
I am a shadow.

They still haven't seen me.
Formerly overt,
No one has noticed the change in me.
I am hidden.

I can even bare my teeth.
The flash of white dismissed
As a trick of the light.
I am invisible.

The thrill of freedom,
Of peace at last feeds my patience.
I move no muscle.
I am a calm sea.

I hear the rushing regress of the water dappling across the
shoreline stones.

I am no longer known.
I start to falter.
My form shakes mirroring the leaves
So they still cannot see.

I open my mouth in announcement,
But the only sound released
Echoes the wind in the trees.
The dark draws in.

I have made a mistake.
I cannot be seen.
I cannot be heard.
Did I tell my name to anyone last night,
Or didn't I tell my name?

I am lost within the waves,
Below the shipwrecks
And nobody can see me.
I am calling, calling
As I drift to the sea floor.

I thought I wanted anonymity.
I didn't know it would last forever.
Regret tastes like metal on my tongue.
Like blood
On my tongue.