

## **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