

Literary Work

Ode to M. Night Shyamalan

by donalee Moulton

Today, I became invisible.

This is my 20/20 superpower;
uninvited, yet all too real.

A gradual metamorphosis, I see
Now in hindsight:
No meta physics or exploding world,
No ringing of the bugle
No senses tingling
No deflecting bracelets to mark the occasion

A flash of time
60 years in the making

Here I stand
sans mask and tights.
Slightly stooped
Laser-corrected vision
Trying to untangle this web of confusion

Yesterday on my daily planet
people nodded
as I walked by.
They saw
me.
Apologized as they bumped me
accidentally.
Waved from across the street,
parking lot, grocery aisle
as if seeing me for the first time.
There you are.

Little did they know
My real identity
Waiting to emerge
Silently, relentlessly
Without aid of alien spacecraft
radioactive spider
or amazon queen to coddle me
into my new persona

Today is August twenty-second.

A new me is sculpted
From clay
And tradition, expectation
Indifference

Now I walk into rooms
Unnoticed
Cloaked in forceless fields
Shielded from sight
I see animated faces looking
In my direction
Hands at their sides
Eyes focused elsewhere

Today I turned 62,
or 58, 71
perhaps.
Age is irrelevant
once you are in
visible

if only I were
bulletproof

donalee Moulton's poetry has appeared in *Arc*, *The Queen's Quarterly*, *Prairie Fire*, *The Dalhousie Review*, *Carousel*, *Fireweed*, and *Whetstone*, among others. She is a former editor of *The Pottersfield Portfolio* and *Atlantic Books Today*. donalee lives in Halifax happily surrounded by family, friends, pets, and poetry.