

THE **I**NVISIBLE

Written by Aidan Forbes

They call me the invisible
The invisible is who I am

I'm in the sunbeams on a wintry day

I'm the shallow where you swam

They know of me,
but treat me as if I weren't there

Even when the aroma of flowers

Filled the air

I'm taken for granted,
time and time again

I was the magic they saw as a child,
the hopes for better days back then

They grew up though.

And they saw **the visible**

The paper cuts,

The loud neighbours,

The lost \$20,

So my visibility changed.

I was transparent,
but now they call me the invisible.