

I am the Invisible Woman



THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

i am the invisible woman, watch me as I go,
Always in motion, never progressing,
Slip, sweep, skirr, scuttle— wretched spirit, that I am.

By workman's hands, this world was made,
In invisible darkness, bodies were made whole,
Sliding, gripping, breathless, gaping,
Soul-stirring, operation of simultaneous propulsion.

A state of unpredictable change, built upon the horns of dilemma.
Between the devil and the deep blue sea, worked in,
By unusual sympathy, a threat to familial patrimony,
Which ought to remain constitutive of its unity.
Extraneous-paradox, a clog-dance, occurring in turns.

A cyclical alternative, two non-periodic orbits entrapped,
By neighbourhood, representing a similar topological form,
An unsystematic approach, commonly referred to as
systematic organization, known consistently to yield inconsistent results.

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