

Seeing Me

by Jo Rasmus

I got to see me the other day. I was pretty good looking and smiling. I was chatting with strangers and running into old familiar friends. I like me. I am comfortable in my skin. I am confident and hold my back strong. My stride is sure and I have bold posture. People see me coming and smile.

I don't know where I go. I have been there for a long time. I can't find my smile and look angry. I avoided everyone and don't answer the phone or door. I am sad with myself. My skin hurts. The ability to make a decision is completely gone and I am confused and shlumpy. My shoulders droop and I shuffle bent like an old woman. People look right through me. I am invisible when I'm not seeing me.

