

The Invisible Man
by Blue Elijah Riggs

I am the watcher in the world... a part, but not a part. I am the invisible man. I am here! Why can't they see me?! Can they not see my arms outreached? Can they not see the tears on my cheek? Or do they not care? If they could only know me! ME! They would not simply pass by. They would smile and wave. They would say "Hi", or stop to chat about philosophy or religion, or even the weather. I wouldn't care. Maybe not all, but most...or some! Please...oh, please...I'm here!

Their lives go on, and my life exists within theirs. Perhaps I am a dream - their dream...or mine...or somewhere in between.

But wait! Someone brushed by! I am real! I felt it! I have skin - I felt their touch! I have a heart - I felt it quicken! If I felt them, then they must have felt me. Please stop! I'm here! It's me! Yes, me! The invisible man!

What's that...my name? It's Elijah. It is so very nice to meet you! Thank you for seeing me and not passing by.

I know I'm real. I know I'm here. It's nice to know that you know it too. You give me strength in your smile and your warm, gentle hand. You give me hope. It is thanks to you and others like you that I can go on. For I must go on, you see...I am here. And I am real. I am the invisible man.