

She looked but couldn't be seen
She felt but couldn't be touched
She listened but couldn't be heard

She hid but nobody sought her

Nobody looked kindly on her
and lovingly told her not to worry
Nobody took her small grubby fingers
and squeezed them warmly
Nobody heard her croaky smoky voice
and listened to her story

And still she watched them all
Silently and in stillness
Hidden in plain sight

And that night she cried long and loud
until first light danced upon her face

And still she survived.