



...july 19, 2018...

they're looking for me in the woods  
checking paths and trees –  
they searching all the shorelines  
for rocky hideaways –

they searching for me on the streets  
and posting notices –  
hunting through the alleyways  
and between parked cars –

they're checking out the coffee shops  
and fast-food rush-alongs  
but no knows my photograph  
and no one's heard my name –

it's like i've turned invisible  
because i'm really here  
though everyone i try to tell  
doesn't seem to hear –

so maybe i am really lost  
and need to join the search  
has anybody seen me  
since the middle of last week?

©pamela swanson  
[www.poetpam.com](http://www.poetpam.com)