

# The Invisible Woman

*Holly Welker*

The invisible woman is angry.  
Boy is she mad.  
She took her books to the library last night  
and last night she burned the library down.  
She hates all her stories and  
nobody else wants to read them  
either. They go like this:  
*I don't want to be here.*  
*There's not any place in this world I want to be.*  
Someone should tell her howling  
is the wrong thing to do at the moon,  
the moon's just a flashy advertisement  
above the fire engines saying,  
STAY TUNED FOR TOMORROW'S EPISODE OF "THE SUNRISE"!  
Still, the man in the moon, if there is one,  
had the very best view  
when the burning roof smashed flat  
all the shelves of burning books,  
the firemen gesturing with  
grim authority and their hoses  
to anyone wanting to gasp in amazement  
at the light and the noise, up close.

No one thought about the invisible woman  
when the engines were called in;  
no one thought about her when the engines drove away.  
She doesn't know this.  
The invisible woman dreams of  
Death by Public Hanging  
until she realizes all clues linking her  
to the library fire are invisible too.  
She thinks of an old man crying,  
probably the man in the moon.  
The invisible woman is happy.  
The invisible woman's relieved.