**Nobody**   
by Sheila Tidd

Nobody knows who you are   
your frames shiny as a penny,   
your glasses thick as a dictionary.

Nobody watches you.   
You walk down the endless hallway,   
clutching your books,   
like a child’s blanket to your chest.

None of the passerbys are kind,   
four eyes, ghost, albino   
exudes lips of tomato red   
spilling out of their mouths,   
like water from a faucets edge.

Fingers rise up from hands like jack-in-the-boxes,   
Your head pounds as if to explode from the pressure,   
like hot lava pulses before it releases from stress.

And yet no one knows you.