**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.