

Invisible

I pass through worlds unseen
looking through my kaleidoscope of genes and history.

I “pass”
have no right to protest
after all
if I only mimicked,
parroted,
silenced the seen and the inherited,
all would be well.

When you do not stay between the lines
when you cannot be by “them” defined
neatly
obviously
by the naked eye
you are a note,
a step,
a line,
dissonant
in their construct,
always just on the “other” side,
looking through a filter
of the self
splintered.

Seeking to be a “Burnt Norton”¹ rose
observing
dust collecting
on walls preserving
what never was.

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¹ Referring to the line “...for the roses / had the look of flowers that are looked at.” in the poem *Burnt Norton*. (Eliot, T.S. 1941)