

invisible

the story of my life
is written on my face
every line earned
every scar witness
to a resilience
I didn't know I had

spent a lifetime
worrying about things
that didn't happen
whilst real danger
arrived unannounced
taking me down
when least expected

now I worry less
about most things
letting my hair
go wild and grey
learning at last
to love the body
I've long abused

people say
women of my age
grow invisible
which may be true
perhaps a blessing
in disguise

you can shape-shift
when no one's looking
make different choices
put yourself first

letting go
frees up time
to breathe slow
listen to trees
on windy days
watch rain fall

I choose to be kind
and speak my truth
in equal measure
both bring me joy

today I potted
in my kitchen
comfortable in my skin
grounded by gratitude
to have come this far

never expected ageing
to feel so free
always believed
mornings were my time

turns out
the best light comes
at the close of day

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