

Fall 1986

Stalking the Invisible Man

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Recommended Citation

O'Harra, Deborah (1986) "Stalking the Invisible Man," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 27 , Article 25.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss27/25>

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Stalking the Invisible Man

I.

In the parking lot
of Albertson's I
feel your eyes
The air carries
a hint of scent:
your clove
cigarette

At the post office
you pop up
from behind
a parked car
You are looking
again
for the invisible
man

From the Women's Center
window, I spy
the white Ford
circling the block,
headlights shining
to define
the dark

You are looking
under the bed
looking under my head
Trying to find
the invisible man
Who wants to fuck your wife
ruin your life
I am looking too

Our baby cries
from another room
I go to him, give him
my breast, lose myself
in his face
until I think
his face is my face
my cries are his
you disappear

II.

On the highway
you are hit, hover
then die
Maybe you were out
to track down
your new lover's
invisible man
You went into the ground
thinking we all
had lovers lurking,
wanting to rob you

You take so long
to die
Here is a year
and yet the scent
of cloves in the
Christmas ham
has me looking
over my shoulder

You follow me
down Fifth Street
in your white Ford
Our baby is five
he doesn't see
but he talks about
his invisible friend
I am afraid
he will name it

Every day, you are with me
I am shadowed by two, you
and the unborn one,
I am weighted down
by one on either side
of life, of death,
like a balloon
hovering between
black earth
and sky

I feel your voice
hiss with the furnace
at night when
the house is cold
and I'm alone
trying to grow
this baby:
Another man's son
it says
I knew it

III.

The baby is born
alive, invisible
one moment
red and present
the next
The death deliverer
has claimed one
and let one go

I can breathe now
without the
shadows and the
heavy limbs,
the crowding inside
of ripe lives
wanting voices

You disappeared
when the baby crowned:
a new inheritor
You are waiting
to see us
on the other side
And you have stopped
searching for
the invisible man
because he found you
first
face down.