**Unnoticeable**

**A Book of poems About the unnoticeable things in life**

**By: Shelbie Masa**



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**Dedicated to my mother**

**Scurrying**

In the middle of the night,

It scurries across the floor,

Its feet making clicking sounds as it runs.

It stops mid-stride,

Lifts its nose in the air and sniffs,

Before running forward once again.

Its petite gray feet,

Speed across the ground,

As its nose twitches in anticipation.

Finally, its destination is in sight,

And with a surge of energy the mouse runs full speed,

The smell of crumbs pushing it forward.

**The Game**

The clicking of a wii remote is all I hear as I walk up the stairs, Hinting that my brother is playing a game yet again.

I walk into the living room,

To find him completely absorbed.

His face is twisted in concentration,

His eyes, two laser-beams,

With their sights set on "win".

He has no room for error,

No time to talk,

He has only time to play.

Only time to win.

**Writing**

Type, type, type.

Erase.

Sighs,

Yawn,

Stretch.

Cracks fingers,

Cracks neck,

Shudders at the noise it makes.

Clears mind.

Focus, focus.

Type, type, type.

Sighs,

Success.

**Little Feet**

Pattering,

Of feet,

Echo through rooms,

As cats scurry around.

Their claws click on flooring,

As they play together,

Until tiredness overcomes them,

And blissful sleep,

Arrives.

**My Thoughts**

I'm sitting here typing.

Typing makes a clicking noise when you hit the keys.

Keys for a car make a jingling noise.

Noise is something I try to drown out with music.

Music listening is one of my favorite activities.

Activities are fun to do when you are with your friends.

Friends let me be myself.

Myself is a person who will be true to themselves always.

Always is a very long time.

Time is something there is never enough of.

**The Pencil**

It's old and weathered.

The yellow has begun to chip off,

Revealing the wood underneath.

It has been with you through hard times.

That math test you thought you wouldn't make it through.

That 1,000 word essay where you got stuck at the 500 word point.

It travels everywhere with you,

In your backpack or briefcase,

It's waiting to be used.

It’s your silent friend,

Whose stuck by your side.

It remembers it all.

When you got stuck it was there,

Sharpened and ready to go,

The graphite glistening in the light.

**Music**

Melodic tunes drifting through your head become the

Ultimate lullaby that

Sometimes seems as though they will go on

Infinitely until you

Calmingly surrender to the song.

**Invisible**

Invisible,

I weaved my way through a room,

Pushing past those in my way,

Because I knew they'd never see me.

I’d fly between the people,

And hide behind doors,

Just so they wouldn’t touch me,

And find out my secret.

I'd *whoosh* past them all,

And when they’d look around,

With confused expressions on their face,

I’d giggle and run away.

My powers let me find out secrets,

Let me surprise people wherever I went,

And no one ever found out,

Because I was invisible.

**Flower Girl**

It lay on the bed,

A delicate little white dress.

It was beaded and sparkly,

And it whispered my name.

Before I knew it,

It was time,

To slide the dainty dress on,

And twirl around a bit,

Before it was time to go.

Not long after I was dressed,

I was told it was time to go.

So I picked up my petite basket of flowers,

And glided past rows of people.

I smiled the entire time,

As my hand flung petals in the air.

As my curled hair bounced near my face.

I don't remember much else from that day except for that I smiled,

From ear to ear.

**Lost**  
Dreams are lined up against the wall,

Chains linking them together.  
Their faces worn and weathered.  
Their eyes dull and drooping.  
  
The pictures that cover their bodies,   
Were once bright and colorful with dreams.  
But overtime they have faded,   
Leaving only shades of grey behind.  
  
They have lost their voice,   
They have lost their way,   
They have lost their sight,   
Of what they once were.

**The Snowflake**

A single snowflake,

Falls from its fluffy white home,

And slowly spirals down,

As a small breeze whisks it away.

Carried by cool winter air,

It flies along with the current.

The delicate little snowflake,

Unnoticeable to the naked eye.

It drifts past trees,

Their leaves dead and gone,

And weaves around their branches,

Not yet ready to settle down.

Then the snowflake finally makes its landing,

Settling on the cool, frosty ground,

Allowing its silvery-white edges,

To be seen by anyone.

**Mountain Whisper**

The wind speaks to me,

As I move up the mountain,

﻿Sharing its wisdom.

**The Wait**

I sit and stare out the window,

Scanning the scene,

My fingers gently tapping on my leg,

As I wait﻿.

Drops hit the window,

Blurring the image of outside,

As they race each other,

Towards the cold, wet ground.

As I wait.

The gray clouds loom overhead,

Laughing at the sadness they bring,

As I sit inside and glare up at them,

Willing them to go away.

Then just as I fear it will never end,

The clouds slowly move away,

Revealing an old friend who grins down at me.

My wait is over.

**Give**

Assign each letter a value,

Greater than its own.

Give it hope that it may be,

Something larger than life.

Assign each letter a value,

Greater than its own.

Give it a secret to keep hidden,

Or a story to share.

Assign each letter a value,

Greater than its own.

Give it a feeling of pride,

Or a feeling of sorrow.

Assign each letter a value,

Greater than its own.

Hide pieces of memories behind each one.

That only the writer will know.

**The Sparrow**

Soft, feathered wings flap in the breeze,

As the sparrow glides along.

High above the ground it can be seen,

As it swiftly passes by.

Tiny little birds,

Fly with majestic large wings,

That seem as if they are too big for their body,

But somehow suit them well.

Gracefully they soar,

Around and around,

They're autumn colored wings,

Helping to bring in the new season.

**About the Author**

Shelbie Masa is currently living in Guilderland, New York. She lives with her mother, father, sister, and brother, and is the oldest of three. She loves animals and she enjoys writing free verse poetry and fiction stories. She loves to read fantasy and science fiction books when she can.