

The Invisible Wife

By Glenn Currier

He was introduced to her
all the while looking through her
to see someone who mattered,
who was smart and degreed enough
for his time, after all, she was just the wife.

That gathering and others awakened her.
Now she insisted hubby's clock hands
be wrapped around the kids' small fingers.
He'd learn to tick with their hearts as he lingered.
The volume of her voice turned up a click or two
her own determination gently gliding through.
Not hawklike but now with a new edge
she, with fresh wings was no longer a fledgling
as she declared she too would make the grade,
have her career, no longer invisible in the shade.

And... now she's in demand as a speaker of note
with expertise surpassed only by her heart
she leans and listens with wisdom to impart,
life's struggles and southern roots lend a common touch -
soaked in family love - no need for titles like doctor and such.

Author's Note: Dedicated to Dr. Melanie Durand Grossman, gerontologist, author, and speaker. This poem is based on her memoir: Crossing Bayou Teche. I would imagine many women can relate to her story. Now she is still happily married with three grown children as well as grandchildren. Her story will inspire many wives who are still invisible.