

Matthew McLaughlin

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Section 4

Hidden

The unseen, in disguise, ever so hidden

Beyond the extent of human perception, lies

Complexly invisible, unbeknownst to tangibility

Like sublime aromas wafting from the kitchen,

Inhabiting the senses, impetuses

For subjective interpretation

Like the melodic rhythms of a hymn,

Reverberating throughout bodily constitution,

Invoking euphoric auditory bliss

Like the overwhelming emotions that

Linger in solitude, capturing the mind and

Controlling the soul's destiny

The unseen, in disguise, ever so hidden,

Distinguished yet concealed,

More impactful than a mother's love