

## Ode to M. Night Shyamalan

donalee Moulton

Volume 43, numéro 1, 2022

URI : <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1096962ar>

DOI : <https://doi.org/10.7202/1096962ar>

[Aller au sommaire du numéro](#)

Éditeur(s)

Mount Saint Vincent University

ISSN

1715-0698 (numérique)

[Découvrir la revue](#)

Citer ce document

Moulton, d. (2022). Ode to M. Night Shyamalan. *Atlantis*, 43(1), 78–79.  
<https://doi.org/10.7202/1096962ar>

© donalee Moulton, 2022



Cet article est protégé par la loi sur le droit d'auteur. L'utilisation des services d'Érudit (y compris la reproduction) est assujettie à sa politique d'utilisation que vous pouvez consulter en ligne.

<https://apropos.erudit.org/fr/usagers/politique-dutilisation/>

**é**rudit

Cet article est diffusé et préservé par Érudit.

Érudit est un consortium interuniversitaire sans but lucratif composé de l'Université de Montréal, l'Université Laval et l'Université du Québec à Montréal. Il a pour mission la promotion et la valorisation de la recherche.

<https://www.erudit.org/fr/>

*Literary Work*

# Ode to M. Night Shyamalan

by donalee Moulton

Today, I became invisible.

This is my 20/20 superpower;  
uninvited, yet all too real.

A gradual metamorphosis, I see  
Now in hindsight:  
No meta physics or exploding world,  
No ringing of the bugle  
No senses tingling  
No deflecting bracelets to mark the occasion

A flash of time  
60 years in the making

Here I stand  
sans mask and tights.  
Slightly stooped  
Laser-corrected vision  
Trying to untangle this web of confusion

Yesterday on my daily planet  
people nodded  
as I walked by.  
They saw  
me.  
Apologized as they bumped me  
accidentally.  
Waved from across the street,  
parking lot, grocery aisle  
as if seeing me for the first time.  
*There you are.*

Little did they know  
My real identity  
Waiting to emerge  
Silently, relentlessly  
Without aid of alien spacecraft  
radioactive spider  
or amazon queen to coddle me  
into my new persona

Today is August twenty-second.

A new me is sculpted  
From clay  
And tradition, expectation  
Indifference

Now I walk into rooms  
Unnoticed  
Cloaked in forceless fields  
Shielded from sight  
I see animated faces looking  
In my direction  
Hands at their sides  
Eyes focused elsewhere

Today I turned 62,  
or 58, 71  
perhaps.  
Age is irrelevant  
once you are in  
visible

if only I were  
bulletproof

**donalee Moulton's** poetry has appeared in *Arc*, *The Queen's Quarterly*, *Prairie Fire*, *The Dalhousie Review*, *Carousel*, *Fireweed*, and *Whetstone*, among others. She is a former editor of *The Pottersfield Portfolio* and *Atlantic Books Today*. donalee lives in Halifax happily surrounded by family, friends, pets, and poetry.