

## THE VOICE

“A voice like hers comes once in a hundred years,”  
her people were told by those in the know,  
by those who could help her come into her own.  
And if she murmured a bit in later years  
when her voice was going, her mother said,  
“Your father and your brother would have kept  
you in your room and thrown away the key.”  
Compelled to swallow such rich and weighty dreams,  
the well-liked waitress swelled to prodigious size,  
her body a barrier, her smile a lie.  
Along the way, she married, had a son,  
she cared for her mother and came into her home,  
and the righteous God of Isaac and Abraham,  
looking on, pronounced that it was good.