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In the end the voice of an adult speaks...

Mary J. Iuppa

St. John Fisher University

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Cover Page Footnote

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Iuppa: In the end the voice of an adult speaks...

In the end the voice of an adult speaks:

Not in the stern upbraid that hung
On your ear as a child, but
A voice like cold pearls is water
Moving underground,
Low-key, unwavering,
Telling you to collect your wits.

Without melancholy
You look squarely into the mirror
See the face that is nearly you.
Across the floor, beneath the bed
Is the scatter of blue beads, a silver
Dime of your birth year, a spoon
Left in last night's bowl of soup . . .

You are intelligent.
You never threw anything away,
Only lost some things when life
Was a quarrel of moonlight
And hunger couldn't be starved.

Hold your arms over your head.
No trace of muscles
That lugged losses, the ruins
Like cigarette burns.

Take relief
In your hot bath, soaking in suds,
Emerging with smells
Of petals and woods and moss,
Ready to live with thoughts
Few believe in, without
Being bothered—
Seeing beauty in daylight,
Making it alone.

--M.J. Iuppa