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The Voice Tells Me of the City

Julie Anne Rivers
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

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JULIE ANN RIVERS

The Voice Tells Me of the City

Screaming.

The voice of the yearning...
to be famous-recognized-accomplished.

Yet, not to be better than others,
or prove to them my worth.
(Although some may eat my pain)

But rather to satisfy the self,
free the muffled scream,
live the life I must.

Where millions reside
And I can feel a part of something big,
Something meaningful.

I'm called to answer.

If I don't,
I become frightened.

I ignore the voice.
I hear the others,
doubting my desires...

"Bite-n-Blow, Bite-n-Blow"

9 to 5-office desk-plastic plants.

Then death darkens the light of hope.

The scream becomes silent, passive, no air.
Only that horrifying lump remains,
lodged in my throat,
Scrapping, dry, harsh, rare.

Gasps of air...
None to be gathered.
Only burning.

A different spark lights this dull heat.
Disappointment takes over.

Dreams disappear
Monotony becomes apparent and familiar.

All of a sudden
Surrounding me, calling themselves friends.

"She's put in her place.
They ate her up.
Those stupid ambitions...

Once ours, uh, I mean hers!

We have them locked in our boxes.
We'll let them out on occasion...
Only when she disrupts our existing calm."

WAIT.
STOP.
Don't let it happen.
Drop the leash.

Can't lose my dream.
Must hear the scream.

It reminds me of another place...
My future, my home.

Thou divine,
gave life to my voice.
Message deafening,
there's no way to ignore.

I can only continue to listen and do.

Turn it up forever
Listen closer
Respond louder