1956

The voice...

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The voice...
Women voice
Deep animal soul-cry
When breath, blood and body
Break to create a new living thing.
Is any song sung sweeter
Than the lung long music
Of you laughing?
And your wordless sobbing, moaning
When betrayed by man or man’s created gods.

When heard no longer
When you are mute
Or man is dumb.
When man hears not
Your scream
Your laughing
Your cry
All feeling has fled.
Then woman, pity man
To you to himself to God
Man is dead.

The voice
A dream?
Or scream,
Whisper,
Warning,
Call,
From the street
At man’s feet
At God’s hand
His own
Or
his own?

R. MOORE ’57