We are Voices, hearing Voices

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"But what I really need is a good book. Oh, I've read 'doctor books' at home before — about having babies —, but you know how they are," Carole spoke a little louder, then ended her sentence on a sly intimate slide.

"What? Oh, oh, I have one. It's BECOMING A MOTHER; I don't know how good it is, but it seems clear, and..." I started.

"Could I borrow it? I'd only want it for a little while." Carole broke into her rolling laughter again, and her fat cheeks shook.

Damn it. I shouldn't have mentioned that I had that book. Why did I tell her? I knew she'd want to read it. She wouldn't hesitate to ask for the use of our check book. In all my twenty-one years I've never met such a — a... There you go, Joan, lecturing. You're as bad as Carole.

"I know— for letting me borrow it, I'll bring you a real plant!"

"Oh, no, Carole..." No, no, no. I planted my onion and it's going to grow. I'm going to take care of it. It's going to live and I don't care if the house will smell bad; at least it won't smell like milk and diapers and... babies.

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by R. L. Reid

Hearing the voices (torn from the tomb)
that laughed in a distant day,
we take a seat in an empty room
and act the end of the play.

Our fellow actors are long-since dead —
they've walked their candled way
blind to the lives they've humbly led
and could not stop or stay

a halting instant. Yet they bled
and crumbled to decay —
born in the seed, borne in the blood —
Our turn now, today.