Middle Aged Woman

C.J. Hyde

College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss3/17
The Echoes of Pisa

The marble baptistery
plays with sound
and suspends ill-
sends it back
to marvel at
experience
relate to.

The crowd's clatter
a child's staccato tones
dampen in astonishment.

In the quiet
a voice seeks its echo.
Others follow
with colors of sound.
Cascading tones
answer in repetition.

But my own voice
I know not-
four intoned notes-
a surprising, interminable echo
reveals
a mood
a timbre
a pattern.
Sound from sensation
a personal revelation
a glimpse of myself.

By: Jeanne Pachaly

Middle Aged Woman

Her face is a road map of lines,
Around her eyes creases caused by hours
of uncontrolled laughter,
Though she laughs no more.

Eyes well with tears,
Tears shed for the great sadness of growing old,
Being so lonely,
Of being so alone.

Sweet full lips, once kissed in passion,
Firmly closed over clenched teeth
Forbidding the words of resentment to escape.
Her heart weighs heavy with self pity,
Only herself to blame.

By: C.J. Hyde