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Aria

Syd Corpora
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Aria

Syd Corpora

I was a child longer than most
Always observing.
Enclosed in a home,
a safety, a softness,
A warmth.
Listening to my mother's voice
On the phone.
My father's heavy gait
On the carpet
Listening mostly,
To the silence between them.

Gaping silence bubbled under
The freshly painted walls.
A thin coating over
words seldom said.
Hidden in the laundry piles,
I listened,
Small ears perked
In curiosity,
hands holding tightly
On to smallness.

My home's warmth
Burned into hot and sticky,
Unbearable.
My family, lobsters—
Boiling alive,
Until removing the flame.
Relief washed over,
Cold and unforgiving.
I could not hear the silence anymore
Only voices speaking,
“What would they not do for their children's well being?”