Space

Julia Andersen

College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol37/iss1/11
I’ve always admired
my friend’s ability to
shape her own noise.

I write pages of
spitting words and sharp pictures
before I can hear

anything other
than the blood and breath of me,
the not-noise I am

when surrounded by
the world’s chaotic ramblings,
sounds I cannot tame.

She rolls it with her
tongue and clamps it between her
molars, chews on it

She takes the noise in
fists made of iron will and
pushes it inside,

until she makes it
into a shape she wants to
spit out—then she does.

She rolls it with her
tongue and clamps it between her
molars, chews on it

into her chest made
of ivory ribs and steel
sternum, dauntless strength;

I chew and shape, heart
loud in mortal ribs, kneading
and needing new words

into her mouth, tight
against the vibrations of
words she refuses.

to pull this noise from
me. I can feel it shaking
my bones, rattling

grind my teeth to shape
the noise. But when I would speak,
I find I’m out of