

## Voice

What will your voice  
sound like

once it comes  
out of your body

like a first rain first  
snow first wind.

Hail, sun, bird, I've become an idolater,  
Lord,  
almost a murderer  
as I squeeze her in my midnight arms.

How will I protect her  
wrap her tease her

into this thing called  
language,  
the cut of life.

How will I unwind her  
from  
the noise of redemption

so busy revealing itself  
outside my window  
at the bus stop

in front of a pyramid of seedless grapes?