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Lydia McDermott

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LYDIA MCDERMOTT

A Big Blank

I listened attentively when the world began, but I did not hear a Big Bang.
I did not hear a voice from heaven "let there be____."
More importantly, I did not hear your voice.
I tried to hear the lights switch on, and the colossal faucets turn, the leaves uncrumple like gum wrappers.

None of this I heard, nor the choirs of angels, nor the fish leaping from the sea to grow legs.

I heard no footsteps.

A faint hissing crawled up into my ears, a gasping moaning little noise
I tried to place
but it was square and the place was round or triangular.

And then I felt my jaw aching, for it had been holding my mouth open to release this little sound, the only sound I heard that morning.