

in a front yard  
a spacious address full of voices glittering and voices  
smashing

one soundless morning  
a mother shot a father  
hushed

then put the gun of quietness  
to her own throat  
shot herself  
silence

until a son came outside  
seeing his parents of soundlessness  
watching their blood mingle  
on the lawn

he reached into his throat  
and pulled out his voice box  
it screamed in pain  
he set it first on his father's chest  
wet with hot blood  
the son was stooped over  
and mute holding his father's head in his lap  
watching his voice box vibrate  
and howl the nonlanguage  
for his father

eardrums bursting at the sound of the voice box  
the son then crawled to his mother noiselessly  
his mouth round and taking the crying voicebox  
from his father  
he placed it between his mother's dry breasts  
it wept  
without seeing

and how the deafmute son sees no vibration  
in our throats  
no voices for that soundless morning

-Kimberly Campanello