

something about the voice and its origins

And so it came to a cigarette
Outside in the rain, out of the rain,
Under the overhand in a non-descript city,
Where the poet smokes dodging bullets of rain
In front of the poet who leans
Against the wood of the doorframe,
And she exhales quickly,
The poet in the rain, smoking in the rain,
Standing in the rising mist is saying
"You know, I've lost my voice"
And the poet by the doorframe says
"Aren't you talking?" and the poet says
"No, I mean my poetic voice" -exhaling-
and the poet leaning
Against the wood of the doorframe
Says "Well, aren't you talking?"

-Cat Bohannon

