

My, What Voice You Have

I was five
when my voice
was taken from me.
And then twenty-three
when I finally used it to
tell my ex to fuck off,
to confess to my mom
where it went.
All of my life,
my silence
promised my cousin
and every other man:
*I won't tell
if you don't.*

But, in this world,
when you give a girl a book—
chances are
she will learn
that you don't get
to fuck (with) her
without her permission.

Chances are her silence
is no longer a gift
to you,
and the secret
you gave that little girl
will fester
and grow.
Her silence,
that beautiful silence,
will scream:
*I will tell
if you don't.*

--Jessi Jarrin