

The Voice

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I want a voice
I want a deep, resonant, effortless voice
A big voice - bigger than me
I want to speak and hear the floorboards take it up
so that people hear me first with their bodies,
and only then with their ears

a voice, strong like an axe to cut through the silence
strange like distant flutes, to still the senses
a voice to quicken the heart like drums in the night

I want to breathe a whisper that shivers like a star
over some strange bethlehem on some cold stone
circling some distant sun

I want a voice like the voice of many
the voice of a people
the voice of a nation
and with this voice I would cry freedom
and then I would speak peace