

2004

## A Big Blank

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### Recommended Citation

McDermott, Lydia. "A Big Blank." *The Iowa Review* 34.3 (2004): 103-103. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.S901>

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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.