2004

A Big Blank

Lydia McDermott

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5901

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
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.