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Voices

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Sweet lovekisses decorate my neck, his cheek, our heartbeat.
Hands lovingly entwined as we seek out each other's tender
places.

Hot, slow, fast, deep love with my husband: my beloved-waited-
until-I-was-46-and-found-the-right-man-husband, now sleeping
in our warm, winter bed, cloaked by quilts of down, wool and a
"babe I am the luckiest man alive" glow.

I, once joyful in our lovemaking (was it just 2 hours
ago?). Now feel numbness setting in my legs, sudden-like with
not a single warning alarm visible to any other late night
soul. Fast and furious like Colorado hail. No longer do I hear
the music on the radio, with teasing southern drawl inviting
me in: the rush of silence blocks my ears.

I am glad he is asleep, my thoughts leap out as voices
only I can hear, grateful that I don't need to say, just one
more time - really honey, I'm okay, I'm just feeling a little
off tonight, just a little depressed and just a teeny bit
anxious because making love with you is an act of love and
spirit and all things good that I cannot enjoy for more than a
moment's reprieve without my body recalling years of violence
by a stepfather-man-monster whose only gift to me was a time
reference of before and after.

I listen to voice for they are stronger, much stronger
than I. I hold breath, fighting voice; I stand in river to
change its flow. But they rush me: I cannot hear their
individual voice nor can I find my own. Overwhelmed, knowing I
fight this war without comrades: I alone hear. I set shield
down and retrieve acceptance - Oh; yes that is what you look
like. I had forgotten, you are CLEAR!!

I embrace voice, this voice I hid from
...self
...others.

I still hear voice but now I also hear you too,
heartbeat, you husband, turning in the night, the rain on
leaves outside the window where I stood just a moment ago -

looking in, always used to be looking in. Now, I am in. Alone
in darkness-morning, fear clings for a moment, surrenders to
compassion.

My thoughts unsssstick and I can
breathe.