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Noise

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Noise

By: Shannon Peartree

Aunt Terese could not believe
When we told her Mom used to yell and
That her sweet big sister's voice
Could boom and shake the room
Like a firework, bright and frightening,
Sending my siblings running,
Hoping a punishment wouldn't catch up.

We all knew the way Mom's laugh
Might cut over the chatter of a party
And rise and fill like a bubble
Forcing against the halls and walls,
Making a kid upstairs wonder
What kind of fun she is missing out on.

The house took the strain of her noise
But it almost couldn't bear the rising silence
Or the weight of my father's words
The first time he spoke aloud
"Mom just died."