

Her Voice

I liked that it was different. Distinct. I liked how I could recognize individuality within a second of hearing that half-lisp and slight wheezy-rasp. She wasn't a smoker, or well, not when I knew her, but she very well could've been after she gave birth to a son who would call her sister until he was forty. In the 1950s a fourteen year old could not have the title of mother. Her son carries her legacy with that same raspy half-lisp. The wheeze was not inherited.