

Unheard

By **Helen J. Dixon**

I thought if I screamed them, the words
would change things; saying them
aloud might alter the condition.
But they simply bounced off,
echoing as if in a vacant cave.
Fading into nothingness,
going nowhere.

The lack of response
caused the most pain.
For the words, wrenched from the heart,
hurled into the world,
seemed to be wasted on indifferent listeners.
Unseeing eyes gazed upon my discomfort
yet left me standing alone, unaided.

Unease turned into irritation
causing me to yell louder,
“See me? Hear me! I’m in need!”
What’s wrong with my world--
when family notices no unpleasantness—
steps over the prostrate form of a
daughter, sister, friend, lover
as if she’s a crack in the pavement?

Ignoring the cries, like the alarm on an abandoned car—
pausing only to grimace with annoyance
at the interruption in their routine.
‘Til finally, unheard, I shout no more
and fall from exhaustion into the
lonely chasm depression creates.

Waiting, patiently now, for the walls to
cave in, cover me up, erase me and
ultimately silence me.