

## Stirrings

Marcie Pierson

There are boxes of riches  
that live in my house,  
the voices of ages inside.  
I wipe the dust of . . .

thirty-seven years—my grandfather's  
medals of honor,  
war letters and love letters,  
a legacy unforgotten.  
The voice in his box speaks eloquence.

fourteen years—my mother's  
poetry unfinished,  
the teaching books unpublished,  
piano lessons never given.  
The voice in her box echoes music.

three years—my brother's  
manuscripts unpublished,  
a new ballet score,  
locked within a hard-drive.  
The voice in his box cries dance!

two years—my father's  
scratchy audios of church hymns,  
Broadway numbers, and barbershop  
harmonies that need remastering.  
The voice in his box sings tenor.

one year, tomorrow—my grandmother's  
ancestral gifts, ninety-five  
years of history and tradition  
placed in my hand.

The voice in her box whispers my name.

I hear them stir in the noisy hush of  
solitude—voices breathing life into  
my own. They find me in the music,  
trust me to the dance, meet me where  
I carry them—the restless, limitless path.