

My Soul for a Voice

Sheila Ivy

Esau cried in the wilderness
of his hunger and his thirst.
He was his father's best, his first.

But Jacob had the means;
with simple wiles and maliced guile
bought Esau's place for a bowl of beans.

Oh Jacob, and his wretched beans!
My search, my quest is for the means
to wrestle the world I see
with a true Voice and to be

a doctor who aids what ills,
the screaming siren which wills

all to stand aside;
but cringing without a Voice I hide
Oh, My Soul for a Voice, with God I chide!