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the teaching books unpublished,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manuscripts unpublished,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.