

# I study silence

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I study silence with a stethoscope.  
It breathes, hushes after a door slams.

A family illness —  
diabetes, heart disease;  
sugar on blame.

One generation  
to another, a gift to forgive.  
My family

crashed head-on, words  
trampling words, hardly heard,  
embedded shrapnel

Silence was only  
the stinging side of a slap,  
before tears.

Father and I  
hid silences in corners,  
disagreed on them.

His spoke finally  
in stark legal papers, screams gone  
subterranean.

I cultivated ice  
silent moments, like practicing  
perfect smoke circles.

I wanted to stun  
people slack-jawed, control how  
far they'd push me

To be heard.